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THE NEW YORKER

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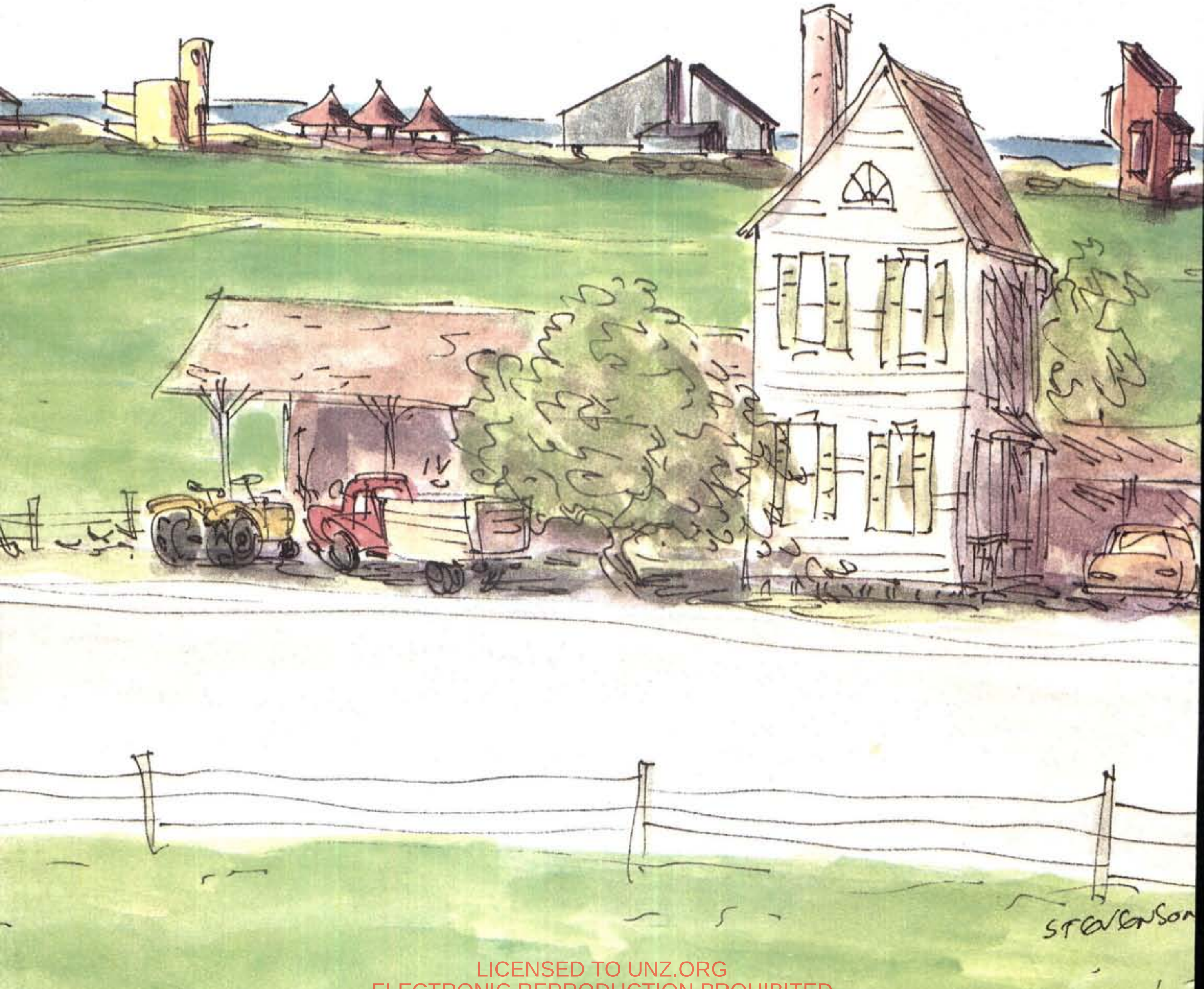

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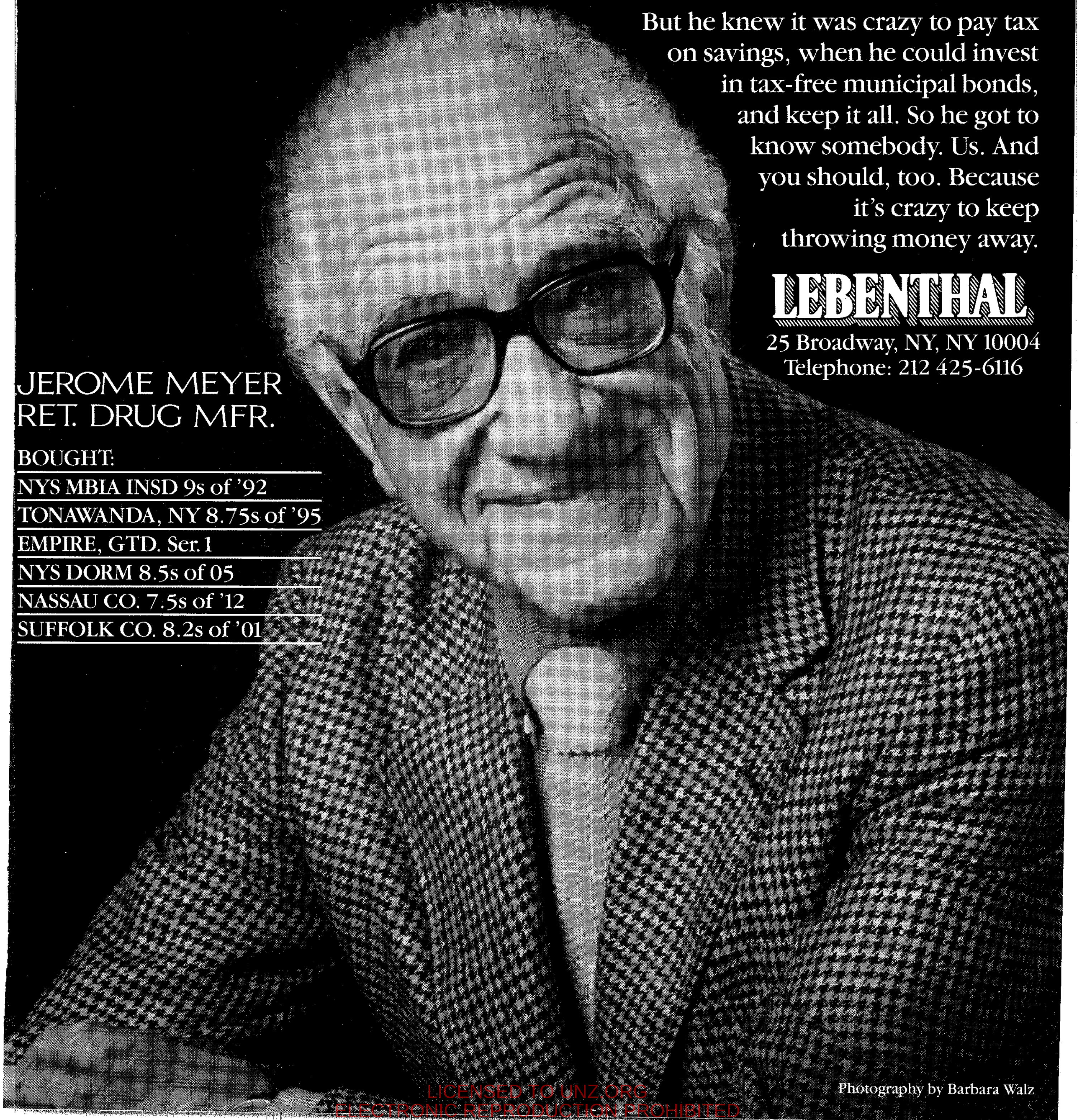

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Beirut—A play by Alan Bowne. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10. Special matinée Wednesday, July 15, at 2.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Philip Sterling, John Randolph, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters. The move from a tiny theatre at the Public to a larger one allows the show to spread out a bit, without in any way diminishing its force or dimming its brilliance. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 19.)

The Comedy of Errors—Shakespeare's treatise on identical twins and mistaken identity has become the occasion for the extraordinary juggling of the Flying Karamazov Brothers and the clowning of many another gifted hand. Robert Woodruff directed. (6/15/87) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 26.)

Dreamgirls—A return engagement of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 2.)

Educating Rita—Milo O'Shea plays the scruffy, bookish professor and Kitty Sullivan the brash, sharp-witted local hairdresser whom he educates, bit by bit, in Willy Russell's delightful comedy, which is set in the North of England. Directed by Jeff Perry. (5/18/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Funny Feet—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vegas lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowyer. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—A return engagement of a heavenly theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre, except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Hard Times—This version of Dickens' novel, adapted for the stage by Stephen Jeffreys, brings out the earnestness in everyone. It's so well-intentioned that you can't really get sore at it. But nothing in the production is inherently theatrical, so it begins to seem like a show concocted for people who haven't the patience to read and need to have literature acted out for them. The second of four productions by American regional theatre companies in the American Theatre Exchange festival, "Hard Times" comes from the Berkeley Repertory Theatre. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre 890, Broadway at 19th St. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, July 25. For information about tickets, call 242-0800.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées

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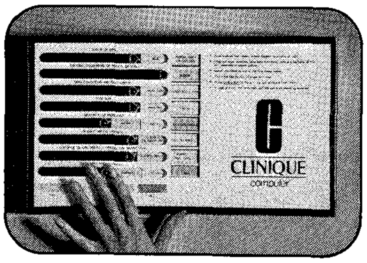

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Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **give my regards to broadway,** a musical loosely adapted by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pygmalion—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, *of course, and he is very funny.* (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Redthroats—This one-man show, written and performed by David Cale, is essentially a conversation-starter; it's a four-part monologue, lasting a little over an hour, about a young man's coming of age and escape from his working-class roots in the North of England. The material is familiar but Mr. Cale uses his considerable talents as a mimic to present it in a fresh and original way. (7/13/87) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, July 18.)

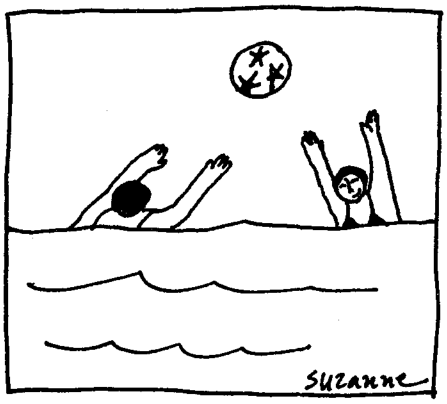
The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, sublime clown, acrobat, mime, and juggler, is appearing here for a limited engagement with his two stalwart partners, Doug Skinner and M. C. O'Connor. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—A play by Robert Harling. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—The gifted Eric Bogosian appears in a strong and funny play of his own as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**big river:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The set designer, Heidi Landesman, has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tender-hearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the common pursuit:** Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach those standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,328 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer, who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Jack Klugman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** A fifty-year-old British musical, starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

"Serious Fun!"—The downtown scene moves en masse to Lincoln Center for a two-week festival that opens on Friday, July 17, and runs through Sunday, Aug. 2. Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, at 8: Robert Wilson and Sheryl Sutton in a revival of Mr. Wilson's 1970 work "Overture to Act IV of Deafman Glance." . . . ¶ Monday, July 20, at 8: A concert version of Julius Hemphill's "Long Tongues: A Saxophone Opera," with the World Saxophone Quartet (Oliver Lake, Hamiet Bluiett, Mr. Hemphill, and David Murray), pianist Ursula Oppens, saxophonists Andrew White and Carl Grubbs, and the Harlem Festival Orchestra, conducted by Darrold Hunt. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22, at 8: Iso, a new four-member American dance company, and The Bobs, an a-cappella quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 8: Trumpeter Jon Hassell, with Farafina, a troupe of percussionists from Burkina Faso, in West Africa. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8: Performance artist Ethyl Eichelberger and a vocal duo from Norway called Dollie de Luxe. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

DANCE

Bolshoi Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, July 15, at 2: Act I of "Romeo and Juliet," *divertissements,* and Act II of "Spartacus." . . . ¶ Wednesday *through Friday, July 15-17,* at 8, and Saturday, July 18, at 2 and 8: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NIGHT LIFE

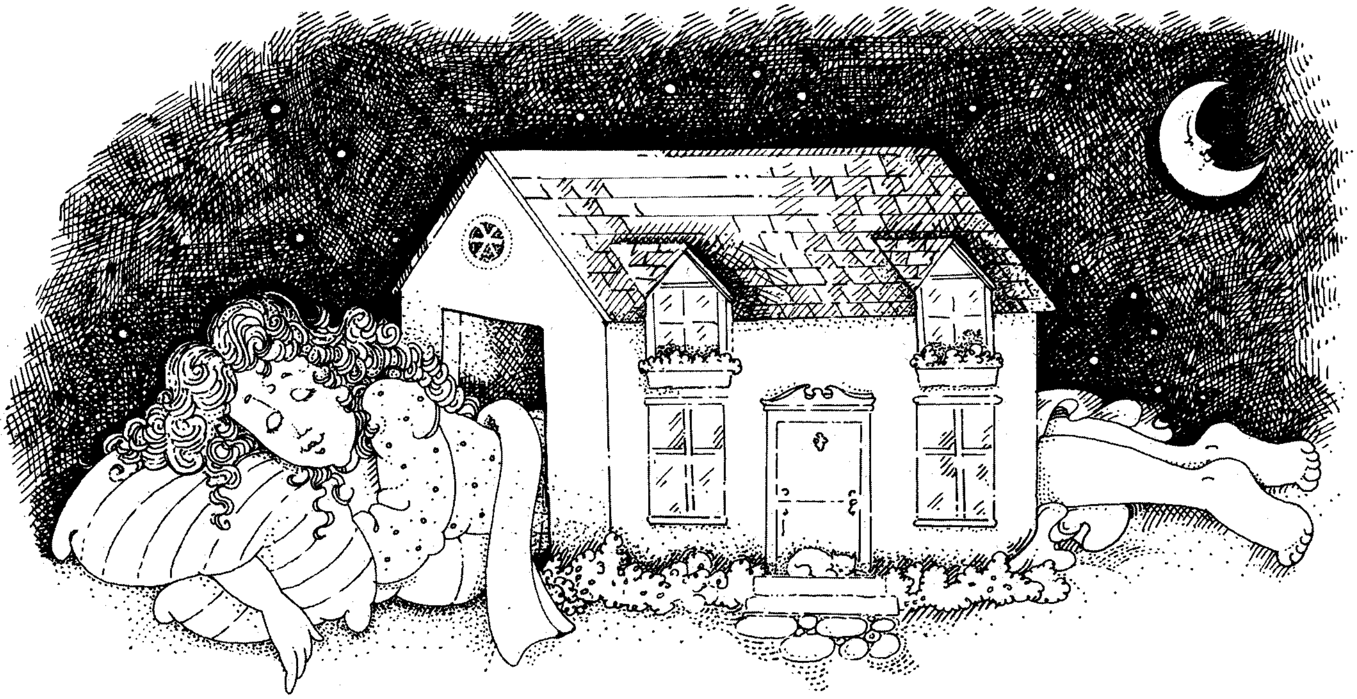
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up with nautical décor. A trio led by guitarist **john basile** and featuring ace trumpeter **tom harrell** will be moored here Friday and Saturday, July 17-18; tenor saxophonist **harold ousley** brings in a threesome on Friday and Saturday, July 24-25. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. At six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, **joan cushing,** a Washington, D.C., resident, turns into Mrs. Foggybottom, a high-society bat (she wears a menacing black hat and elbow-length black gloves) who says terribly rude things about her dear friends among the rich, the powerful, and the corrupt; later, she removes her gloves, unpins her hair, sits down at the piano, and sings about the rich, the powerful, the corrupt, and Frank Perdue's chickens. At nine Wednesday through Saturday, July 15-18, **jim morris** becomes a dead ringer for Ronald Reagan; Morris's rendition of Reagan's mannerisms, voice, and patter is expert and, of course, funnier than the real thing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. A Latin-jazz mini-festival is under way: pianist **michel camilo's** trio and percussionist **mongo santamaria's** band share the bill through Sunday, July 19, and starting Tuesday, July 21, pianist **eddie palmieri's** outfit plays opposite pianist **hilton ruiz's** ensemble. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue, pillared room that



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seats four hundred. The lineup: Wednesday, July 15, Marti Jones, Don Dixon, and Betty; Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, Bill Bruford's Earthworks; Sunday, July 19, the **WASHINGTON SQUARES**, three Village rockers-turned-folkies who wear beatnik costumes and whose repertoire runs from "Samson and Delilah" and Peter, Paul, and Mary numbers to their own realistic song about the D train; Monday, July 20, mandolinist **DAVID GRISMAN** and his jazzy bluegrass quartet; Wednesday, July 22, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; and Saturday, July 25, O.T.B. (a jazz sextet a.k.a. Out of the Blue), with drummer Norman Connors & the Starship Orchestra. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **STEVE KUHN** and **RON CARTER** collaborate every night but Sunday. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. The Solomonic Quartet (trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH**, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN**, bassist **WILBUR MORRIS**, and drummer **CHARLES MOFFETT**) plays wise, up-to-date jazz through Sunday, July 19, and on Tuesday, July 21, alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** moves in with his foursome. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**. Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**DICK WELLSTOOD** can be found at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar, knocking out rags and Waller and pre-Cecil Taylor tunes. He wears a penguin suit, but it doesn't seem to keep him from flying. Music from nine-thirty to one Mondays through Fridays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**ANITA O'DAY**, described forty-odd years ago (when she was with Gene Krupa) as "the gal with the reet beat in her voice," will be in this belowstairs, velvet-and-mirror-walled music box Thursday through Sunday, July 23-26, singing in her own sly, rhythmically keen way. She will be preceded by vibist **DAVE SAMUELS'** band on Wednesday, July 15; pop and soft-jazz singer **KENNY RANKIN** Thursday through Sunday, July 16-19; and Bob Calumet and Jo Dare on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 21-22. Guitarist **LES PAUL** is on duty on Mondays. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms, a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The piano will be in **HAL SCHAEFER'S** hands through Saturday, July 18; **CHARLES EUBANKS** takes charge on Tuesday, July 21. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. Kitt Moran sings here Wednesdays through Saturdays, with accompaniment from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau; Sundays and Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio; and Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Music from about ten.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN**, who can usually be found together in Scott Hamilton's New School of Swing quintet, swing it here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and the musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, July 15, Bubba-land folkie Michelle Shocked and the Oyster Band, a British folk group; Thursday, July 16, Texas bluesman **JOHNNY COPELAND** and Jeff Healy; Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, **ROBERT GORDON**; Monday, July 20, Billy Joe Royal; Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, David Lindley & El Rayo-X; Friday, July 24, Chicago bluesman **JAMES COTTON**; and Saturday, July 25, country-rock singer and pianist **MARCIA BALL**. Music after nine. Dining.

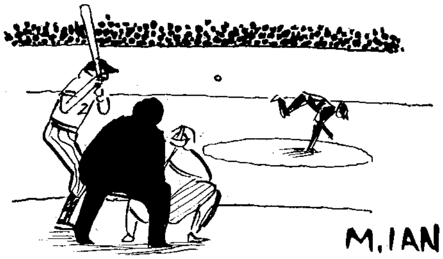
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Clarinettist Walt Levinsky directs the Great American Swing Band in a program designed to send Benny Goodmaniacs. All fourteen members of the band spent some time aboard the Good Ship Benny. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually turns up with his licorice stick to play some blues and spirituals with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Small but satisfying helpings (trio-size, as a rule) of jazz, Latin jazz, and rhythm and blues in a spiffy upper West Side café. Wednesday, July 15, Rob Prester, with **ROLAND VAZQUEZ**; Thursday, July 16, **TOP SHELF**; Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, Ray Chew; Tuesday, July 21, Duck Soup; Wednesday, July 22, Ilene Kristen; and Thursday, July 23, Bright Ideas, with **GEORGE YOUNG**. Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Thursday, July 16, Andy Summers and Rosie Vela; Saturday, July 18, **TODD RUNDGREN**; Friday, July 24, the **LONG RYDERS**; and Saturday, July 25, Fishbone and the Royal Crescent Mob. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday, July 15, the Gotham rock band Urban Blight; Thursday, July 16, reggae d.j. Pato Banton, with the Killer Bees; Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Tuesday, July 21, blues guitarist and country-Cajun fiddler **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN** and Terrance Simien & the Mallet Playboys; Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, the Senegalese pop band Super Diamono de Dakar; and Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, **MIKATA**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—According to Pliny the Elder, sweet basil mixed with rose oil and vinegar and applied as a liniment relieves headache and fatigue. No ailment-specific claim can be made for **JAMES MOODY**, a genial bebopping saxophonist and flutist, but something like wellness may overtake you during one of his sets. He'll be here with his quartet through Sunday, July 19. On Tuesday, July 21, **ART BLAKEY** arrives with his latest batch of **JAZZ MESSENGERS**. Shows from about ten. Dining.



Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered jazz and soul room. A white grand piano illuminates the bandstand. Flutist and singer Bobbi Humphrey performs Thursday through Saturday, July 16-18; the Platters, led by original Platter Tony Williams, sing here starting Thursday, July 23. Music from nine. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple no-frills blues and rock club that is attached to an Irish pub. The schedule, in part: Wednesday, July 15, the Selves, Lord John, the Creatures, and others; Thursday, July 16, the Catheads and Nixon's Head; Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, Chicago blues titan **OTIS RUSH**; Tuesday, July 21, East of Urban and the New Deloreans; Wednesday, July 22, the **SURREAL MC COYS**, Greg Trooper, the World Famous Blue Jays, and others; and Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, West Coast bluesmen **FRANKIE LEE & SONNY RHODES**. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Peppy salsa bands play for their excitable fans in the gym-size downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On July 20, **HECTOR LAVOE** and Eddie Santiago's orchestras will be on the bandstand, along with saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN**, the guest jazz soloist. Dancing under the spinning mirrored ball. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass team of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from nine-thirty on Tuesdays, and from ten the rest of the week.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** leads his quartet through Sunday, July 19, and on Tuesday, July 21, **GEORGE COLEMAN**, a Memphis-born, blues-leaning tenor man, descends the stairs with his foursome. Mondays remain the property of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA**. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines and jukebox is a room full of jazz. Ms. Vinnie Knight sings with a trio led by tenor saxophonist **HAROLD OUSLEY** through Sunday, July 19, and on Wednesday, July 22, saxophonist and flutist **SONNY FORTUNE** brings in his group. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows from nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER**, pianist **LARRY WILLIS**, and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** exchange ideas through Saturday, July 18; on Monday, July 20, pianist **CAROL BRITTO** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** go to work. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Manu Dibango—With his orchestra. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, July 17, at 8.)

Roberta Flack—With Noel Pointer. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, July 18, at 8 and midnight.)

Patti LaBelle, Ashford & Simpson, Atlantic Starr, and the Whispers—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, July 23-24, at 7:30.

The Replacements—With Scruffy the Cat. (Beacon Theatre. Thursday, July 23, at 8.)

The Thompson Twins—With Chris Isaak. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, July 24, at 8.)

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, at 10, 11:30, and 1: The Junior Cook–Bill Hardman quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 10, 11:30, and 1: The C-Sharpe quartet. (Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300.)

Jazz in July—The first three in a series of six concerts. Tuesday, July 21: The Jim Cullum Jazz Band, Vince Giordano & the Nighthawks, and Dick Wellstood & Dick Hyman, with Carrie Smith. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22: Tal Farlow, Bucky and John Pizzarelli, Milt Hinton, Phil Bodner, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23: Dick Hyman & Rob Fisher, Terry Waldo & Susan LaMarche, and the New York Saxophone Quartet, with Dennis Anderson. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8.)

Benefit Concert—With Tom Chapin, Steve Chapin, Odetta, John Hartford, and Christine Lavin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Saturday, July 18, at 8. For tickets, call 399-4444.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Francis Bacon—Six triptychs and a diptych, all from the eighties. Through Friday, July 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—Twenty drawings, dating from 1974 to 1986, using such techniques as grid systems and fingerprint patterns. Through Friday, July 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

James de Pasquale—Crossword-puzzle paintings. Through Friday, July 24. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

David Hacker / Eric de la Cova—Drawings by a sculptor. / Sculptures. Through July 31. (Plumb, 81 Greene St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Wilber Niewald and Christian White—Still-lifes, landscapes, and figure paintings. Through July 31. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Betty Parsons (1900-82) / **Elyssa Rundle**—Paintings and driftwood constructions. / Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Aug. 28. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—One of the artist's final works is a repeat-pattern painting—the kind that's like a sheet of postage stamps—whose subject is Leonardo's "Last Supper." Through July 31. (Castelli, 142 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Drawings from France 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through Wednesday, July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Old Master prints. Through July 31. . . . **AVENUE B GALLERY,** 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Conceptual works by Paik, Nauman, Sherman, Ireland, Holzer, Warhol, and others. Through July 26. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Figurative and abstract works on canvas and paper by Roxi Marsen, Hedda Sterne, Graham Campbell, and others. Through July 27. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **ESMAN,** 70 Greene St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists just arriving on the gallery scene. Through Sept. 15. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Americans Saul Steinberg, Gregory Gillespie, Marina Stern, and Chaim Gross. Through July 31. . . . **GERMANS VAN ECK,** 420 West Broadway: Among the works in the current exhibit are sculptures by Donald Lipski and paintings by Peter Fletcher and Susan Laufer. Through July 31. . . . **GRACIE MANSION GALLERY,** 167 Avenue A, at 10th St.: Works on paper by Rhonda Zwillinger, Buster Cleveland, and Hope Sandrow, among others. Through July 31. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Four Bay Area artists—painters Squeak Carnwath, Michael Gregory, and Roger Hankins, and sculptor Rick Soss. Through Friday, July 24. . . . **KENT,** 41 E. 57th St.: Richard Hamilton, Richard Artschwager, Nancy Dwyer, TODT, Justen Ladda, and others are represented by paintings combining text and images taken from the mass media. Through Aug. 14. . . . **LORENCE-MONK,** 568 Broadway: Paintings by eleven artists, including Carole Seborovski and Alan Uglow. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and drawings of landscapes by several artists, including Louisa Chase, Freya Hansell, and Richard Kalina. Through Tuesday, July 21. . . . **ROBERT MILLER,** 41 E. 57th St.: A selection from the sixties: paintings by Fish, Ruscha, and others; sculptures by Bourgeois, Sugarman, and others; and photographs by Arbus. Through July 31. . . . **MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY HISPANIC ART,** 584 Broadway: Paintings, works on paper, sculptures, and videos by forty-nine Cuban émigré artists, including Tony Mendoza, Maria Brito-Avellana, and Luis Cruz Azaceta. Through Aug. 1. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **PERLOW,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Summer activities reflected in paintings and drawings, such as Larry Rivers' large colored-pencil drawing of his family out on the lawn and a 1980 oil by Balcomb Greene called "White Sand." Through Sept. 8. . . . **PINDAR,** 127 Greene St.: One painting each by twenty winners of a national competition; the late John I. H. Baur was the judge. He awarded the grand prize to realist painter Phyliss Purves-Smith, who has eighteen works on view. Through Saturday, July 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6.) . . . **ROSS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings by fifteen New York artists, among them George McNeil, June Leaf, and Agnes Denes. Through July 30. . . . **SHARPE,** 175 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Nonobjective sculptures and paintings brought together because they all, according to the gallery, "flaunt their materiality." By John Duff, Thomas Nozkowski, Robin Rose, Ruth Vollmer, and Tad Wiley. Through Saturday, July 18. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: Everyday objects (a lightbulb, a tabletop, a fountain pen), their forms slightly altered, are depicted by five artists in paintings, drawings, photographs, and a sculpture. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Figurative paintings and drawings by Milton Avery, John Graham, Alex Katz, Irvin Tepper, and others. Through July 31. . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Works by Alice Aycock, Hans Haacke, Barbara Kasten, Mel Kendrick, and others. Through Saturday, July 25. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WOOD,** 127 Spring St.: Images of fire conceived by seven painters and five sculptors, including Tom Hatch, Robert Longo, and Ken Tisa. Through Saturday, July 25. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Six abstract paintings on paper by Peter Flaccus, four dark-wax floor sculptures by Rona Pondick, and abstract ink drawings from 1981 to '82 by Helen Miranda Wilson. Through July 31.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at **ALEXANDER,** 59 Wooster St. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **DE NAGY,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 415 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St. . . . **LITTLEJOHN-SMITH,** 133 Greene St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **MARCUS,** 578 Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MC KEE,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **M-13,** at 72 Greene St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **MUNROE,** 415 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **P.P.O.W,** 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **STEINBAUM,** 132 Greene St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Shirley Burden—The Brooklyn Museum has mounted a show of thirty of his prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David Joyce—Installations combining life-size photographic cutouts with actual objects; one involves a man (photo) sitting in a chair (real) watching TV (real). Through July 31. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Gustave Le Gray (1820-82) **and Henri Le Secq** (1818-82)—Works by these paper-negative pioneers are at the Metropolitan. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Joe Maloney—Photographs of the Delaware River in upstate New York, stone houses in

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AS DEFINED
BY PIMM'S.

CHUKKER. Always preceded by Pimm's, i.e., Pimm's Chukker. A refreshing beverage served at polo matches and other smart places.

REGULATION GEAR. The Pimm's Cup. A cylindrical container open at one end with a capacity of 8 fluid ounces. Restricted to the sidelines.

THROW-IN. Throw 2 oz. Pimm's over ice. Fill with soda. Add a wedge of lemon. The Chukker begins.

GOAL. To make it to the Pimm's tent and back before the next chukker begins.

SAFETY. What you've reached when you make it back without spilling a precious drop.

FIELD. Anywhere. Anytime. Nowhere is out of bounds for a Pimm's Chukker.

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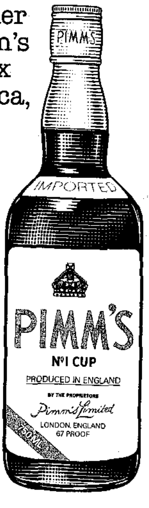

THE LIGHT
REFRESHER
FROM ENGLAND.
ONLY WINNING
TASTES AS GOOD.

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Philadelphia, and monuments in Washington, D.C. Through July 31. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Cindy Sherman—The Whitney Museum has a ten-year survey of her photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

German Photography of the Eighties—About a hundred prints by fourteen artists who have eschewed the documentary tradition in photography; their works fall into three categories: symbolic, representational, and experimental. Through Sept. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **burden**, 20 E. 23rd St.: Prints by contemporary Latin-American photographers. Through Saturday, July 25. (Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **lieberman & saul**, 155 Spring St.: Works by gallery artists and others, among them Zeke Berman, Katherine Fishman, Michael Spano, and Brian Wood. Through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **laurence miller**, 138 Spring St.: Painted photographs by Bayat Keerl, Arnulf Rainer, Thomas Barrow, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **303 gallery**, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A: Photographs by Andrea Fraser and others; a video by Marianne Weems; photographs and sculptures by Fareed Armaly. Through Saturday, July 25. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **witkin**, 415 West Broadway: Chairs are the common denominator in this show of prints by more than sixty photographers. Through Aug. 21. (Closed Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

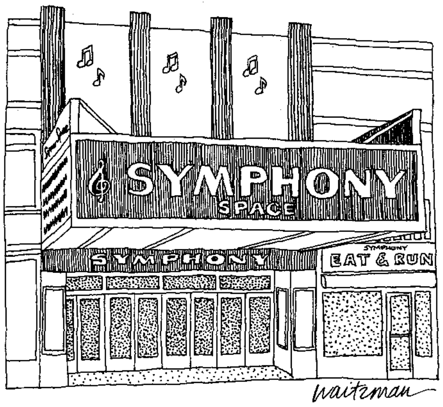
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two nineteenth-century French photographers—Gustave Le Gray (seascapes of the English Channel and the Mediterranean, and other prints) and Henri Le Secq (Chartres and Notre-Dame de Paris before their restorations, and other prints). Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. Through Sept. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Berlinart" covers paintings, plus photographs and handmade books, by artists (German and otherwise) who have been part of the Berlin art world in the past twenty-five years. Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, Eva-Maria Schön, Jonathan Borofsky, William Eggleston, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by the Italian industrial designer Mario Bellini, including computers, calculators, chairs, and lamps. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Prints by Gauguin and other artists active in Brittany and Paris during the late eighteen-hundreds. The show includes etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and monoprints. Through July 26. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of Cindy Sherman's photographs dating from 1977 to the present. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Beverly Pepper's sculptures begins outside the museum's entrance, where four monumental columnar pieces and four smaller works are placed. Through Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Paintings by twenty artists whose studios are in Brooklyn. Roxi Marsen, Dan Rice, George McNeil, and Irene Lipton are among them. Through Sept. 7. . . . **photography:** Prints of Ellis Island from the fifties by Shirley Burden. Through Sept. 14. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)



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American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—An exhibit surveying three thousand years of Chinese celadons, a family of ceramics that reached its peak in the hands of Sung-dynasty (960-1279 A.D.) artisans, who perfected the jade-like texture of the glaze. Bells, funerary urns, covered boxes, ewers, vases, and bottles—nearly ninety works in all. Starts Thursday, July 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of drawings done by the eighteenth-century Scottish architect Robert Adam for Kedleston Hall, a Neo-Palladian mansion in Derbyshire, which is considered his crowning achievement. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Frank Lloyd Wright's designs for the Johnson Wax Company's buildings in Racine, Wisconsin, are documented with a hundred items, including drawings, models, furniture, and a videotape of Wright discussing what he called his "war against the box" philosophy of architecture. Through Sunday, July 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **note:** A jazz concert will be given in the garden by Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone, and his quartet, on Tuesday, July 21, at 6:30.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A selection of early-nineteenth-century furniture by New York artisan Duncan Phyfe and his contemporaries. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Eakins, Chase, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Cincinnati, Thursday and Friday, July 16-17, at 7:35; Saturday, July 18, at 7:05; and Sunday, July 19, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Monday and Tuesday, July 20-21, at 7:35, and Wednesday, July 22, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, July 24, at 7:35, and Saturday, July 25, at 1:35.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays and Fridays, at 1. Races begin at 3 on Fridays, and there is no racing on Tuesdays. Through Monday, Aug. 3. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 25. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Fridays, at 1:30. Races begin at 3 on Fridays. Through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 25. . . . **atlantic city race course**, McKee City, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, July 15.

Tennis—Volvo Tennis/New Jersey. (Newark Academy, Livingston, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, July 15-17, at 1 and 7; semifinals Saturday, July 18, at 1; and finals Sunday, July 19, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-201 740-1715.)

Trotting—At the **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8, and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, Aug. 2. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, July 15: "La Traviata," with Marilyn Mims, John Stewart, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 16: "Tosca," with Elizabeth Holleque, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 17: A new production of a double bill of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Stefano Algieri, and Stanley Wexler; and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Jon Fredric West, Frederick Burchinal, and William Parcher. Sergiu Comissiona conducting. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 18: "La Rondine," with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, Stanley Cornett, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 18: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Gail Dobish, Richard Leech, and Scott Reeve; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 21: "La Traviata," with Marilyn Mims, John Stewart, and Pablo Elvira; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 22: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Stefano Algieri, and Stanley Wexler; and "I Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Jon Fredric West, Frederick Burchinal, and William Parcher. Sergiu Comissiona conducting. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 23: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Gail Dobish, Michael Sylvester, and Scott

Reeve; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 24: "Faust," with Faith Esham, Richard Leech, John Cheek, and Stephen Dickson; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 25: "Tosca," with Elizabeth Holleque, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 25: "La Rondine," with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, Stanley Cornett, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Wednesday, July 15: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Alexander Toradze, piano, and Frank Peter Zimmermann, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16: The Ravinia Institute Players. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 17-18: Helmuth Rilling conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Sylvia McNair, soprano; Jane Bunnell, mezzo-soprano; Scot Weir, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19: A two-part concert—James Richman conducting the Concert Royal, with the New York Baroque Dance Company, and Ransom Wilson conducting the Solisti New York, with the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company; Todd Levy, clarinet; and the Mostly Mozart Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Monday, July 20: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 21-22: John Nelson conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano, and Thomas Hampson, baritone. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23: A repeat of the July 19th program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 24-25: John Nelson conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Joshua Bell, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Nightly at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7, except Friday through Sunday, July 17-19, and Thursday, July 23. Through Saturday, Aug. 22.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of the first two of three productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. Through Sunday, July 19: **RICHARD II,** with Peter MacNicol. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, July 24, and running through Sunday, Aug. 16: **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.** (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. John Nelson conducting the second in a series of three programs. **CROCHERON PARK,** Queens: Wednesday, July 15, at 8. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN,** the Bronx: Thursday, July 16, at 8. . . . **MARINE PARK,** Brooklyn: Friday, July 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta will conduct the final program. **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** Monday, July 20, at 8, with Glenn Dicterow, violin, and Paul Neubauer, viola.

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Wednesday, July 15: The Moody Blues and 'Til Tuesday. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17: Santana and the Neville Brothers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18: Third World and Yellowman. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22: David Sanborn, with the Nylons. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23: The Thompson Twins and Chris Isaak. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25: Phyllis Hyman, with Jean Carne, Ramsey Lewis, and Stanley Turrentine. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Goldman Memorial Band—Ainslee Cox conducting. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Seaside Park, Brooklyn. Saturdays at 8.)

Riverside Park Rotunda—Thursday, July 16, at 7 (rain date, July 20): Chamber Sound. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 4 (rain date, Sept. 6): Houston Person and Etta Jones. (W. 79th St., near the Boat Basin.)

Central Park Bandshell—Thursday, July 16, at 7:30: Vincent La Selva conducting the New York Grand Opera in "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8: The Crowsfeet Dance Collective and Yves Musard. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 3: Leroy Jenkins' Sting. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 3: Andy Statman's Klezmer Orchestra. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23, at 7:30: Vincent La Selva conducting the New York Grand Opera in "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 8: Ann Carlson, Peter Reed and the Contemporary Ballet Company, and Charles Dennis and Frank Conversano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 3: Fernest and the Thunders. (For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

Music Cruises—Concerts on excursion boats. Friday, July 17, at 8: Ben E. King. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St. For information about tickets, call 595-5272.) . . . ¶ Monday, July 20, at 6:30: Herbie Mann. . . . Thursday, July 23, at 7: Loup Gurou. (South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. For information about tickets, call 964-9082.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing three concerts. Songs from operettas. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Saturday, July 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Carl Schurz Park, East End Ave. at 84th St. Tuesday, July 21, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Show tunes by Bernstein and Weill. (Damrosch Park. Saturday, July 25, at 8.) For rain-date information, call 333-5333.

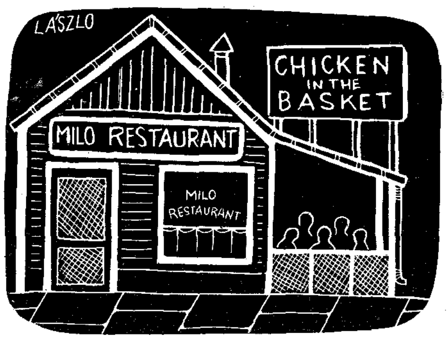
Prospect Park Bandshell—Saturday, July 18, at 8: Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians and Johanna Boyce and the Calf Women. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 8: The Limon Dance Company, Dan Wagoner and Dancers, and Mark Taylor & Friends. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8: Soh Daiko and Chen & Dancers. (For rain-date information, call 1-718 768-0699.)

Concert Royal—Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, July 21, at 7.

Washington Square Park—Abba Bogin conducting the Festival Orchestra. The second in a series of five weekly programs. (Tuesday, July 21, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Square S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Summerfare—**DON GIOVANNI,** Mozart's opera, conducted by Craig Smith and directed by Peter Sellars: Wednesday, July 15, and Friday, July 17, at 8; Sunday, July 19, at 2:30; and Thursday, July 23, and Saturday, July 25, at 8. . . . **FRANKFURT BALLET,** presenting "Big White Baby Dog," "Skinny," and "Same Olde Story": Thursday, July 16, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, at 8:30. . . . **COMPAÑIAS DIVAS,** of Mexico, presenting "Donna Giovanni": Thursday, July 16, at 8:30; Saturday, July 18, at 9; and Sunday, July 19, at 3:30. . . . **TEATRE DE LA CLACA,** of Barcelona, presenting "Mori el Merma," by Joan Miró and Joan Baixas: Thursday and Friday, July 16-17, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, July 18-19, at 6:30. . . . **COSÌ FAN TUTTE,** Mozart's opera, conducted by Craig Smith and directed by Peter Sellars: Wednesday, July 22, and Friday, July 24, at 8, and Sunday, July 26, at 2:30. . . . **ROYAL DRAMATIC THEATRE,** of Stockholm, presenting "A Feast in the Plague-Time," four short plays by Pushkin (Yuri Lyubimov, director): Thursday, July 23, at 8; Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, at 8:30; and Sunday, July 26, at 6:30. . . . **KRONOS QUARTET:** Friday, July 24, at 8, and Saturday, July 25, at 8:30. . . . **JOFFREY BALLET,** presenting "Love Songs," "Untitled," "Light Rain," and "Birthday Variations": Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, at 8:30, and Sunday, July 26, at 2:30. . . . **VISIONS OF DON JUAN,** a multimedia work written and directed by Matthew Maguire: Friday, July 24, at 8:30; Saturday, July 25, at 5 and 9; and Sunday, July 26, at 4. (State University of New York at Purchase. Through Sunday, Aug. 2. For information about tickets and about round-trip transportation from Lincoln Center to Purchase, call 1-914 253-5900.)



Caramoor Music Festival—Thursday, July 16, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Scott Kuney, mandolin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's in an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Barry Douglas, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 5:30: The Emerson String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: The Canadian Brass. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 5:30: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, in an all-Bach program. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. On Saturdays, trains leave Grand Central Terminal at 2:48 and 5:48, and are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—Gerard Schwarz conducting the last two in a series of weekly concerts. Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: With Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: With Bella Davidovich, piano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700.)

Tanglewood—Thursday, July 16, at 8:30: The Vermeer String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 9: Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the Boston Symphony, with Viktoria Postnikova, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting, with Frank Peter Zimmermann, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 2:30: Hiroshi Wakasugi conducting, with Alfred Brendel, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23, at 8:30: The Emerson String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 9: Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: Charles Dutoit conducting the Boston Symphony, with Midori, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 2:30: Charles Dutoit conducting, with Malcolm Lowe, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

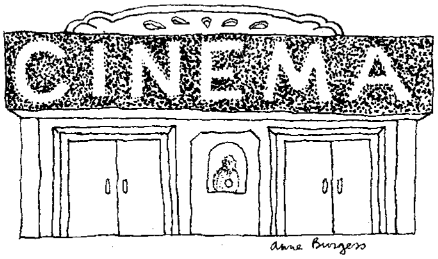
Berkshire Choral Festival—Two in a series of weekly concerts by a chorus of more than two hundred members, the Springfield Symphony Orchestra, and soloists. Saturday, July 18, at 8: John Oliver directing Brahms' Requiem. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8: Charles Dodsley Walker directing a Holst-Poulenc-Stravinsky program. (Berkshire School, South Egremont, Mass. 1-413 229-3522. Through Saturday, Aug. 8.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Through Saturday, July 18: Merrill Ashley and John Meehan, with the Pillow Ballet Ensemble. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 21-25: A program of African music and dance. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the engagement by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET.** Wednesday evening, July 15: "Square Dance," "La Sonnambula," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 16: "Scotch Symphony," "Les Gentilhommes," "Concertino," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 16: "Les Gentilhommes," "La Sonnambula," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 17: "Les Petits Riens," "Agon," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 18: "Les Petits Riens," "Agon," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 18: "Square Dance," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, July 21-22, and Thursday matinée, July 23: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 24: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Concertino," "Concerto Barocco," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 25: "Square Dance," "Les Petits Riens," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 25: "Les Gentilhommes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Agon," and "Brahms/Handel." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-518 587-3330.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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19	20	21	22	23	24	25

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 16: At 6, "Rio Rita" (1929; directed by Luther Reed), with Bebe Daniels, John Boles, and Bert Wheeler; at 8, "Bitter Sweet" (1940; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and, at 10, "New Moon" (1930; John Conway), with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.
July 17: At 6, "Show Boat" (1936; James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; at 8, "The Great Waltz" (1938; Julien Duvivier), with Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, and Miliza Korjus; and, at 10, "The Congress Dances" (1932; Erik Charrell), with Lillian Harvey and Conrad Veidt.
July 18-19: At 4, "The Chocolate Soldier" (1941; Roy Del Ruth), with Risë Stevens and Nelson Eddy; at 6, "Show Boat" (1936); at 8, "The Great Waltz" (1938); and, at 10, "The Congress Dances."
July 21-23: At 6, "Les Trois Valses" (1939; Ludwig Berger; in French), with Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay; at 8, "Maytime" (1937 †); and, at 10:15, "Balalaika" (†).
From July 24: At 6, "One Night of Love" (†); at 8, "Bitter Sweet" (1933; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle, Fernand Graavey, and Ivy St. Helier; and, at 10, "Music in the Air" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Squeeze" (Roger Young), with Michael Keaton and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 3: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "The Untouchables" (†). From July 17: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy. From July 17: "Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine.
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Roxanne" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 16: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).
From July 17: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Believers" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).
Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 2: "Roxanne" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 16: "Personal Services" (†).
From July 17: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Good Morning, Babylon" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani), with Vincent Spano and Joaquim de Almeida.
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "Summer Night" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Mariangela Melato and Michele Placido. From July 17: "Rita, Sue and Bob Too" (Alan Clarke).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dragnet" (1987 †).
Theatre 2: "The Squeeze" (Roger Young), with Michael Keaton and Rae Dawn Chong.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy. From July 17: "Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Whistle Blower" (Simon Langton), with Michael Caine, Nigel Havers, and James Fox.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dragnet" (1987 †).

86th Street Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 2: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy. From July 22: "Summer School" (Carl Reiner), with Mark Harmon.
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "The Believers" (†). From July 17: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 24: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "Karma" (1985; directed by Ho Quang Minh; in Vietnamese). From July 22: "The Sea and Poison" (1986; Kei Kumai; in Japanese).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "River's Edge" (†). From July 17: "Ping Pong" (Po Chih Leong; in English and Cantonese).
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "Sleepwalk" (Sara Driver). July 17-23: "River's Edge" (†). From July 24: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 2: "Roxanne" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Dragnet" (1987 †).
Theatre 2: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 23: "Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †). From July 24: "Summer Night" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Mariangela Melato and Michele Placido.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.
Theatre 2: "Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.
Theatre 3: Through July 16: (Matinées only) "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp); and (evenings only) "Spaceballs." From July 17: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through July 16: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).
From July 17: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Roxanne" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through July 16: "Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †).
From July 17: "Eat the Peach" (Peter Ormrod).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Dragnet" (1987 †).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Withnail and I" (Bruce Robinson).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through July 16: "Sleepwalk" (Sara Driver).
July 17-23: "Ping Pong" (Po Chih Leong; in English and Cantonese).
From July 24: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Jean de Florette" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†). From July 17: "La Gran Fiesta" (Marcos Zurinaga; in Spanish and English).
Theatre 2: Through July 23: "My Life as a Dog" (†). From July 24: "Wish You Were Here" (David Leland).
Theatre 3: Through July 23: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†). From July 24: "Wish You Were Here."

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.
Theatre 2: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy. From July 17: "Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dragnet" (1987 †).
Theatre 4: Through July 16: "The Squeeze" (Roger Young), with Michael Keaton and Rae Dawn Chong. From July 17: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Theatre 5: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 6: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend. From July 17: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "River's Edge" (†). From July 17: "Personal Services" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Believers" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Squeeze" (directed by Roger Young), with Michael Keaton and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 4: Through July 21: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend. From July 22: "Summer School" (Carl Reiner), with Mark Harmon.
Theatre 5: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.
Theatre 6: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Untouchables" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 3: Through July 23: "The Untouchables" (†). From July 24: "La Bamba" (Luis Valdez), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Esai Morales.
Theatre 4: Through July 23: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp). From July 24: "La Bamba."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through July 16: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.
From July 17: "Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).
Theatre 2: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through July 16: "Dragnet" (1987 †).
From July 17: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 16: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; directed by Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Men" (1950; Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.
July 17-18: "Stavisky" (1974; Alain Resnais; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer; and "Borsalino" (1970; Jacques Deray; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Alain Delon.
July 19: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
July 20-21: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959; Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, and Arthur O'Connell; and "Jagged Edge" (†).
July 22-23: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "The Milky Way" (1968 †).
July 24-25: "A Man Like Eva" (1983; Radu Gabrea; in German), with Eva Mattes; and "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 15: "Sadie Thompson" (1928; Raoul Walsh; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson, Walsh, Lionel Barrymore, and Blanche Frederici; and "A Woman of Paris" (1923; Charles Chaplin; a silent film), with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller.
July 16-18: "The River" (1951; Jean Renoir); and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
July 19-20: "Richard III" (1956; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Claire Bloom, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Cedric Hardwicke; and "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowell.
July 21: "The Ballad of Narayama" (1983; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese); and "Vengeance Is Mine" (1979; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).
July 22: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel; a short film).
July 23-25: "Scene of the Crime" (1987; André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Wadeck Stanczak, and Danielle Darrieux; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 15: "A Yank at Oxford" (1938; Jack Conway), with Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor, and Maureen O'Sullivan; and "Dark Journey" (1937; Victor Saville), with Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh, Robert Newton, and Joan Gardner.
July 16-18: "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1946; Gabriel Pascal), with Vivien Leigh, Claude Rains, Flora Robson, and Stewart Granger; and "Fire Over England" (1937; William K. Howard), with Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and Raymond Massey.
July 19-20: "Storm in a Teacup" (†) and "Sidewalks of London" (†).
July 21-22: "Ship of Fools" (1965; Stanley Kramer), with Vivien Leigh, Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, and George Segal.
July 23-25: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
July 15: "Viva Zapata!" (1952; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and

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Anthony Quinn; and "Blues in the Night" (1941; Anatole Litvak), with Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf, and Betty Field.

July 16: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden.

July 17-18: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs.

July 19: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

July 20: "Walkabout" (†); and "Careful, He Might Hear You" (1984; Carl Schultz), with Wendy Hughes, Robyn Nevin, and John Hargreaves.

July 21: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn; and "Drive, He Said" (1971; Jack Nicholson), with William Tepper and Karen Black.

July 22: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "City for Conquest" (1940; Anatole Litvak), with James Cagney and Ann Sheridan.

July 23: "The Groove Tube" (†); and "Tunnelvision" (1976; Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel), with Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor.

July 24-25: "Mix Up" (1986; François Romand); and "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 15: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

July 16: "The Left Handed Gun" (1958; Arthur Penn), with Paul Newman, Lila Milan, and Hurd Hatfield; and "The Missouri Breaks" (1976; Arthur Penn), with Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson.

July 17-18: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan.

July 19: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (†).

July 20: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Shame" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

July 21: "Flamingo Road" (1949; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet, Zachary Scott, and Gladys George; and "Sadie McKee" (1934; Clarence Brown), with Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone.

July 22: "Double Wedding" (1937; Richard Thorpe), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "I Love You Again" (1940; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

July 23: "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.

July 24-25: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938 †).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.

Theatre 1: July 16 at 2:30 and 6: "Street of Chance" (1930; directed by John Cromwell), with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Jean Arthur. . . . ¶ July 17 at 2:30: "The Blue Angel" (1930; Josef von Sternberg), with Emil Jannings, Marlene Dietrich, and Hans Albers. . . . ¶ July 17 at 6 and July 18 at 2: "Paramount on Parade" (1930; staged by ten directors, including Dorothy Arzner and Ernst Lubitsch), with an all-star cast of that day (Fredric March, Clara Bow, Jack Oakie, and Skeets Gallagher, to mention a few). . . . ¶ July 18 at 5 and July 19 at 2: "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ July 19 at 5: "The Blue Angel." . . . ¶ July 20 at 2:30 and 6: "Sarah and Son" (1930; Dorothy Arzner), with Ruth Chatterton and Fredric March. . . . ¶ July 21 at 2:30 and 6: "The Marriage Playground" (1929; Lothar Mendes), with Mary Brian, Fredric March, Lilyan Tashman, and Kay Francis. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2:30: "An American Tragedy" (1931; Josef von Sternberg), with Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney, and Frances Dee. . . . ¶ July 23 at 6 and July 24 at 2:30: "Every Night at Eight" (1935; Raoul Walsh), with George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford, and Patsy Kelly. . . . ¶ July 24 at 6: "An American Tragedy." . . . ¶ July 25 at 2: "Young Man of Manhattan" (1930; Monta Bell), with Claudette Colbert, Norman Foster, Ginger Rogers, and Charles Ruggles. . . . ¶ July 25 at 5: "The Milky Way" (1936; Leo McCarey), with Harold Lloyd, Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale, and Lionel Stander.

Theatre 2: July 16 at 6:30 and July 18 at 4: "1 Berlin-Harlem" (1974; Lothar Lambert and Wolfram Zobus; in German, with English subtitles), with Conrad Jennings and Claudia Berry. . . . ¶ July 23 at 6:30 and July 25 at 4: "Portrait of a Woman Drinker" (1979; Ulrike Ottinger; in German, with English subtitles), with Tabea Blumenschein.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Aug. 1: "Columbia Pictures Television: The Studio and the Creative Process," a program of selected episodes from dramatic series, situation comedies, anthology series, TV movies, and mini-series produced over the past thirty-five years at the studio. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. . . . ¶ Through July 23: "Peter Pan" (1960; Vincent J. Donehue), with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Showings Tuesdays at 12:30, 2:45, and 5:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30 and 2:45. . . . ¶ Starting July 24: "Elvis Presley: The Television Work," a retrospective. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—A program of films in which one or another of the seven deadly sins makes an appearance. July 15 at 8: Anger—"Fury" (1936; Fritz Lang), with Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney. . . . ¶ July 16 at 8: All of them—"Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 15: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, and Angela Lansbury. . . . ¶ July 16: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Meryl Streep, and Michael Murphy. . . . ¶ July 17: "That Night in Rio" (1941; Irving Cummings), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda. . . . ¶ July 18: "Murder She Said" (1962; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple. . . . ¶ July 21: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Donna Reed. . . . ¶ July 22: "Stromboli" (1949; Roberto Rossellini), with Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ July 23: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte. . . . ¶ July 24: "Weekend in Havana" (1941; Walter Lang), with Alice Faye, John Payne, and Carmen Miranda. . . . ¶ July 25: "Murder Most Foul" (1964; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple. (*All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time on the night of the performance.*)

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (316-7563)—"The King of Kings" (1927; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with H. B. Warner, Dorothy Cumming, Ernest Torrence, and Joseph Schildkraut. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin. (July 15 at 8.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A program of five films by Hou Hsiao-hsien. July 16 at 3: "A Time to Live and a Time to Die" (1985; in Mandarin, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 16 at 7: "A Summer at Grandpa's" (1984; in Mandarin and Taiwanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 23 at 3: "Dust in the Wind" (1987; in Mandarin and Taiwanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 23 at 7: "The Boys of Fengkuei" (1984; in Mandarin, with English subtitles); and "Son's Big Doll" (1984; in Taiwanese, with English subtitles). (For information about tickets, call 288-6400, Ext. 284.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (873-3400)—"Dragonwyck" (1946; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, and Walter Huston. (July 19 at 2.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

Balalaika (1939)—Perfect for a mixed-media show at the Russian Tea Room—but at a theatre, without distraction? Nelson Eddy, in another uniform, smiling vacuously, and that beautiful, blank songbird, Ilona Massey, in an overdressed adaptation of Eric Maschwitz's play about Russian exiles in Paris. M-G-M loaded this flop operetta with such sure-disaster songs as "Ride, Cossack, Ride," "In a Heart as Brave as Your Own," "Shadows on the Sand," "The Magic of Your Love," and, to cap it all, "My Heart Is a Gypsy." The cast includes Charles Ruggles and the inevitable Frank Morgan, as well as Walter Woolf King, C. Aubrey Smith, Joyce Compton, Lionel Atwill, George Tobias, Alma Kruger, and Phillip Terry. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel; script by Jacques Deval and Leon Gordon. (Public Theatre; July 21-23, at 10:15.)

The Believers—John Schlesinger's occult thriller is set in a vile, hellish New York City—one of his specialties since "Midnight Cowboy." In this picture, about a widowed police psychologist and his young son, who are threatened by a human-sacrifice cult, Schlesinger seems right at home: in the no man's land between pop sociology and sheer exploitation. Scenes designed to demonstrate the horrors of urban alienation and high-level greed alternate with ones that show us, up close, spiders crawling out of a hole in a woman's face, chickens being slaughtered, snakes wiggling around in a bowl of human entrails in the city morgue—that sort of thing. The high seriousness of the tone makes the pulp material far more loathsome than it would be in a schlock horror movie. Schlesinger has never been more effective or more hateful. With Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and a fine supporting cast that features Robert Loggia, Jimmy Smits, Harris Yulin, Lee Richardson, and the alarming Malick Bowens. Screenplay by Mark Frost, from Nicholas Conde's novel "The Religion;" terrific cinematography by Robby Müller.—T.R. (Plaza, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through July 16.)

The Best Years of Our Lives (1946)—A hefty (172 minutes) piece of moviemaking that seemed to satisfy the public desire to see what changes the Second World War had made in people's lives. Despite its seven Academy Awards, it's not a great picture; it's

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too schematic and it drags on after you get the points. Fredric March is the infantry sergeant who comes home to his small (apocryphal) Midwestern city and the love of his wife (Myrna Loy) but finds no pleasure in his job as vice-president of a bank. Dana Andrews, an Air Force captain who had been a soda jerk before the war, discovers that his hard-as-nails wife (Virginia Mayo) doesn't want him any more than he wants her; he turns to the sergeant's daughter (Teresa Wright). Harold Russell is the machinist's mate second class who has lost his hands but has retained the love of his childhood sweetheart. Directed by William Wyler, it's clean and unmannered. With Cathy O'Donnell, Hoagy Carmichael, and Ray Collins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 19.)

Devil in the Flesh—Madness, politics, and sexual frenzy: business as usual for director Marco Bellocchio. In this very loose adaptation of the famous Raymond Radiguet novel about an affair between a student and a young married woman (filmed once before, by Claude Autant-Lara in 1947), Bellocchio's work is enervated and uncertain. There are flashes of his audacity and cruel wit, but the movie never quite comes to life. Even the explicit lovemaking scenes that earned this picture its X rating seem, in context, a little academic: most of the time, Bellocchio's movie plays as a kind of structuralist dissertation on the concepts of "in" and "out." With Maruschka Detmers (a powerful sexual presence but a terrible actress) and Federico Pitzalis as the lovers. Cinematography by Giuseppe Lanci. In Italian.—T.R. (57th St. Playhouse; through July 16. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 23.)

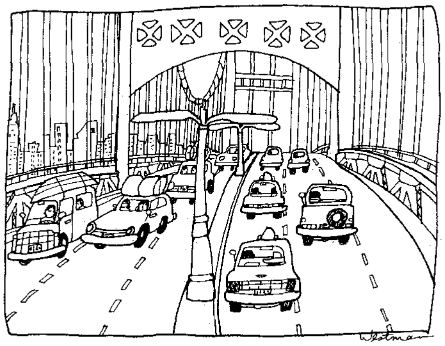
Dragnet—The first joke in this expensive spoof of Jack Webb's long-running TV cop show is that Sergeant Joe Friday's nephew (played by Dan Aykroyd) is, in the "swinging" Los Angeles of the eighties, an even straighter arrow than his unsmiling uncle was in the fifties. The second joke is apparently being saved for the sequel. With Tom Hanks (as Friday's partner), Christopher Plummer, Dabney Coleman, Elizabeth Ashley, and Harry Morgan, who played Webb's sidekick in the sixties version of the program. (If you're old enough to remember that, you're too old for this movie.) Directed, clumsily, by Tom Mankiewicz, who also conspired on the screenplay with Aykroyd and Alan Zweibel. —T.R. (Gemini, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, New Carnegie, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Warner; through July 16.)

Full Metal Jacket—Stanley Kubrick's Vietnam film stays reasonably close to its source, Gustav Hasford's compressed, white-hot novel "The Short-Timers," yet the novel has an accumulating force of horror and the movie doesn't. The first three-quarters of an hour is basic training in the Marines stripped down to a cartoonish horrorshow; it's military S & M, and the pounding compulsiveness can easily be taken for the work of a master director. After that, the movie becomes dispersed, and you can't get an emotional reading on it. Kubrick probably believes he's numbing us by the power of his vision, but he's actually numbing us by its emptiness. Here's a director who has been insulated from American life for more than two decades, and he proceeds to define the American crisis of the century. He does it by lingering for a near-pornographic eternity over a young Vietnamese woman who is in pain and pleads "Shoot me! Shoot me!" This is James M. Cain in Vietnam. The script is by Kubrick, Michael Herr, and Hasford. Shot in England, with Matthew Modine as Private Joker, who wears a Peace symbol; Vincent D'Onofrio as poor, doughy-faced Pyle; Lee Ermey as the gunnery sergeant; and Arliss Howard, Dorian Harewood, and Adam Baldwin. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/13/87.) (Manhattan Twin, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Cinema Studio, and National Twin.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—An inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the grungy, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. With Chevy Chase, Richard Belzer, Buzzy Linhart, Christine Nazareth; and Lane Sarasohn, who also wrote the material, with Shapiro; animation by Linda Taylor and Pat O'Neill. Made for $400,000; it started as a video-theatre entertainment. (Thalia SoHo; July 23.)

Jagged Edge (1985)—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style; but it does the job. It catches you in a vise—it's scary, and when it's over you feel a little shaken. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife; who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. She's the star of the movie; we feel an immediate, empathic connection with her excitement. Good thrillers have an electric current running through them; here it runs through her performance and then charges the film's last section. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart, pared down, and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. Bridges is marvellously hooded; you can't read his emotions. (This is some of the best work he has done.) And Coyote's D.A. has a suggestion of something rancid and vindictive. As the profane, hard-drinking private investigator who tracks down witnesses for the defense, Robert Loggia provides a few puckish curlicues and walks off with his scenes. Also with Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and, as a final surprise witness, Karen Austin, in an intense scene that has a porno queasiness about it. (11/4/85) (Cinema Village; July 20-21.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, reason-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be followed, later this year, by "Manon of the Spring." The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. The wide-screen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Paris.)



The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a fuzzy, jolly old lady who boards a train and disappears on it is directed with such skill and velocity that it has come to represent the quintessence of screen suspense. It provides some of the finest examples of Hitchcock touches—little shocks and perversities of editing and detail. The hero is played by a tall, callow young man making his first major film appearance—Michael Redgrave; the heroine is Margaret Lockwood, and the lady is Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas, Cecil Parker, Margaretta Scott. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24-25.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their lavish musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. The picture is too drawn out, the framing story is pitiably artificial, the staging is often suffocating, and the score rots your brain, but John Barrymore brings a bitter edge to the role of MacDonald's husband, and the atmosphere of thwarted passion is compelling. Robert Z. Leonard directed. The huge cast includes Herman Bing, Billy Gilbert, and Tom Brown. The script, by Noel Langley, is loosely based on the 1917 operetta. (Public Theatre; July 21-23, at 8.)

The Milky Way (1968)—This Luis Buñuel film concerns two pilgrim-tramps and their encounters with the Devil, the Virgin Mary, people who are arguing about Catholic doctrine, and assorted religious zealots. At times, the film seems to be a Catholic-college revue, full of dud barbs and daring seminary humor. It looks beautiful, though (the cinematography is by Christian Matras), and it moves along in a masterly way that is specifically, characteristically Buñuelian; it's all very simple—just one episode after another, with past and present joined without effort or fuss, and with occasional (and very odd) animal sounds on the track. Screenplay by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. The cast includes such well-known performers as Julien Bertheau, Alain Cuny, Edith Scob, Michel Piccoli, Paul Frankeur, Laurent Terzieff, Claudio Brook, Delphine Seyrig, and Pierre Clémenti (as the Devil), yet no one leaves a very distinct impression. In French. (Cinema Village; July 22-23.)

Music in the Air (1934)—An "adult" Fox musical, with Gloria Swanson and John Boles singing together, and June Lang, Al Shean, Hobart Bosworth, and Reginald Owen. The songs, by Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern, are on the coy side of romance ("I've Told Ev'ry Little Star," "I Am So Eager," "The Song Is You," "We Belong Together," "One More Dance"). Billy Wilder, newly arrived in Hollywood, collaborated with Howard I. Young on the script; it was Wilder's first American credit. Joe May directed. (Public Theatre; starting July 24, showings at 10.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish—T.R. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through July 23. . . . ¶ Carnegie Screening Room; starting July 24.)

One Night of Love (1934)—With Grace Moore, serving grand opera by the teaspoonful with her little finger crooked. She goes to all the great cities of Europe for the sake of music, backdrops, and so on, and eventually lands here at the Metropolitan, where her Italian

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music teacher bursts into tears in the prompter's box because he loffs her. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—P.G. (Public Theatre; starting July 24, showings at 6.)

Personal Services—An astonishingly cheerful high and low comedy, starring Julie Walters as a London brothelkeeper. Walters is a human carnival; at times, she's as spirited as Mel Brooks on a good day. When this madam, called Christine Painter, thinks about the undignified actions that her dignified old gentlemen like to engage in, she giggles, and she carries you along with her. Her giddy hysteria seems the only appropriate response to the sexual habits of the English—it seems a higher normality. Christine Painter, grounded on Cynthia Payne, London's famous Mme. Cyn (who acted as consultant to the film), is a great subject for the director, Terry Jones, of the Monty Python group, and the writer, David Leland (who co-wrote the 1986 "Mona Lisa"). Julie Walters seems to energize the whole film—to give it a rare kind of screwball fizziness—though she actually gets a lot of help from Alec McCowen, Shirley Stelfox, and Danny Schiller (as Dolly, the elderly maid at the brothel). Cinematography by Roger Deakins. (5/18/87) (D. W. Griffith; through July 16. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; starting July 17.)

Prick Up Your Ears—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through July 16.)

River's Edge—Teen-age anomie and the indifference of selfish, corrupt adults. The subject might suggest a movie made for TV if it weren't for the explicitly sexual pulp elements and the woozy poetry. The script, by Neal Jimenez, which takes off from an incident in Milpitas, California, in 1981, appears to have been conceived as an exploitation melodrama, but the director, Tim Hunter, has a fuzzy, naturalistic approach, and the movie is a slack mixture of "important" and mediocre—a blur that viewers can project onto. Big-bellied John (Daniel Roebuck), a high-school pothead, strangles his girlfriend, Jamie, and leaves her lying nude on the riverbank. Soon all the members of his pack of six or seven stoned kids have viewed their dead friend, but nobody speaks of notifying the authorities, because Layne (Crispin Glover), the high-strung leader of the group, pressures them to believe that it would be a violation of their code to let any adults know about what happened. The movie doesn't deal with the facts of the Milpitas case (where the murderer was black). It tells us next to nothing about why John killed Jamie and shows us very little of how the other kids react to her death. Then this vacancy at the heart of the film is used as proof of the kids' heartlessness. Glover gives a weird, grimacing, hand-waving performance; other garish elements include Dennis Hopper as a one-legged ex-biker dope dealer who waltzes with an inflatable sex doll and Joshua Miller as a malicious twelve-year-old who drowns his baby sister's dolly. Also with Keanu Reeves, Ione Skye, and Jim Metzler as the teacher. Cinematography by Frederick Elmes. (6/15/87) (Metro Cinema; through July 16. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; through July 23.)

Rosa Luxemburg—Margarethe von Trotta's biography of the fiery, independent-minded Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxemburg is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries to bring Luxemburg to life as a character and to reconstruct the time and place of her struggles (Germany before and just after the First World War) without romanticizing and trivializing history. The film is occasionally moving, more frequently puzzling: it bears the same uneasy relationship to both politics and entertainment as a May Day parade, and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa's portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her a Best Actress award at last year's Cannes festival, is dogged and rather monotonous. With Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Adelheid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenplay; the excellent cinematography is by Franz Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza; through July 23. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; starting July 24.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
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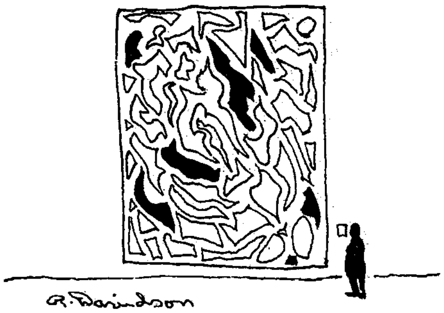
Roxanne—Steve Martin is improbably light on his feet in this airy, modern love comedy based on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He seems to crossbreed the skills of W. C. Fields and Buster Keaton, with some Fred Astaire mingled in. And as the stargazer Roxanne Daryl Hannah gives off a womanly radiance—a combination of carnality and moonglow. Directed by Fred Schepisi, from Martin's script, this film is unabashedly romantic. It's set in the ski-resort town of Nelson, Washington (nestled against the mountains, it seems a dream-built locale, but it's actually Nelson, British Columbia). You want to go to the town; you want to go back to the movie. It has a mellow, dotty charm. With Shelley Duvall, Rick Rossovich, Shandra Beri, and a squad of volunteer firefighters who are like Keystone Cops. Cinematography by Ian Baker; music by Bruce Smeaton. (6/15/87) (34th St. East, Coronet, Waverly, and Ziegfeld.)

Sidewalks of London (1938)—Vivien Leigh as a lovely young sidewalk entertainer who rises in the world and lands a Hollywood contract. The star of this draggy piece is Charles Laughton, as a busker. It is not one of his major—or even engaging—performances, and toward the end he turns to whining. Directed by Tim Whelan. (Regency; July 19-20.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—Vivien Leigh is the pretty ingénue and Rex Harrison is the charming juvenile in this quietly pleasant comedy, set in a village called Baikie, on the western coast of Scotland. It all centers upon the crisis of Mrs. Hegarty's pet dog, Patsy; Mrs. Hegarty is played by Sara Allgood, and this is one of the most charming of all her screen performances. Directed by Victor Saville and Ian Dalrymple. (Regency; July 19-20.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

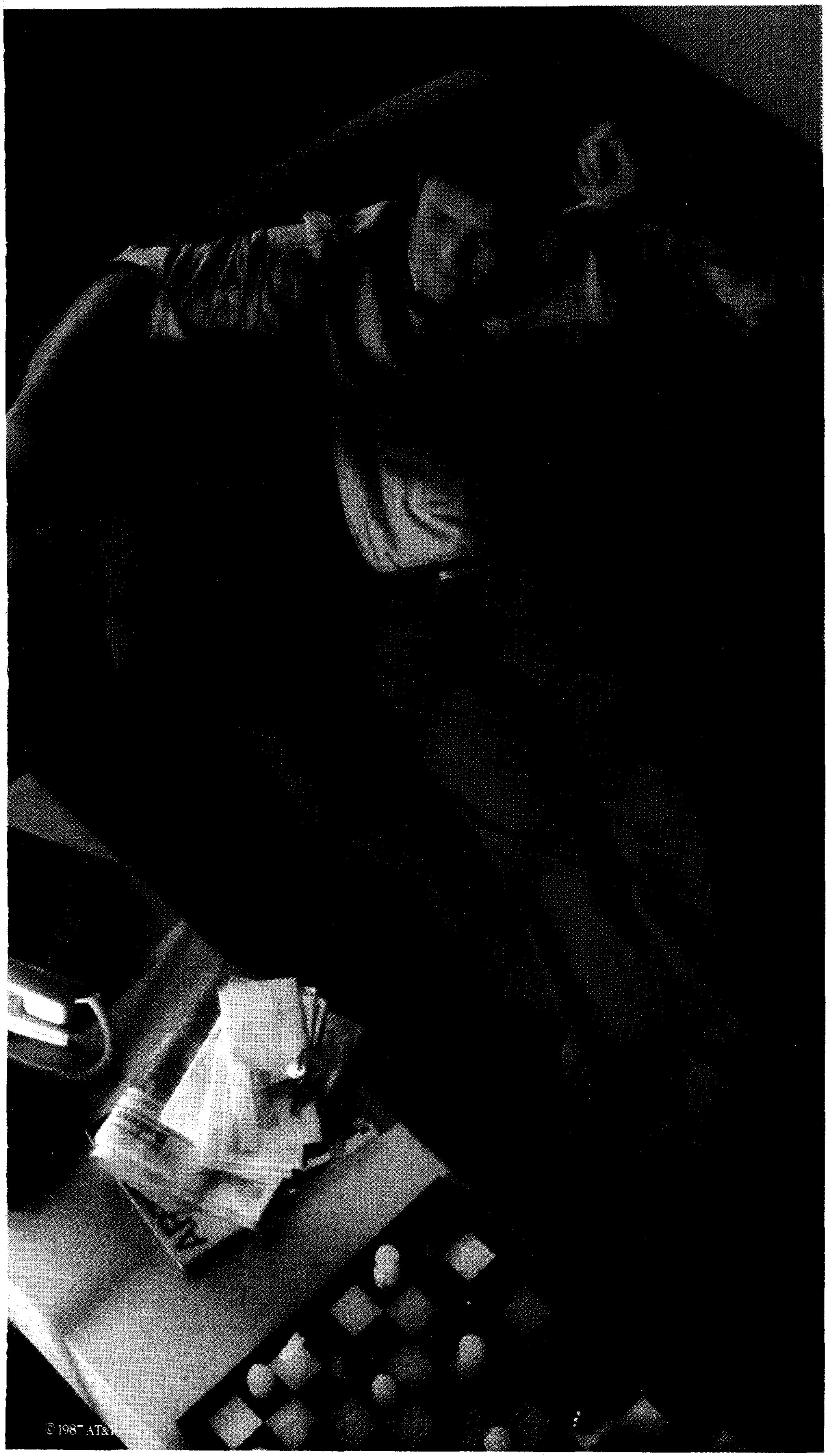


The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, 86th Street Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Embassy; through July 23.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a run-down English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children: an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young aborigine, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall; directed by Nicolas Roeg.—P.G. (Thalia SoHo; July 20.)

The Witches of Eastwick—It wavers between satirizing a hyper-sexed male's misogyny and revelling in it. Directed by George Miller (of the "Mad Max" movies), from a rickety script credited to Michael Cristofer, the movie resembles its source, John Updike's 1984 novel, only in its high gloss, the general outlines of the leading characters, some purloined lines of dialogue, and Jack Nicholson's entertainingly uncouth turns of phrase. As "your average horny little devil" he is so repulsive he's funny, and he has invented some furiously demented slapstick; he's an inspired buffoon. The three beauties whose combined longing for a man is potent enough to lure this devil from New York City to the (fictional) New England town of Eastwick are Cher as a sculptor, Susan Sarandon as a cellist and music teacher, and Michelle Pfeiffer as a reporter on the *Word*. (A brunette, a redhead, and a blonde, they have lost their husbands by death, divorce, and desertion.) About half the scenes don't make much sense, and the final ones might as well have a sign posted: "We're desperate for a finish." But even at its trashiest the movie keeps bumping along. And those women are a supple trio—not a brittle bone among them. Nicholson has waited all his acting life for a harem like this. With Veronica Cartwright as an unlucky puritan. Cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (6/29/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gramercy, Beekman, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

"Yesterday was a beaut... no lunch... boss in a mood.
Hearing Ron's voice cheered me up... think I'll call him...
today wasn't so hot either."



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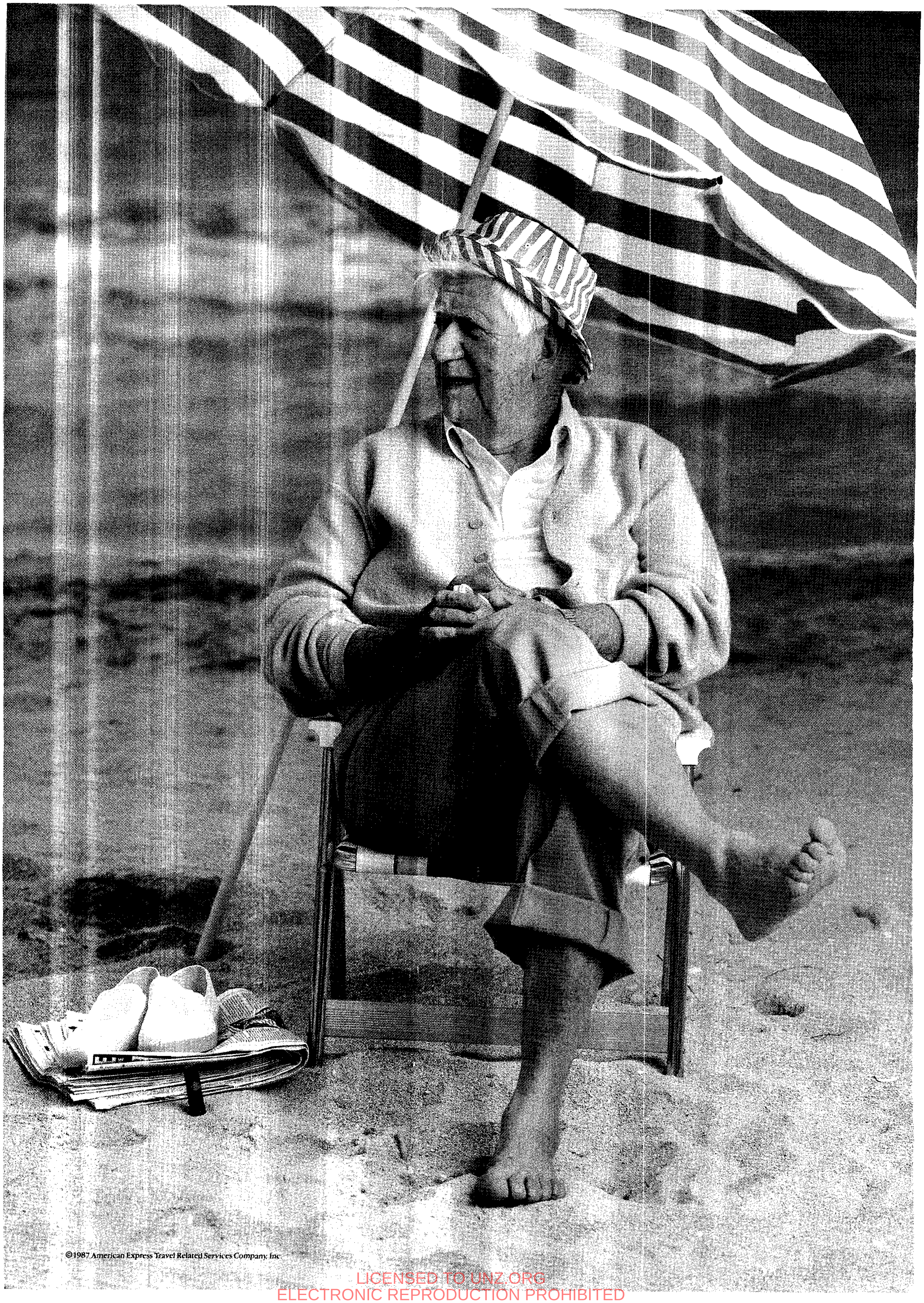

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THE NEW YORKER

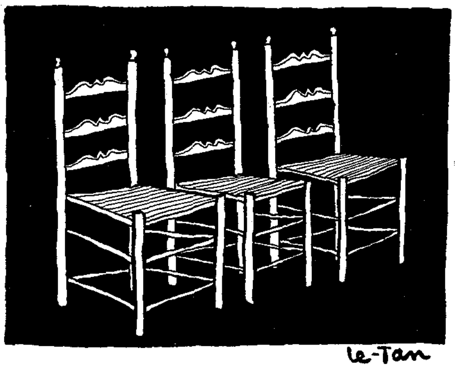
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"HE has the oblique, diagonal eyebrows of Lillian Gish," said an artist friend who had been watching all week. "And that same American quality of always seeming about to burst into tears." He was speaking, of course, of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, whose testimony before the congressional select committee last week was the first public event to really unite the city since last fall's World Series. Nobody could escape Ollie, and nobody wanted to. It was like Metsmania all over again—people taking radios to work, stopping by Crazy Eddie and the Wiz to watch. Everybody was talking about the hearings and relishing them—as entertainment. ("That guy Nields just proves what I always say," we heard a woman remark about the House chief counsel, John Nields. "When a man starts losing his hair, he's making a big mistake if he keeps combing it over and hoping nobody notices.") In short, a lot of us went in for frivolous spectacle-watching rather than serious evaluation, and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves.

But the spectacle was not without subtleties worth examining. For example, a movie-director friend explained to us one morning, "The way the TV people are shooting completely reverses the emotional arrangement in the hearing room. In the hearing room, North is down low, and the committee is perched up high—the classic confrontation of suspect and judges—but on television they're shooting Ollie from the heroic angle, from down low, so that he looks like a figure on Mt. Rushmore." (That may explain why people in the committee room, as the ABC correspondent Brit Hume pointed out one night last week, had a perception of the hearings radically different from that of people who followed the proceedings on TV.) And the truth is that to a great extent the spectacle *was* the story. Much of what North said last week came as no surprise to those who had been following the news. Many of the facts were already in, leaving us free to focus on the frivolous question—the question of personality: Who *is* this guy?

"He's Steve Martin," one wit remarked, and as soon as she said it, it made sense: the prematurely gray hair; the handsome features interrupted by the silly, unnecessarily large grin; the raised eyebrows to suggest injured innocence; the eyebrows reversed, slanting downward, to suggest intense concentration; and, above all, the hilariously dated and arch vocabulary meant to suggest regular-guyness. "It was a matter of getting this kid smart," North remarked of himself on Tuesday in connection with some hair-raising attempt to get around the rule of law. "I think it was a neat idea," he said about diverting the profits from the Iran arms sales to the Contras. And he suggested some of Martin's sheer, pompous incompetence, too. Despite hours spent shredding, he left behind an incriminating trail of paper. He arranged for the delivery to the Iranians of a missile they didn't want in the first place—and, sadly, he recalled how someone from the C.I.A. had "hit the roof" at this particular inanity. The hurt Ollie, the Lillian Gish Ollie, emerged again and again as he recounted his puzzlement over the inability of people to understand that he was *trying*. Why was everybody so *mad* at him?



Yet by the end of the week, in a development straight out of a Preston Sturges comedy, Ollie North—the "old buffoon," as his wife affectionately referred to him—was on his way to actually becoming a national hero. " 'OLLIEMANIA' SWEEPS USA," a headline in *USA Today* said, and the paper published a purported poll showing that 58,863 of its readers thought that Ollie was honest and deserved a medal, while only 1,756 thought both that he was a liar and that he ought to go to jail. What's more, North had become for many the very model of a modern American military man, even though the qualities he so plainly lacks are exactly those possessed by an Eisenhower, say, or a Marshall: skeptical intelligence, a respect for the law, and a capacity for taking pains.

North's triumph as a performer probably shouldn't have come as a surprise. Many of us had thought of him as a secret agent, a man of (covert) action, blinking as he was flushed out into the glare of spectacle, but in fact he was doing last week exactly what he had always done best. His advancement over the years had depended largely on his talent for public relations—on his skills, for example, as the best "briefer" in the White House. He had been rehearsing for years, and now he was briefing the country.

By the weekend, a performance that at first had seemed comprehensible only as dated melodrama or ironic comedy had turned into a patriotic pageant. The show had become so upbeat—and appeared to be drifting so far from questions of legal and moral responsibility—that even the President was said to be watching.

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Moore in Maine

IF the poet Marianne Moore were alive today, she would be not quite a hundred years old. Her birthday is November 15th, but the centennial celebrations in her honor began early this spring, with an exhibit at the Rosenbach Museum and Library, in Philadelphia, which houses her papers, her treasured books, and the furniture and other objects from the Manhattan and Brooklyn apartments she shared with her mother, and last month there was a Marianne Moore Centennial Conference at the University of Maine at Orono. We drove up for it, and were greeted by the organizer of the conference, Professor Carroll F. Terrell, of the English Department, a spry, irrepressible man with a deeply lined brow and two furrows running from the bridge of his nose straight up the center of his forehead. He is evidently a cherished teacher and an old hand at centennial conferences. He has directed one in honor of the imagist poet H.D., and one for William Carlos Williams, and he has one scheduled for T. S. Eliot in August of next year. He had a centennial for his hero Ezra Pound, too—just five years after he'd organized a ninety-fifth-anniversary conference because he was champing to have a Pound celebration and couldn't wait.

The Moore conference took place in a building otherwise devoted to classes in forest management, forest biology, and wildlife, and as we wandered in we noticed a wood-appliquéd painting of a moose with mountains and spruce in the background. "I'm never late," Professor Terrell told the small audience assembled for the inaugural session. "I try to be, but I can't be." While he waited for others to arrive, he read the 1932 version of Moore's famous poem "Poetry," which begins:

I, too, dislike it.
Reading it, however, with a perfect
contempt for it, one discovers in
it, after all, a place for the genuine.

Professor Terrell read the poem with great relish, and then said, "That ought to do in those deconstructionists and semio-o-o-"—he drew out the vowel in a deadpan parody of his own Down East accent—"ticians. They ought to read stuff like this."

For the next two and a half days, we were immersed in the company of some forty-five ardent Moore scholars. We learned about indirection in Moore's poems and about her technique of "self-correction." (One of her greatest poems is titled "The Mind Is an Enchanting Thing," and the first line reads "is an enchanted thing.") We learned about the "sources of pleasure and of terror" in her work and about "sonic and structural intersections" in the poetry of Moore and Elizabeth Bishop. We learned of Moore's intense closeness to her brother, Warner, and to her mother, Mary Moore, whom she considered her best critics. (Warner once commented in response to a phrase she submitted to his judgment, "Starve it down and make it run.") We learned about the abiding influence of her biology studies at Bryn Mawr, where she had been denied an English major. (One critic's skillful delving turned up this comment on one of her undergraduate English papers: "Please a little lucidity! Your obscurity becomes greater and greater.")

We learned about the postponement of the verb in some poems and the use of asides in others, about Moore's use of quotation, riddle, and fact in her poems, and about what in her poems seemed to one critic congruous (or was it incongruous?) with an "aesthetic of the infinite." One speaker announced that she was searching for a glass cabinet in which she might display some thus far unpublicized photographs, including one that pictured the contents of the Moores' icebox in Brooklyn and the view from their apartment window. We learned of the "strains of the self-sardonic" in Moore and saw slides of a trolley in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, the town where she grew up, and a reproduction of her first poem, written at age eight:

Dear St. Nicklus;

This Christmas morn
you do adorn
Bring Warner a horn
And me a doll
That is all.

December 25th 1895.

ICE CREAM
STEVENSON

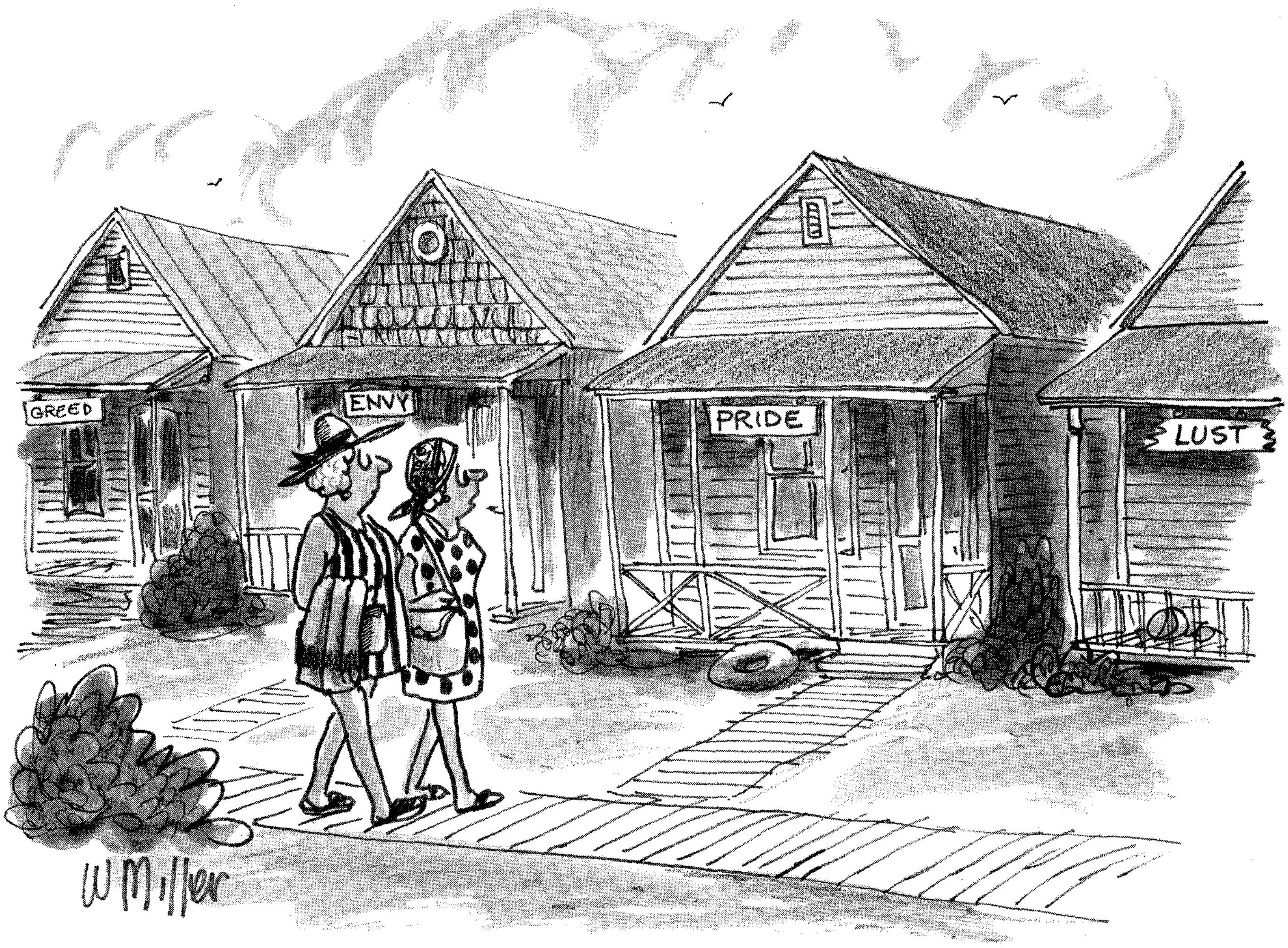
And we saw a number of newspaper articles that inspired Moore poems. ("People ask me 'how do you think of things to write about?' " she once wrote. "I don't. *They* think of *me*. They become *irresistible*.") We saw a sketch of jerboas she made at the American Museum of Natural History in July, 1932, and a photograph she owned of a round-tailed wood rat inadvertently snapping a picture of itself (a grape in one front paw and a baby rat in its mouth) because its tail is caught in a cord connected to the camera's shutter.

There were a few moments when, in the process of projecting a theory, analyzing a source, or reconstructing a supposed method, one or two of the speakers might have benefitted from an attentive recall of Moore's poem "Armor's Undermining Modesty":

Even gifted scholars lose their way
through faulty etymology.
No wonder we hate poetry,
and stars and harps and the new moon.
If tributes cannot
be implicit,

give me diatribes and the fragrance
of iodine.

But mostly Moore emerged from the conference free, gloriously exalted, and extolled—just as fresh and important to us now as she was to her contemporaries throughout her life. "She was our Saint," William Carlos Williams wrote in his autobiography, "in whom we all instinctively felt our purpose come together . . . like a rafter holding up the superstructure of our uncompleted building." Leaving Maine, we felt something of what Elizabeth Bishop described as her customary mood upon returning home from a visit to the Moores in Brooklyn: "I never left Cumberland Street



"I'm afraid our little community has changed a lot in the past few years."

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without feeling happier: uplifted, even inspired, determined to be good, to work harder, not to worry about what other people thought."

Reunion

AT a get-acquainted party on the evening of July 3rd, we got acquainted, higgledy-piggledy, with the Eckridges, the Gilberts, the Reids, and the Lewises. They already knew each other pretty well: the four families are branches of one family which have reunited on the weekend nearest July 4th every year since 1979. Each year, they move on to another city, and this year, for the second time, the city they chose was New York. A hotel suite at the Vista International filled up fast with alighting travellers; ninety-six relatives and friends of relatives from all over the country, most of them women, eventually brightened the room. The conversation, carried on over plates of chicken, was cheerful and confusing.

Jeannie Clark: "Detroit's coming in. Atlanta's here. Oh, my—hello, you."

The Reverend Willie C. Mason: "Sometimes families that don't have reunions only meet at funerals. We can see each other, and it's a happy occasion, everyone hugging. The hugs bring closeness."

Mary Taylor: "Jeannie, phone call, honey."

Jeannie Clark: "Oh, I hope my suitcase is here."

Margaret Wilson: "Three husbands went to a different reunion this year. Competition!"

Gertie Moore: "How old am I? Oh! Oh! Pushing a hundred. I'm seventy-eight, you see. I'm from the Gilbert side. I was the hostess last year in Atlanta, where we had a hundred and eighteen people and no fights. It's quite a congenial family."

Ruth Mason: "Let's see. The Gilbert family is from Georgia. The Lewises are from New York. The Reids are from Georgia. And the Eckridges are from Detroit, and scattered around—"

A loud voice: "Washington's here!"

Mildred Howard: "I'm Gertie's sister from Atlanta. Gertie, did we have the reunion last year? We did? We did. It was wonderful."

Mary Taylor: "That's a niece I haven't even seen. Theresa! Tootsie! Give me a kiss."

Kenneth Mason: "That's my mother, over there. No, by the couch. Right. Usually, all of us from Detroit ride a bus together, with food and drinks, and we cook. But we flew this year. Last year, we rode the bus—we just kept going and, um, going. Where were we going? Where were we going? I forget. Atlanta? Might have been."

Cries of "There she is!" suddenly

broke out, and everyone clapped. Rubyleon Wren, the seventy-one-year-old matriarch of the Detroit wing of the family, had arrived. Strikingly dressed in a Popsicle-green two-piece suit and a leaf-green blouse, Mrs. Wren went straight over to Jessie Lewis, the eighty-seven-year-old matriarch of the New York wing of the family, and presented her with some bacon and eggs she had brought from Detroit. Miss Lewis is known to favor Detroit bacon and eggs. Mrs. Wren and Miss Lewis, having organized small reunions of their own for years, helped orchestrate the first grand reunion, in Detroit. Now they spoke together quietly, then parted with an embrace.

Mary Taylor giggled. “She’s going to get you,” she said. “You watch.” Mrs. Wren had launched into a joyful tour of the room. She hugged and kissed everyone, including us.

Rubyleon Wren said, “Proud of the family? No. I’m grateful. Grateful is the word. We are from Africa, we are American Indians, Germans, and Greeks, all united. We have been here since slavery times. We’re exploring the roots of our family tree now—to find out exactly when we came here and which part of Africa we came from. You’ve heard that some of us have national acclaim? My son Abdul Fakir is the tenor in the Four Tops—he’s called Duke—and my granddaughter was Miss Black America of 1985: Amina Fakir. A-m-i-n-a. They both wanted to be here. When they’re with us, there aren’t any autographs. They’re treated as us, family.”

We caught up with the reunion again at the closing banquet, on Sunday night. There was some talk of Friday night’s boat ride around Manhattan on the Spirit of New York, of the Independence Day fireworks, and of the family church service presided over by the Reverend Willie C. Mason that morning, but most of the talk was of the previous day’s bus ride to Plattduetsche Park Restaurant, out on Long Island, for a picnic. Mary Taylor said, “We were lost for three hours. We were lost in the whole state of Queens—city of Queens. After three hours, it felt like a state. But we found the place at last, and had a beautiful time.”

Daniel Leon Brown said, “In the park, we met some other fellows who were having a reunion, and we had a hell of a game of baseball. We mixed some of our folks in with theirs, and they mixed some of their folks in with ours, and we just played in the sunshine until they had to call us for the picnic.”

The farewell banquet was held in the Liberty Room of the hotel, where an eight-foot model of the Statue of Liberty welcomed the visitors. Most of the family sat at oval tables for ten lit with tall candles, but the family leaders—a dozen of them—were at a long table on a dais. Two teen-age cousins improvised duets on the grand piano.

After everyone had arrived, Mary Taylor called for attention and said, “Please stand and join in the singing of our national anthem, our national Negro anthem: ‘Lift Every Voice and Sing.’ ” In the resonant chorus that followed, one voice soared above the rest, filling the room. The owner of that voice, later introduced to the gathering by Mary Taylor, with a showman’s flourish, as “my cousin and yours,” was Mrs. Wren’s youngest daughter, Elena Braceful. After asking that her husband of five months stand to be recognized, Mrs. Braceful sang “The Greatest Love of All” and “Amazing Grace;” even the restive waiters hushed.

All evening, people stood to be recognized: husbands, wives, recent high-school graduates, hard workers, devoted friends. No one was allowed to spend the whole meal seated. Representatives of various branches of the family were called upon to say a few words.

Gertie Moore: “This was the first time I travelled to a reunion, and I was so happy that there were no cross words—it was so congenial.”

Gloria Wylie: “Look around you. If you need something, you don’t need to go to the streets for it. Somebody here, some cousin can get you what you need. The family can help you.”

The Reverend Willie C. Mason: “Next year, we’re going to Detroit. You’ve got a whole year to talk to your boss and get that weekend off. So there’s no excuse, don’t put it off.” Returning to the microphone with an afterthought: “By the way, I hear the bus driver got lost on his way back to the terminal.”

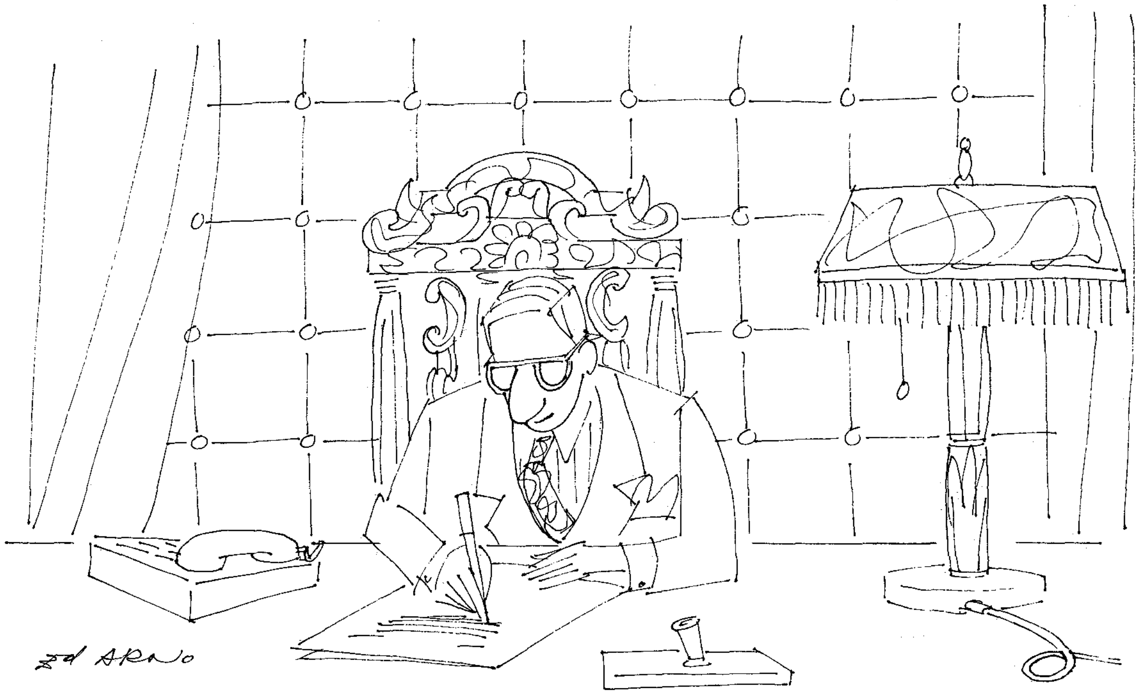
“I always wanted power, but now, I don’t know, the trappings of power may be enough.”

Rubyleon Wren: "A few weeks ago, I was in a department store and I was a little tired, so I thought I'd get some refreshment before I went home. And as I was sitting there I watched a young boy, about seventeen or nineteen, filling out an application for work. A supervisor was helping him. She asked him, 'What were some of your subjects in high school?' He said, 'Math.' She said, 'Write "math" on this line.' He said, 'How do you spell "math"?' So she spelled it for him, and then she said, 'What was your last job?' And he said, 'Cutting grass.' And she said, 'Write that on this line here.' He said, 'How do you spell "grass"?' That hurt me. It hurt me to watch that young black man struggle. Young people: read, study, learn! Read, and when you get tired of reading, read some more!"

For a moment of remembrance for the five members of the family who had died in the past year, Jessie Lewis, the eldest present, rose and stood in silence. "Good evening, everyone," she said, at last.

Everyone answered, "Good evening."

Miss Lewis said, "Cousins, uncles, aunts, nieces, friends, all—I want to say to all you young people coming up that you have great responsibility." She looked around the room, fixing the family in her gaze. "As these blossoms fall from the tree, another bud should bloom." She sat down, and everyone applauded.



"Dear Timmy: Today the Dow Jones Industrial Average hit an all-time high. Trading was active on a volume of a hundred and seventy-five million shares, and the broader market indexes also rose. It was fun. Love, Daddy."

• •

Bake Sale

EVEN if you weren't interested in two hundred pounds of prune filling, or in an eighty-quart Hobart mixer, or in ten dozen well-seasoned aluminum cookie sheets, or in a box of edible Mickey Mouse stickers, or in a gross of paper doilies, or in boxes of assorted plastic cake-top decorations, including clown heads, puppies, trains, basketball players, cherubs (small), storks with baby, spaceships, flying bluebirds, and a score of various wedding-cake couples, it would have been worth your while to drop by the auction at Lichtman's bakery, at Eighty-sixth and Amsterdam, just to say goodbye to Louis Lichtman, who founded the bakery forty years ago, after a nine-year stint at Mrs. Herbst's strudel shop, on Second Avenue. Mr. Lichtman, who came to New York from Hungary in 1938, is smaller and leaner than you'd expect a baker to be, and has brown hair he wears smoothed back, and a quick, tremulous smile that sneaks onto his face the minute he begins talking about baked goods. Ever since 1947, when he started turning out strudels and challahs and coffee cakes, the block around his bakery has smelled of sweet dough and sugar glazes. He and his son Harvey, who took over the daily management of Lichtman's ten years ago, decided to close because their rent had risen even faster than a loaf of seeded rye. No new tenant has been around, but the talk in the neighborhood is that the corner of Eighty-sixth and Amsterdam is likely to start smelling of goat cheese or Gucci leather, and that the days of standing there and catching whiffs of rugelach are over.

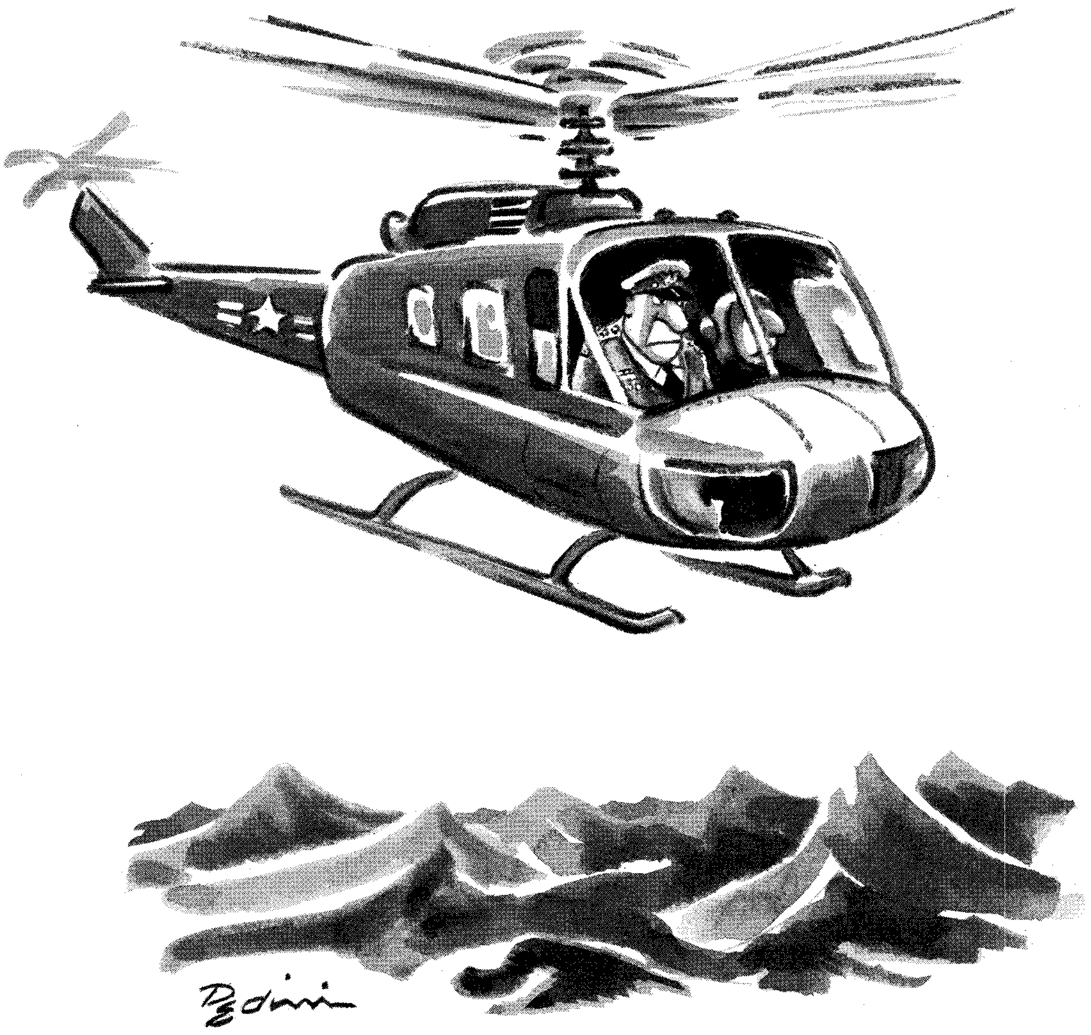
Now that the bakery is closed, and Mr. Lichtman, who used to live upstairs in the same building, has moved to what he describes as the country—Fort Lee, New Jersey, to be exact—he won't be seeing much of the neighborhood anymore. "Most of my customers came to say goodbye, and some of them couldn't stop crying," Mr. Lichtman told us on the morning of the auction. "Some of them bought thirty challahs, too. One of them bought three hundred dollars' worth of cakes. We had the busiest day ever on the day we closed. Times used to be hard for a baker, because there was a lot of competition, but now they're even harder, because of rents. There isn't room for an all-around bakery anymore. And people have different habits in eating. We used to sell eighty or a hundred coffee cakes a day. Now everything is cookies."

Some sixty bakers and restaurateurs came to pay their respects to Mr. Lichtman and to bid on the contents and fixtures of his shop. He stood at the front door greeting people, and Harvey Lichtman answered the phone and consulted with Fred Miller, the auctioneer.

While Mr. Miller was warming up, a regular customer walked in. "Lou, so what's going on here?" she asked. "No cakes?"

"It's the auction," Mr. Lichtman said, and he shook his head. "We're all through."

Mr. Miller banged on a pot and started his spiel. "Lot No. 1, alumi-



General Haseltine Crossing the Potomac to Testify

num cake tins! Aluminum! Aluminum! Do I hear fifty cents? One hundred dollars? Use them for Frisbees! Come on, folks, let's see some money." A baker from Brooklyn who called himself M.J. topped the bidding for the next batch of tins. "O.K., M.J.," said Mr. Miller. "Let's see some m-o-n-e-y. Next, Lot No. 23." There was a confusing flurry of bids, and Mr. Miller declared Akram Majeed the winner. Mr. Majeed, who owns the Flamingo Ice Cream Market, in East Orange, New Jersey, had brought his two little boys with him, and they were sleeping on a table next to the saucepots.

"Oh, no," Mr. Majeed said to the auctioneer. "What did I just buy?"

"Decorations," Mr. Miller answered. Before moving on to Lot No. 38 (six hundred and fifty pounds of vegetable shortening), he added, in a consoling tone, "Don't worry. You'll throw them out as soon as you get home."

Lou Orwasher, who, along with his son Abram, runs Orwasher's Bakery, on East Seventy-eighth, stood at the back of the crowd. "It's awful, it's really awful to see a place like this go out of business," he said. "I'm lucky. I protected myself. I bought my building years ago. We've been there since 1916." Abram looked as though he were about to bid on a time clock, and Mr. Orwasher grabbed his elbow. "Abe, please! Don't do it to yourself! It'll cost one hundred dollars just to make it work." The junior Orwasher shrugged, and said he would bid instead on a proof box, a tall metal cabinet for rising dough. "Oh, Abram, please," Mr. Orwasher said. "Do me a favor. Don't touch that proof box. It has a hole in the back. Here, Abram, put your hand in this pot. Feel the bottom. Let me teach you."

Mr. Miller ran through the tagged items. Lot No. 60 (four hinged candy molds, including a monkey and a Scottie dog) went to the Boulangerie Moderne, in Brooklyn. Lot No. 36 (two Kolor-Flo Fountains and a variety of paper products) went to Loreta, of Loreta's Love Cakes, on West 159th Street, near St. Nicholas. She told us, "I feel blessed to have something from a place as famous as Lichtman's. Plus I really needed these, and the price was very good." Lot No. 99 (two huge saucepots) went to the mail carrier, who just happened to be passing by the store. Lot No. 3 (frosting bowls), Lot No. 6 (metal mixing bowls, especially good for potato kugel), and Lot No. 45 (aluminum rolling pins) went to the owners of the Heisler Pastry Shop, a kosher bakery in Riverdale. Lot No. 117 (cake-display racks, with curlicue flourishes on the sides) went to a young woman planning to open a muffin shop on Long Island. Lot No. 119 (plastic wedding couples) went to a restaurant dealer from Pennsylvania. Mr. Majeed bid successfully on Lot No. 123, a display freezer, and said afterward, "I'm thrilled. My wife was after me to get this particular piece."

A few things weren't to be auctioned: a note hanging on the wall which said that Mrs. Rosenthal still owed six dollars on her order; a multi-level cake stand with an entire plastic wedding party poised on the tiers, which Mr. Lichtman planned to leave locked in the front window for the landlord to extricate; and some stuff that Mr. Lichtman had chosen to keep as souvenirs—a set of decorating tubes, a rolling pin, a few cookie cutters, and a twenty-quart Hobart mixer. "For sentiment, of course, but not just for sentiment," he explained. "Maybe I'm going to use them. I might bake at home sometime for company." Then he stepped outside and stood on the corner, so he wouldn't have to see Mr. Miller end the auction.

PRESENTS

THE waves go on and on—there is no farther shore; a boat here and there in the dark water, a cluster of fronds, an occasional sunset. Cheryl closes her eyes, and the warm night-blue water rushes out around her. "Think it's really like that?" she asks. Cheryl's voice is arresting—low, and with a city accent that gives each word the finality of a bead dropping into place along a string; sometimes strangers to whom she speaks pause before responding, and look, if they haven't looked before. "Think it's really that blue?"

"Blue?" Carter glances down at his shirt. "Nothing's this blue. Not even this. It's the lights in here—make everything vibrate." He tips the little glass bottle in his hand and spills a neat white line from it onto his forearm, which he extends to Cheryl with balletic solemnity.

"You know what?" Cheryl says when her attention returns to Carter's shirt. "It's sort of . . . not beautiful, isn't it? Sort of—"

"Don't insult my shirt," Carter says. "Are you insulting my shirt? That's not nice; it was a gift. I wonder why people wear these things, come to think of it. They're ugly, they're stale, they're not even funny, but you can't get rid of them. They disappear for a few years, then, wham, they're back again, worse than before. Fact, I'm going to make a stand. I'll never accept another one from anybody, I don't care who tries to give me one." He taps another line neatly out from the bottle onto his forearm and inhales it, all in one fluid sequence. "Don't let anyone tell you I've lost my talent," he says.

Cheryl, leaning against the sink, smiles. "So what is it like?" she asks. "You been there?"

"Huh?" Carter says. "Ah." He presses his fingers against the corners of his eyes. "Yeah. I did a film there. It was like a film set. It was like a hotel room."

When Cheryl and Carter return from the men's room, Danny is waiting at the table, with a fresh round of drinks, in exactly the same position they'd left him. His soft dark hair, his soft white skin, his muscular roundness, his stillness—he is dark and still enough to absorb all the clatter around him.

When did Danny and Carter last see each other? Cheryl tries to figure it out. It must have been five or six years ago that Carter moved out to the Coast—long before Cheryl started going out with Danny—when she was just a child and would stop in here with her mother, Judith, for a hamburger and a soda before going back up the block to do her homework or go to sleep while Judith stayed on at the bar. Cheryl might well have seen Carter here in those days, but he would have been just one among many people who hung out at Danny's table.

Danny, of course, is delighted by Carter's unexpected appearance tonight. He has often spoken of Carter to Cheryl—their friendship, to him, is a living thing. But Carter, who seemed comfortable enough downstairs in the men's room with Cheryl, is formal here at the table, and querulously passive, as if he were being forced to wait for some event that would reveal to him exactly why, after all these years, he has taken the trouble to look Danny up.

"Put quite a dent in this," Carter says, handing the little bottle back to Danny.

"That's what it's for," Danny says. "You don't even need to ask—it's always here."

" 'Here'!" Cheryl says as Danny pats his pocket, surprising herself with her own disloyalty, but Carter only glances over at her as if taken unawares by some unidentified disturbance.

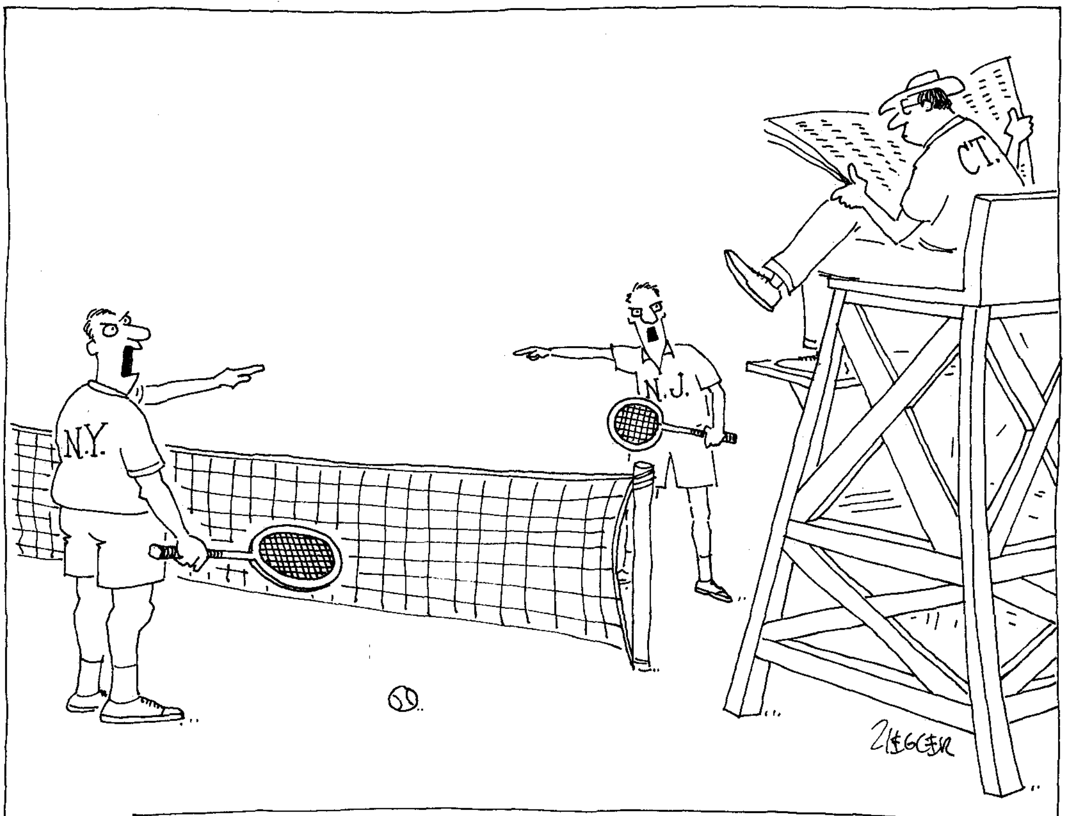
"In fact"—Danny frowns slightly—"let me lay a little of this on you."

"No," Carter says. "Thanks. This is—this is just old times' sake."

"Well, that's good, right?" Danny says. "I took a break recently myself."

"I work much better now," Carter says. "Nothing to distort my concentration."

Danny nods, smoothing things over. Or, Cheryl wonders, has he really not noticed the cruelty of Carter's remark. She has never been able to read



Tennis as a Metaphor for the Tri-State Area whether disappointment or pain lies behind the metallic darkness of Danny's eyes. "They keep you pretty busy out there, I guess," he says.

"It's not too bad," Carter says. "Nothing too much for a while, though. Everything's shit this year."

"Well," Danny says, "we're always glad to see your work here. Cheryl and me. Everyone."

Carter's look, as it sweeps across the room possibly assessing conditions for departure, provokes a rustle of self-conscious laughter from girls at nearby tables.

"Carter made a movie in Hawaii," Cheryl interposes.

"Hawaii," Danny says. "Interesting. That's interesting. I wasn't aware of that."

"It was a while back," Carter says.

"You were doing a series just now, right?" Danny asks.

"Right," Carter says.

"I haven't seen that for a while," Danny says.

Carter smiles as if yielding to a barbed witticism. "The network said it was too specialized for the viewing public. Meaning the sponsors couldn't follow the plot, so they took it off the air."

"That's what I thought," Danny agrees. "That's what I thought. You know, I never saw that movie—I thought I'd seen all your movies."

"What movie?" Carter says. "Oh. Well, you might not have known. It was supposed to be—well, actually, it was supposed to be Hawaii, in fact, through some error of efficiency. Course they had to chop down the palm trees so there'd be room for the fake palm trees. But otherwise it was a good idea for a location. An exciting concept."

Danny laughs obligingly, but Carter's irritability threatens to overflow and swamp the conversation.

"At least you've got the shirt," Cheryl says.

Carter looks at her blankly, then down at his shirt. "Right," he says. "Girl on the crew gave it to me," he explains to Danny. "So I wear it from time to time, out of respect for her memory."

"Holy shit," Danny says. "She died?"

"Out of respect for her memory," Carter insists. "Because I can't remember her. Hair, I think. Or makeup. Except maybe I got it for myself, come to think of it, to remember myself by, because the thing about that movie was, my performance had he exact level of distinction and authenticity illustrated by this shirt."

Danny looks perturbed. "I don't like to miss any of your work," he says.

"You would have liked to have missed this."

"It was probably a lot better than you think," Danny says. "You probably just think that because of some personal situation or whatever. Anyhow, I'll try to rent it."

A silence falls between the two men, in which Cheryl feels ensnared, implicated.

"Anybody need to make a trip to the powder room?" Danny asks finally.

"Thanks." Carter pushes his glass away. "But I've got to sleep. I'm seeing those guys tomorrow."

"Look at that," Danny says, turning to watch as Cheryl takes a sip of her drink, a frozen Margarita. "The things girls drink—green things, pink things. The things they do. I love it. Paint, curls, things that shine . . ."

Carter looks at Cheryl. It is the first time, she thinks, that he has really looked at her. "Yes, indeed," he says.

"If it's sleeping, don't worry," Danny says. "I've got something for later that'll help with that."

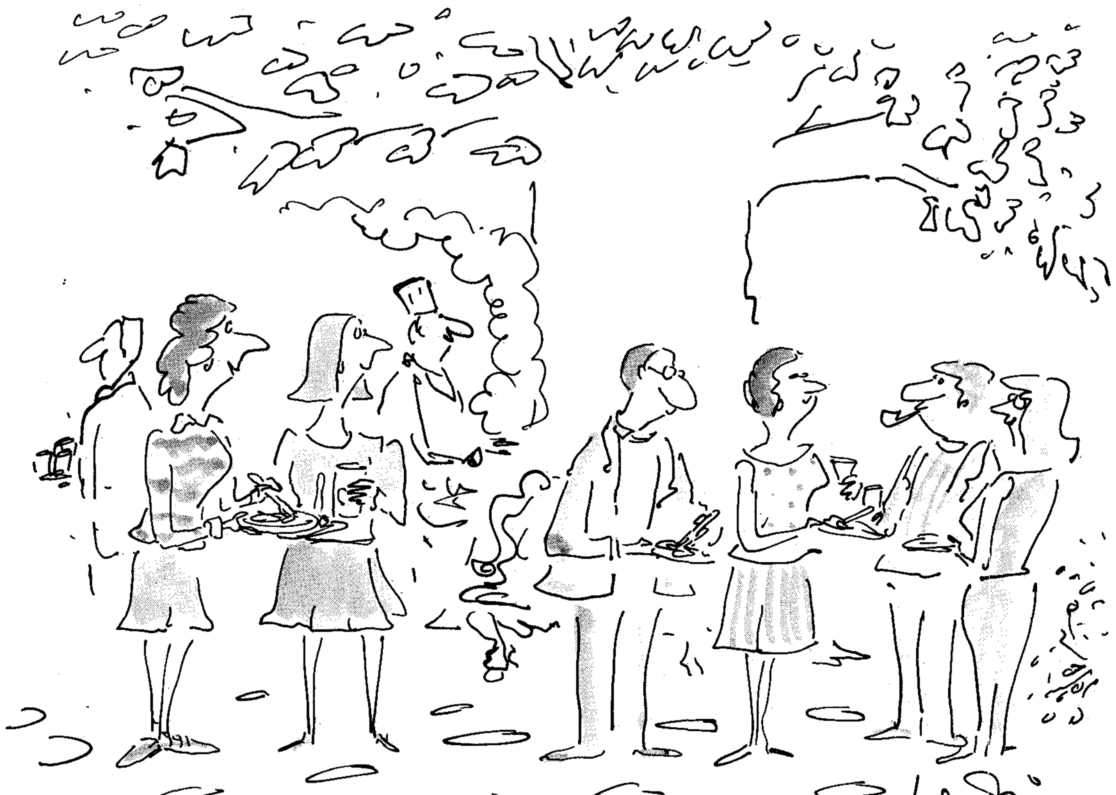
Carter withdraws his look from Cheryl, erasing her. "Right," he says, accepting the little bottle from Danny. "Anybody care to join me?"

"I'm O.K. for the moment," Danny says. Cheryl looks down at her drink.

"I hate to see the guy so unhappy," Danny says, watching solicitously as Carter disappears toward the men's room. "He's seeing those guys tomorrow, I guess. Well, he's a good man."

"Excuse me a minute," Cheryl says. The tentative, probing note in Danny's voice is making her uneasy. "I want to say hi to Roy."

Although the tables are nearly full, the population at the bar is sparse, and Roy is killing time polishing glasses. "Would you look at this shit, please?" he says, hold-



"That's Joyce—Rob's second wife. She had to do quite a job of restoration on him."

EVERY ITEM IN THE STORE DUSTED!
maslin

ing a smudged glass up for Cheryl's inspection. "Day-shift assholes."

Roy takes a personal pride in the ruin that is the world, and there are times when each of its details provides him with a welcome occasion for disgust. But Cheryl is perfectly at home with these moods of his; he has been more or less living with Judith for nearly seven years. "Could I have a soda, please, Roy?" she asks.

"Knock it back, Princess," Roy says, handing her a Coke.

Cheryl simply doesn't like the taste of alcohol, although on nights like this when she's getting high she has to drink it to take the edge off. But it suits Roy to theorize, with infuriating magnanimity, that Cheryl's reluctance to drink inevitably stems from some of the scenes Cheryl witnessed between Judith and his predecessors—real drinkers, problem drinkers, "walking slime" Roy has called them, and Judith and Cheryl agree—who beat Judith in unassuageable furies, as if she were losing her looks to spite them. Which she would have, she's told Cheryl, if she had been in charge of the matter herself.

When Roy and Judith are annoyed with Cheryl they accuse her of squeamishness, coldness, high-minded snottiness; they affect to believe that her habitual prudence is a matter of principle rather than temperament; they ridicule her roughly and coarsely, as though to present proof, by contrast, of the defects they attribute to her. At such times Danny, for his part, seems slightly gratified, as if these allegations were a guarantee of Cheryl's quality. And he might not mind if they were merited. It is the silken coolness of Cheryl's face and hair that he praises; he praises her reserve. He declares that he would marry her on the spot, but this appears to be an axiom, which requires no response. He does not make it necessary for her to examine her feelings about him—as he is the first to point out, she is very young.

"So, Carter back to stay?" Roy asks.

Cheryl shrugs. "He's looking into a few projects," she says, trying out Carter's word. "He might do a play."

"Ho," Roy says. "Greasepaint. Footlights. Very tony. He's looking kind of nervous. He got stagefright already?"

"He's not nervous," Cheryl says.

"He looks nervous. He looks like shit. And no wonder. He hasn't made a decent picture since 'Apple Pie,' you realize that? I understand he's got himself a bit of a reputation these days. Fooling around, making demands, and so forth. Very high-handed."

"Guess they keep you pretty well informed about him, Roy."

"Hey. You read things. You hear things."

Evidently Roy is determined to bully her tonight. Cheryl has spent the last few days at Danny's, and it must be that in her absence Judith has been singing her praises, or the praises of some father of Cheryl's that Judith has invented for the purpose of torturing Roy. Well, good. Cheryl wishes her mother were around right now. For once, Judith's rash mockery, her raucous slatternly astuteness would be a pleasurable danger—a relief from Roy's goading prissiness and the indecipherable pressures emanating from Danny. "Is Mother coming in tonight?" she asks.

"I expect she'll show up in due course," Roy says. "To get a load on. At least, she didn't give me reason to presume she had alternative plans. Naturally she would've been here already if she'd known who you and Danny were entertaining."

Judith always snorts at the mention of Carter. Nothing personal—merely that she's bound to be skeptical in regard to the sudden celebrity of a familiar face.

"He come in to score tonight?" Roy asks.

"He came in to see Danny," Cheryl says.

"Uh-huh," Roy says.

"He's clean."

"He's clean," Roy says. "He just likes to hang out in the can 'cause he feels insecure in public. Ah, time was he'd come in, he and his buddies from acting class, the picture of innocence, slumming. Fresh-faced silly-ass kids putting away the beer and shooters, thinking up things to deplore. Seems like no time at all before he's over at Danny's table."

Cheryl sighs. What does she care?

"Speaking of which," Roy says, "you tell that boyfriend of yours I want a word with him. Guess he's forgotten me in all the excitement."

"Take it easy, Roy. If Danny said

he'd do something for you he'll do it."

"And you watch yourself, my girl," says Roy, smug and fatherly now that he's managed to exasperate her. "It's a known fact this guy's a demon with women."

"GRAB your stuff, sweetheart," Danny tells Cheryl when she returns to the table. "We're going up to Carter's for a bit."

Cheryl hesitates. But Danny seems at ease, perfectly in control, and he is waiting. "You have to be up in the morning?" she asks Carter.

"No, no." Carter speaks with an automatic, beleaguered graciousness. "Be nice if you drop by. It's still early."

"It's *early*," Danny says, putting an arm around her. "We won't stay long."

They stop at the bar on their way out, and Roy extends an enormous hairy arm, spreading a wide but transparent smile over cold appraisal. "Great to see you back again," he says.

"Great, yeah, great to see you," Carter says, abashed.

"Going to stick around for a while?" Roy says.

"Depends on whether a few things work out," Carter says.

"Well, best of luck to you." Roy's smile becomes still wider and more punishing as Carter becomes more uncomfortable. "Don't be a stranger, now." Cheryl can just hear Roy telling Judith later how arrogant Carter has become. She can just see the two of them shaking their heads over it, over life. But why should Carter remember Roy, anyway?

"Here you go," Danny says, handing Roy an issue of *New York*.

"I read this one already," Roy says obtusely.

"Page 38," Danny says. "A terrific article. I saved it for you."

Roy's puzzled frown transmutes into a huge and genuine grin. "My man," he says, and at this moment he and Danny could be father and son, united in the intricate execution of some athletic feat. Danny can always bring out the best in Roy, and sometimes when Cheryl sees them together she is reminded of the time, when she was eleven or so, that Judith discovered Roy behind the bar here and brought him back home with her. What a surprise he'd been—good-looking and boyish. Engaging, genial. Roy: a miracle.

HEAT

When we first arrived, nothing
seemed to be growing, the brown
a kind of final color. Even cottonwoods
in their dust and tortured bark were another
form of rock. I flinched from the sky, trying
to find room, that summer of cracked skin

where the river used to be. Dried grass,
the real frontier, blew white across my brow,
and all through the drought's expected
deprivations we spoke less and less.
I rubbed my dry face until I drew blood.

One day something alive at my feet sent up
a pale-green smell. Aged water and sun.
Quail suddenly gathered themselves
from the sand, thrumming with purpose,
and then I noticed miniature leaves
close to the ground, making secret cover.
"Sage," you told me later, when I opened my palm.

Sunset began to pick out the dunes
earlier each afternoon. They bloomed peach,
rose, before their shadows spread over the valley
into one element. Water. It stroked our house until
the windows filled with ordinary light.
And every evening the neighbors' gentle horses
paced in their corral, in the darkness, waiting
for their hay. Every evening they were
hungry. Then they were happy.

—LESLIE ULLMAN

• •

"If my mother comes in—" Cheryl says.

"What, tell her what?" Roy says peevishly.

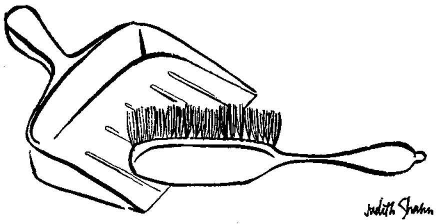
"Oh, fuck off, Roy," Cheryl says.

"THE guy's practically family," Danny explains to Carter on the way uptown. "He lives with Cheryl's old lady—remember? Judith?"

Carter shakes his head. He appears not to be concentrating.

"She's one terrific lady," Danny says. "Very talented. She was Miss New York State one year. You should see some of those old pictures of her. Gorgeous. Look just like Cheryl in a funny bathing suit. Same eyes, same legs, same hair."

There was a time when people frequently asked if Cheryl and Judith were sisters, but now Judith's kitten face is pouchy with alcoholic malice and sentimentality.



"She's quite a character, quite a lady," Danny says. "She used to be a dead ringer for Cheryl."

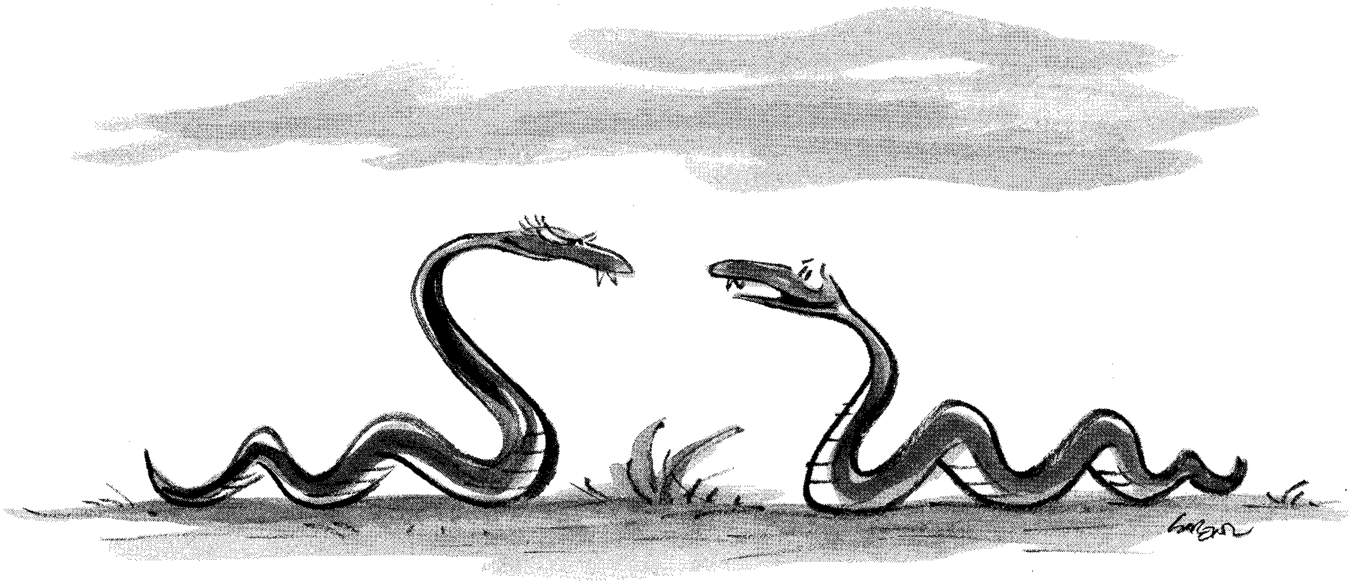
"Is that right?" Carter says.

Although Judith is not quite forty, what people now say is "She must have been a good-looking woman at one time."

"Dead ringer," Cheryl says, again disloyal. And when Carter directs to her a slow smile, rich with bitter complicity, she is as shocked and shamed and thrilled as if she herself had voiced some declaration.

AS soon as Danny empties a gram bottle onto Carter's shiny dark coffee table, it is Cheryl who digs in, using the tiny gold spoon Danny had given her as sort of a joke shortly after they started going out. "Like getting pinned," he'd said. "You know about that? Like those old-time beach-party movies." Danny loves movies, particularly ones—his *friends*—that date from his early childhood.

Cheryl feels steadier right away,



"Darling, I've come crawling back to you, just the way you always said I would."

• •

and decides to strike off on her own and explore. It seems that this is a hotel, or something like a hotel. There had been a uniformed man in the elevator, and there were many elevators, or several at least, and downstairs in the lobby other uniformed men, and, distantly, in a dim gilded recess, something like a desk, Cheryl now realizes, and beyond that a huge set of double doors, glassy but dark, possibly leading to a restaurant where there would be heavy white cloths on the tables, and waiters in white jackets.

Cheryl goes from Carter's living room back to his small foyer and chooses one of several doors. Although the building seems old and solid, the rooms in this apartment have an almost abstract regularity, and they flow from one to another—chambers and chambers, Cheryl thinks—in a random manner, as if the phenomena of daily life eluded categorization. The furniture, also stripped of the burdens of particularity, is unused-looking, and here and there is a clean glass ashtray holding a matchbook.

Eventually Cheryl comes across a room where there is an enormous bed, and she stretches out upon it, taking care to keep her shoes from touching the stiff, glossy spread. There are a number of doors in this room, too, and large mirrors on three of the walls. But the wall to Cheryl's left is almost entirely glass.

She is in the sky here, and rolled out beneath her, a spectacular toy, is the Park. At its borders the shadowy towers of toy buildings, flecked with gold windows, rise into the night. And inside the Park pale light from globy lamps coats the branches and trunks of trees in a soft gleam. It is still early enough in the year so that no leaves hide the shapes of these trees. A little car glides through them soundlessly, along a curving drive. There are no sounds here whatsoever, behind the heavy glass, and no motion of air.

What sorts of trees are those, below her, Cheryl wonders. What shapes will their leaves be? Cheryl imagines that she herself is here to make these decisions. She imagines the toy people below looking up expectantly, searching the windows for her face—the giant serious face of the child who is to arrange their toy lives.

Cheryl stands, causing a phalanx of Cheryls, not children at all, to rise in the mirrors. The bedspread retains no impression of her body, and, more strangely, the first door she opens leads directly back into the living room, where Carter and Danny are.

Danny is happily going through a stack of movie cassettes, most of which feature Carter, and Carter has evidently called down for drinks. Danny locates "The Timekeeper," his favorite of Carter's movies, and puts it on the machine. Harsh splinters of light are flung out into the room, and Danny watches, rapt, as Carter appears onscreen and proceeds, with fever-pitch caution, to break into a safe. The corporeal Carter, however, perches nervously on the arm of the sofa where Danny and Cheryl sit, and from time to time he springs up to range back and forth as if he were tethered to the screen, until a room-service waiter arrives with drinks, releasing him.

The waiter pauses for a moment, watching a tiny wind-whipped Carter climbing down a fire escape, before he sets the drinks down on the coffee table. "That was a terrific film, Mr. Emory."

"Thank you," Carter says. He signs the check and hands the waiter a large tip. "Thanks."

"Thank you, sir," the waiter says, lingering by the sofa. "I admire your work tremendously."

"Oh—" Carter looks around, but as Danny is resolutely staring at the screen, he is forced to assume the role of host. "Please," he says, handing the waiter a book of matches from the ashtray on the coffee table. "Help yourself."

"Don't mind if I do." The waiter produces a beautiful professional smile. Perhaps he, too, is an actor. Deftly and authoritatively he scoops a small portion from the white mound on the coffee table onto the matchbook cover, lifting it to his right nostril, and inhales quickly. Cheryl thinks of him downstairs in the restaurant she has imagined there, tossing salads and carving roasts on a silver trolley. Is this something she has ever seen in real life, she wonders. The waiter repeats the operation, using his left nostril.

"Outstanding," he says. His eyes

rest briefly on Cheryl and Danny, who are motionless on the sofa, staring at the screen. Then he puts the matchbook down on the coffee table in front of them with a little click. "Well, thank you, sir," he says to Carter.

"Thank you," Carter says. "Thanks very much." He closes the door behind the waiter and returns to stand behind the sofa.

"Look at that," Danny says to Cheryl, pointing at the screen with proprietary pleasure.

The waiter has left a bottle of Finnish vodka on ice, and a large bottle of soda, and three setups, and although Carter has also requisitioned a frozen Margarita, Cheryl decides in favor of vodka-and-soda. This is one evening she intends to stay high, and it may take a fair amount of alcohol to maintain her current fine equilibrium. She doesn't want to throw a whole lot of sugar on top of that.

"Look," Danny says. "We're coming up to the part on the bridge."

"I can't watch this," Carter says. But what he can't seem to do is turn away.

"How the hell do you do that?" Danny asks as Carter appears, shirtless in a slushy rain, running along a bridge. "You look like you were *dying* of fear."

"I was dying of fear," Carter says. "I was fucking dying of fear. We were all fucking dying of fear. It was probably the coldest day of the last twenty years, the bridge was iced over, no one could agree how to set up the shot. Everybody was slipping around like fish—we almost lost the camera operator a few times."

"Very dedicated guy, huh?" Danny says respectfully.

"On top of that, we all had some kind of flu, but we couldn't slow down—we were already four days behind schedule because the first director turned out to be a bit of a junkie and got himself fired and replaced with this kid who'd never done a feature before, although of course when this came out he was red hot until his second one came out. Now he can't get a job in the mailroom. So there's some bondsman standing around waiting to grab the film if this kid falls one more second behind, and the producer's there, too, and they're watching each other and the director like ferrets and trading antibiotics, and alternating trips to the bathroom to throw up, and everything is one, two takes, and meanwhile—" But Carter's sentence is fractured by a volley of bullets as well as a loud buzzing. "Excuse me," he says. He looks irritated, but Cheryl thinks there's a note of satisfaction in his voice. "House phone."

Carter disappears into the foyer and returns a minute or so later with a tall woman whose hair is just a bit longer and lighter than Cheryl's. So exaggerated are the slenderness and curvature of this woman's lines that she seems to be on the other side of some distorting lens.

"My, my," the woman says. She drops her jacket on the sofa near Danny. "Home movies."

Carter shrugs, but he walks wearily to the set and turns it off.

"Hey," Danny protests, in a jokey, affectionate manner.

Carter pushes his hair back with both hands. "Suzannah, Danny, Cheryl," he says.

"Pleased to meet you," Danny says.

"You were going to call me, Carter," Suzannah says.

"I forgot," Carter says. But this tiny violence, rather than isolating some festering segment of his dealings with Suzannah, seems instead to spread it, impairing Danny and Cheryl as well, and for a moment the room is like a silent tournament field where all four reel stunned and disoriented inside their armor.

Danny is the first to recover, and he undertakes the task of setting things right. "Help yourself," he says to Suzannah, indicating the mound on the coffee table.

Suzannah seems to have been waiting for this offer. "No, thank you," she says quickly and coldly. She stares at some point embedded in space, but the awful disorder atomizes the room again, and she shifts ground, sitting down next to Cheryl. "I had a brutal day," Suzannah says confidingly to her. "I've simply got to sleep—I have to look halfway decent tomorrow."

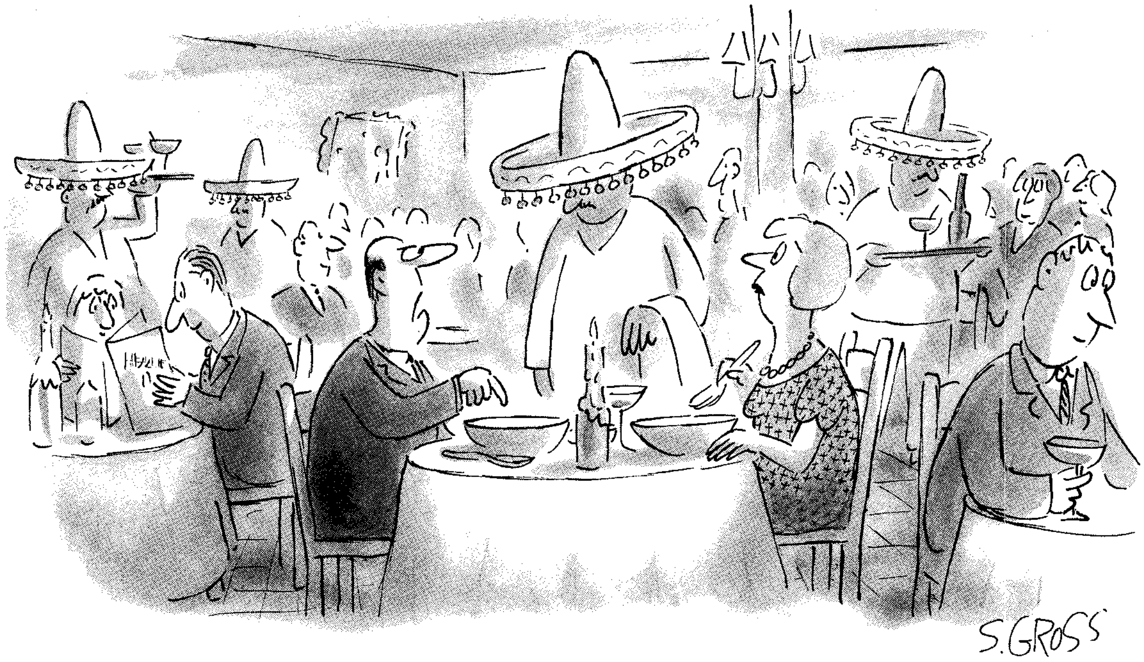
Cheryl is happy to fall in with Suzannah's childish amiability. "Are you a model?" she asks.

"I'm an actress," Suzannah says, no longer amiable.

Carter laughs softly, and Suzannah stands up. "How did the audition go?" Carter asks.

"Very well, thanks," Suzannah says. She walks over to the TV and starts the tape again. "I won't keep you. I just came by to pick up a few things."

"Absolutely." Carter's voice is enmeshed in the flickering of the movie. "Go right ahead." Pointedly he picks up the matchbook



"Waiter, there's a pom-pom in my soup."

and hunkers down by the coffee table.

Suzannah pauses at the door to the bedroom. “I thought you had a meeting in the morning,” she says.

“I do,” Carter says.

“We should go,” Cheryl says to Danny.

“Don’t leave,” Carter says, putting his hand out to Cheryl. His eyes shadow as he looks up at her, fixing a seal on his demand. Then once again he bends over the table, but this time Suzannah doesn’t look—she has gone into the bedroom.

“Can we go back?” Danny says. “We missed a lot on the bridge.” He rewinds the tape himself, then sits down again, with his hands behind his head. “Ah,” he says as Carter materializes in front of them shirtless and half crazed with panic.

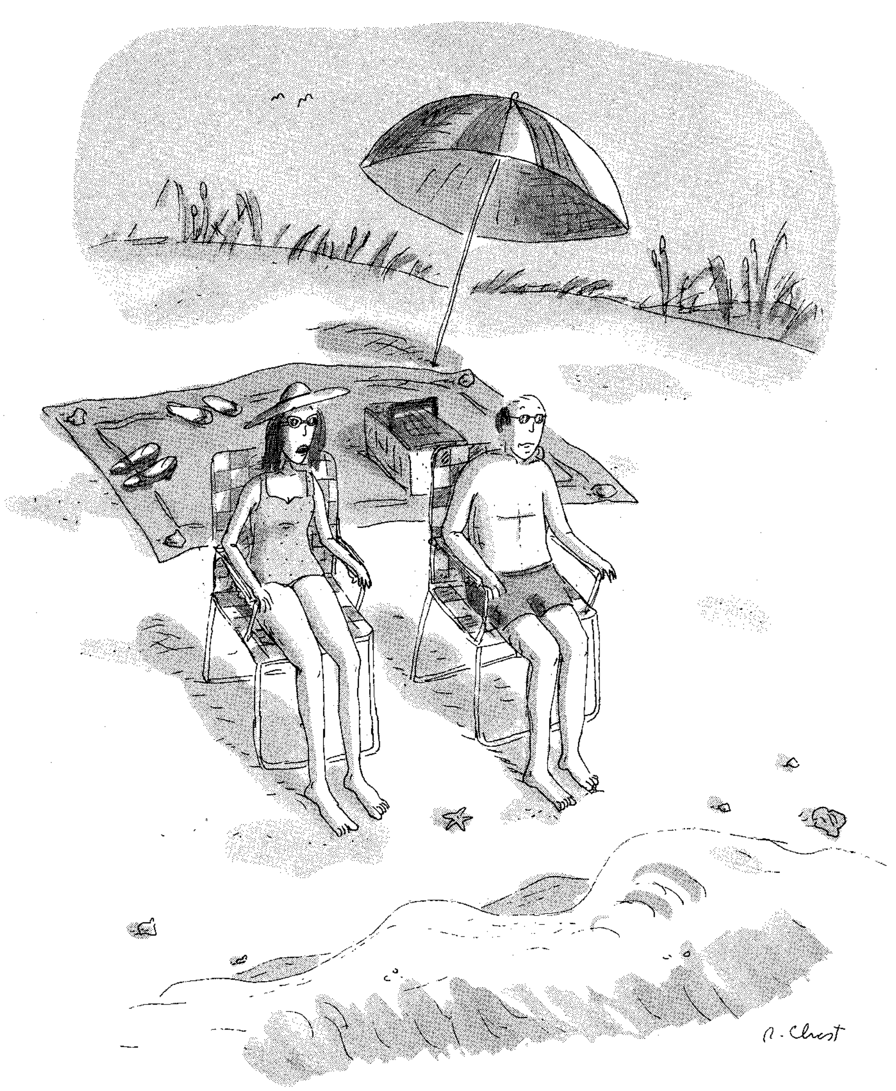
Carter watches with intense concentration from the arm of the sofa, but before his image even reaches the bridge he gets up to replay the beginning of the scene. Danny seems not to mind Carter’s intervention, even when Carter stops the tape to stare at a frame, which he does several times. In fact, Danny only nods, as if Carter had carried out an impulse of his own. Danny seems to be growing more and more at home here, at the same time that Carter seems to be growing more and more distressed, held in thrall by the figure on the screen.

In the bedroom Suzannah, with unnecessary energy and commotion, is taking from a closet and a bureau drawer items of clothing which she then folds and puts into a Bloomingdale’s bag. Cheryl watches from the doorway, but the mirrors have caught the dense, subtle colors of the Park, and on top of them, in serially reflected planes, the dark bed floats irresistibly. Suzannah continues to stride back and forth as Cheryl enters and lies down on the bed, her hair fanning out. If one of them leaves, Cheryl thinks, there will still be an infinite number of people in the mirrors. “But if two of us leave,” she comments aimlessly, aloud, “there won’t be any people at all.”

“What is the matter with you?” Suzannah says, and slams the bureau drawer. “You’re really out there, aren’t you?”

“I just wondered if you wanted to talk,” Cheryl says, although she hadn’t particularly. She feels good, she feels fantastically good. She hadn’t particularly wondered anything.

“Well, no, actually, I don’t want to talk, thank you.” An infinity of Suzannahs toss their hair. “Now that you mention it, I don’t want to talk. I’m sure you want to talk, but I haven’t just put a month’s income up my nose, and I don’t actually want to talk.”



“Armand, which summer did we become chair people?”

Suzannah’s theatricality is treacherous, binding Cheryl in old ropes that are always close to hand. How often, particularly before the advent of Roy, would Judith dramatize herself in just this way, overstating the indignity of her situation so as to justify to herself her own lack of generosity or affection, forcing the tolerance of those around her in order to elicit a response that would validate her accusations of cruelty or thoughtlessness, defending, at her own expense, the territory to which her appearance entitled her until age shrank the margins of that territory, leaving her stranded (as who could know better than Cheryl) within the confines of her own devalued body?

The brawls that Cheryl has seen! Brawls that Judith’s memory seasons to a satirical palatability, so that her own persecuting demands and the grudging male objects of them reappear anecdotally, amusing and typological, like shifty cartoon mice armed with bottles and planks, sabre-toothed cartoon cats stalking them. Cheryl is enraged by this miniaturization, and she herself has no such power over the past. For her, it rises up with the force of experience and subsides dizzyingly, leaching out all colors, severing gravitational pull, setting everything flying. Recognizable terrain falls away beneath her at these times with a roar, an unstable bluff.

It crosses Cheryl’s mind that she is a coward. And certainly she has endured the coward's punishment, waiting, always waiting, while Judith piles on the provocations, for the inevitable rotation toward catastrophe. The two of them, Cheryl and Judith, scamper into Cheryl's focus as an awful comedy act, and Cheryl briefly experiences the humiliating sensation of seeing a child (herself) panicking at the first sign of trouble, desperate to hang on to every flimsy scrap of junk, to keep things intact by sheer force of her own irrelevant will. And the mother! The mother dabs at a last tear and is ready to go out dancing, leaving the child to grieve in the rubble. Really ridiculous, Cheryl thinks. And in the suppleness of her mood the awful sensations attenuate and slip off. But still, the ominous familiarity of Suzannah's helpless brutality compels Cheryl's vigilance. "Carter seems like a very emotional person," she commiserates cautiously.

"An emotional person," Suzannah responds with scorching gentility. "An emotional person. Gosh, I appreciate your pointing that out. I don't think anyone has ever—has ever *had* that insight. But you know what, see—all those emotions, those fancy little emotions of his, what they are is little circus tricks. Because that's what Carter is—a fancy little circus animal. And when he gets bored with one trick he tries a new trick, and he practices it until everyone applauds. And when everyone applauds he's sick of that trick, and he drops it. But if he gets scared—well! Three *months* he's been back here straightening himself out, one decent offer and it all falls apart." She wipes with her palm at the teary film glistening on her face, as if a fly had alighted there. "He got tired years ago of the bit he and I worked up together, but he still calls me in from time to time, whenever he's planning to degrade himself in some especially terrific way—and he doesn't have a big enough audience." She gives her shopping bag an efficient little shake to settle the contents. "A good enough audience."

Yes, Cheryl thinks, gazing out at her Park as Suzannah cries. Her heady languor is opening out into a great, clear field. It is easy to understand that Carter would become bored with Suzannah. Even Suzannah's flaring beauty leaves no place to rest. Still, as Cheryl understands all too well from Judith's noisy love affairs, self-serving anguish of this sort requires coöperation, and at one time Carter must have fanned the flame. Circumstances sometimes arise in which it is made clear that Danny has no interest in, or talent for, this particular sort of romance, and at these moments Cheryl almost floats with relief. Maybe she's not in love with Danny, she thinks, but she does value him at his worth. He is always polite, always respectful, never intrusive or careless; he believes in behaving correctly and (except for certain terrible occasions to which she has only heard allusions) does not lose control of himself; he is responsible for his actions; and he is amazingly generous. Cheryl knows he helps out Roy from time to time, for instance, and Judith, too, although certainly neither is ever able to pay him back.

Suzannah blows her nose. "O.K.," she says in a tiny, docile voice. "Ready."

Suzannah does not look at anyone as she retrieves her jacket from the living-room sofa, and she knots her scarf with elaborate concentration.

"I'll go down with you," Danny offers. "Sorry, honey," he says to Cheryl. "I got a call. I'll be back in a little while."

"You could give me a lift home," Cheryl says.

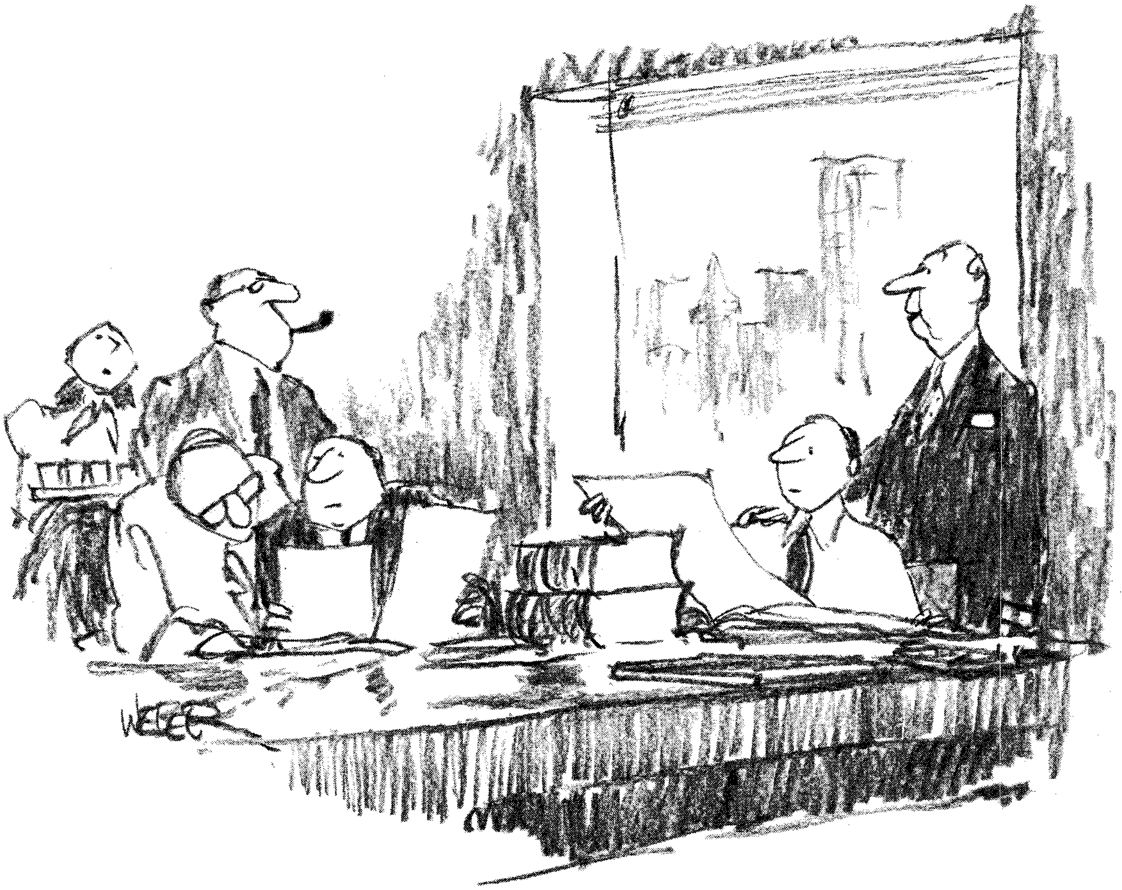
"Well, it's the wrong direction," Danny says. "Why not wait for me here? This is a very impatient guy."

"Stick around," Carter says, reaching for Cheryl's hand again. "How come everybody's leaving?"

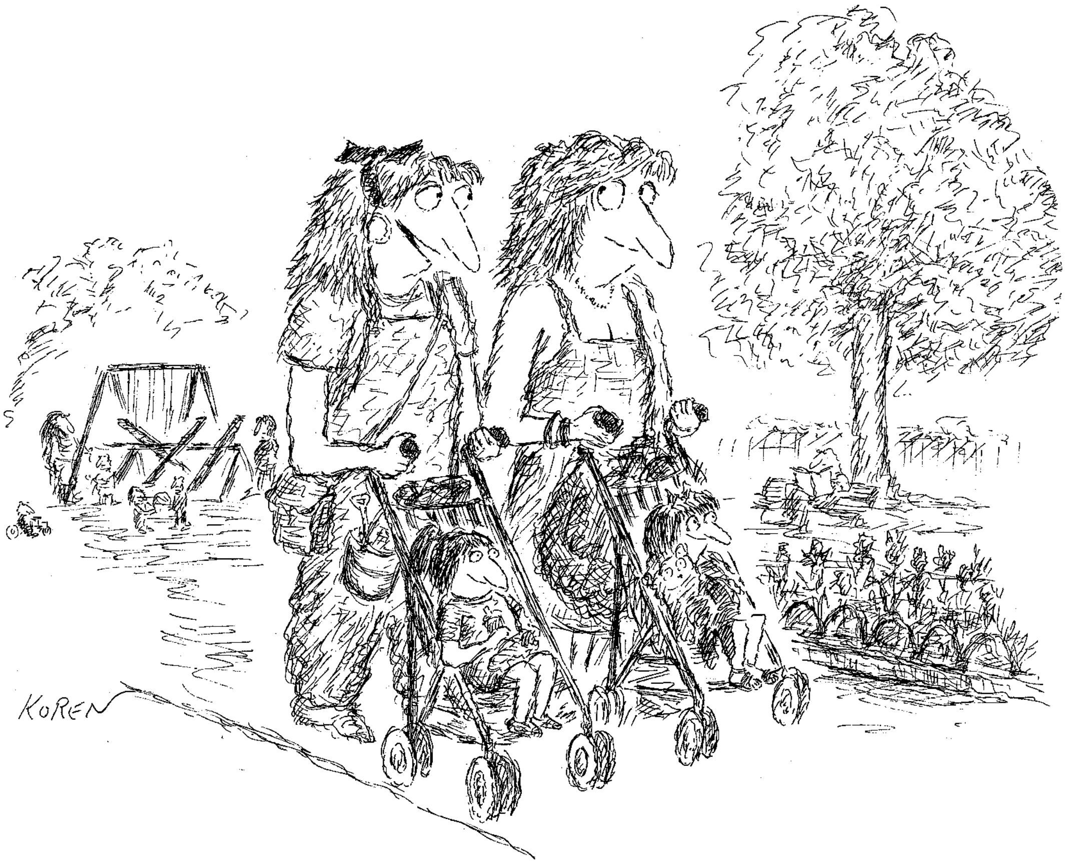
"O.K., sweetheart?" Danny says, giving Cheryl a little kiss on the cheek. He turns to Suzannah. "If you're going uptown I can drop you."

Suzannah looks at Carter. "No, thank you," she says.

As soon as Danny and Suzannah are out the door, Carter returns to watching himself on tape with complete absorption. Great, Cheryl thinks. Maybe she'll just take a taxi home. Or go back to the bar and hang



"Did you all know that Mr. Flowers is a poet? On his own time, of course."



"How are her scores?"

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out with Judith and Roy. This is a frequent source of annoyance; Danny is obliged to carry his beeper everywhere. Even worse, some of his clients consider themselves entitled to a social occasion. Danny of course is sympathetic to this and sensitive to his clients' needs, but Cheryl hopes this particular errand will be a brief one. There is a quick bitter rift in her bright frame of mind: naturally Danny, who sincerely loves to be surrounded by people, never would have questioned whether Carter truly wanted her to stay, never would have suspected that he was simply profiting by her presence to dispatch Suzannah.

"Come here," Carter says without turning around. "I want you to watch something." And Cheryl, rocked by an unruly gratitude, sits down in the bleaching glare from the screen, next to him.

Carter fills their glasses again, and they refresh themselves, he by means of the matchbook and she by means of her little gold spoon, and then Carter plays once again the scene on the bridge. "Here," he says after they've watched it several times, "I'll show you something else." He makes several selections from the pile of cassettes on the floor and proceeds to play moments from them. Each scene that he shows features himself, usually in a state of extreme but suppressed tension or elation, and Cheryl marvels at the difference between the man she is sitting next to and the man she is watching; onscreen Carter seems smoothed out—hard and lustrous, his complications forced back into an invisible core that radiates alarmingly into all of his actions. The real Carter, with his exhausted boy's face, his clearly shifting uncertainties, is more interesting to Cheryl.

"You can't see what goes into it, can you?" he says.

She looks at him, waiting.

"I mean you can't see it," he says, gesturing toward the screen. "I can't see it, either. I can't see it any more than you can. They take what I do and they pour it into this huge machine, and the incredible thing is it usually comes out just the way they want it. And that's terrific, I suppose, that's just great, I'm not saying it isn't. I'm proud of it, I'm proud that I can do it. It's difficult, it's scary as hell, hardly anyone can do it very well. I'm amazed every time it works. But the thing I want to say is, the *reason* I'm proud is not because it's a good thing to do, it's just because I can do it, don't you think? I'll tell you what I think. I think that people like to do what they're able to do. People love to do what they're able to do. That's what nature is, right? The expression of itself."

What he means, Cheryl thinks, is—Wait, no, it's obvious. But obvious the way air is obvious, and in fact the air in the room is massing and separating—part breaks off, soaring. Above her, beating dark, then bright, the shadowed undersides, bright top sides, there: she can stabilize it, it melts brightly back . . .

"So of course," Carter is saying, "everyone is grateful to anyone who lets them do what they're able to do. I'm grateful to those people out there for letting me do what I can do. And the confusing part is, those people are grateful to me, but only because I can generate a lot of money for them, and that's a talent that they recognize. They've got a very pragmatic approach to talent. 'Look, look,' they say. 'That looks like *money*. Oops, no, that's a bottle cap. There, hey, *that* looks like money. Oh, whoops, it's a candy wrapper.' And they just throw out anything, they have absolutely no interest in anything, that they don't know just what to do with, that isn't already money. So they're pretty grateful to me. But I'll tell you something else, which is . . . They don't like me! They used to like me, they used to be very interested in my opinions. About the script, about the camera angles, about the caterers, you name it. But at the moment I am persona non grata. Particularly in the editing room, let me tell you—persona non grata. And the reason is, I'm just not so grateful to them as I used to be. Because, wonderful, wonderful, they let me do what I can do, but look what it ends up as. It ends up as *nothing*. And it's the same for all of us—the actors, the directors, the editors, the cinematographers, the designers. We can all do

THE STAR STORY

I wait
for the stars
to emerge from their dark
canyons.

I know them well;
they rise
above me every evening
like balloons,

each one rising,
burning,
into the sky.
Clouds

part like smoke,
moving on
to something else,
but I stay

to watch the stars
go higher, deeper
into the night.
The dead,

I was told
and believed,
become stars.
They emerge

from behind
their smoky gauze
in clusters:
Christmas lights

moving across the sky.
Some nights they
are like young
Cassiopeia,

distant and solitary.
Tonight she sits in the sky
holding hands with war
dead, widow-makers,

and a man whose heart
medicine is still
in the kitchen cabinet—
my father.

—Dan Ebalo

• •

these amazing things, these incredible things, and people let us do them because it all generates money. But look at the final products: not even worth spending two hours watching, let alone months and months making. Certainly not worth squandering all that ability on. Ridiculous, hollow, hypocritical, cynical, corrupt trash. And I'm grateful to do it. But the thing is, I'm trying to exert some control finally, trying to hold out for something decent. But, see, there isn't anything decent, so you get into these habits of rationalizing: 'Oh, it's not really so bad, you know; it doesn't actually *glorify* violence, it *depicts* violence.' 'It isn't *actually* pointless, it's a *parody* of pointlessness.' "

"Maybe—" But what? Cheryl's attention has been a bright ribbon threading through this billowing newness, marking the trail. "Maybe you should—"

"I don't know why I'm talking about this," Carter interrupts. "I don't know why I'm saying these things to you. What do you care? You probably *watch* all this shit."

What? Cheryl freezes.

"You probably think it's all fantastic—"

"As a matter of fact," Cheryl says—normally she might not find it worth it to protest, but she feels good; she'll be generous, help him and herself out of this—"I don't happen to think about it at all. You think it's big news those movies are stupid? You think you're the only person that ever noticed?"

"I'm sorry," Carter says. "I'm sorry. You're right, I'm sorry."

"Everybody knows they're stupid. Nobody but you cares, is all."

"You're right. Listen, I'm mortified. I apologize, O.K.? I've got a terrible attitude, I know." He holds up a little peace offering on the matchbook. "It's just that I'm so used to people who take it absolutely seriously—I'm so used to dealing with these very aggressive, very combative people, who act as if these ridiculous movies were the most important stuff in the world. I don't know any people like you. I'm completely out of touch with the real world."

"You think I'm the real world?" Cheryl says. "Jesus."

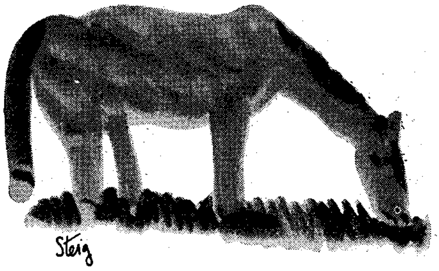
"Yeah," Carter says. "Anyhow, the only living inhabitant."

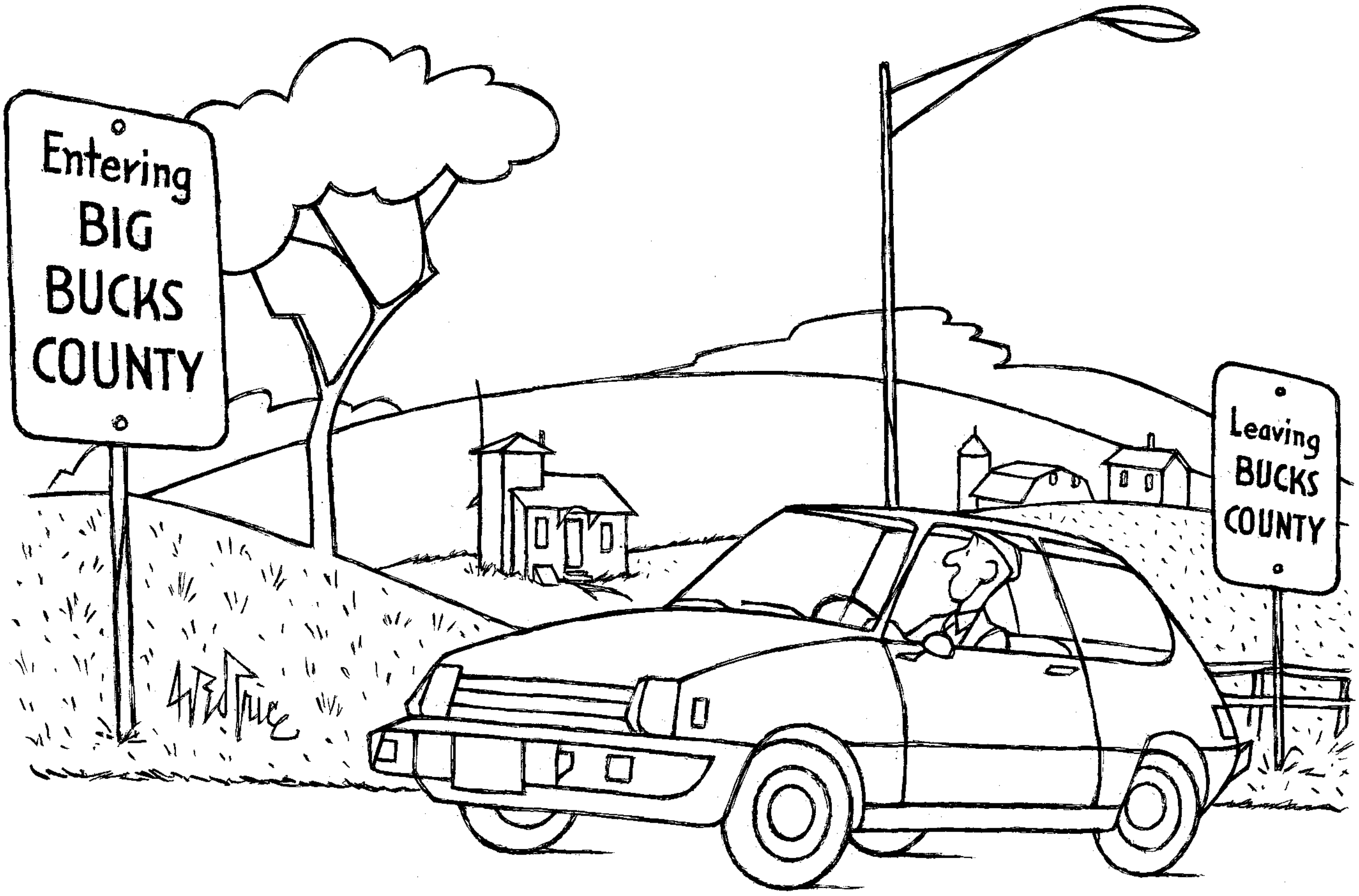
Cheryl shakes her head and smiles provisionally.

"What a smile," Carter says. "And this play—I've sort of said I'll do it, but I don't know. I haven't actually signed anything. I'm supposed to do that tomorrow. Tomorrow, Christ—what time is it? Today. And there are a lot of good reasons to do it. Because, for one thing, it would be something to do. And for another thing, it's O.K. I mean, there's nothing actually criminal about the script. Also, I haven't been near a stage for years, and it's a completely different set of techniques. Very interesting. Working in real time. With other performers. Everybody spinning a web of concentration. Doing the same thing over and over and making it better." He lies down with his head in Cheryl's lap. "Different techniques." He grins. "Shouting."

"Um," she agrees contentedly.

"What do you know about it?" he says as Cheryl smooths his hair back from his face. "Don't stop, that feels good. And at least there's a real script, you know? Some sort of a text. Even if it's complete shit from beginning to end, at least it's *something*—it was written by an actual living human being, not by a million monkeys at a story conference, with everybody else, like me, throwing in their axe to get ground. 'Oh, I don't think that's right for my *character*. *My* character wouldn't do that; my character's a *saint*. He might rob the bank, but he wouldn't shoot the poor old guard, he'd shoot the shitty *cop*, who beats his wife.' Hey," he complains, as Cheryl neglects his hair in order to scoop up a little spoonful from the coffee table. "Me, too, at least. Not that this play's Ibsen, you understand. The guy's a novelist is the problem, not a playwright, but this is his first play, so everybody's falling all over themselves about it. Especially him, you know? It's his pet—that's the way it is with writers, especially these dome-head intellectuals. All these guys have a play up their sleeve, they all think they can write a play. But it's a special thing, a special set of skills. Not to denigrate this guy—he's an excellent writer. Excellent. I really respect his work. But he just can't write for the stage, when you get down to it. He can't write for actors. All very static, very ponderous. Guy doesn't have a clue. So it could be . . . see, you know what—" He raises his glass, looking through it quizzically, with one eye shut, as if it were a prism. Then he





drains what remains inside it. "Kind of thirsty," he says, casting his eyes sideways comically at Cheryl. "No. Thing I meant to say is, there are two sides to every issue. Got that?"

"O.K.," she concedes.

"Wait," he says, peering at his glass again and rotating it. "There's one side to every issue, except it's wraparound. Well, anyhow, never mind, my *point* is, there are a lot of reasons not to do this play, am I right? I mean it's the actors that are left holding the bag, particularly on a stage. No camera, for one thing. And you can't just waltz out onto the stage and play an idea. An idea! Because that's what you look like—print, believe me. But the producers are *crawling*. I'm the only person for this role, I've got to do it, I'm perfect, it was written for me, it would be great for me to do stage work. But the truth is, I'm gonna tell you the truth, which I didn't understand until this second. The truth is, it wouldn't be great for me. It wouldn't be great for me at all, it would be great for them; it would be great for the box-office. Unless maybe I can do a little bargaining—talk to them about rewrites, because unless they do something about my part the thing it would be for me is catastrophic, because, see, the entire universe is waiting for me to make the wrong move. 'Did he—could he—oh, no, look, I think maybe he—yes, he—oh, *too bad*, he *sucks!*' So I can't afford to, you know, afford to take something just because it's respectable."

Carter falls silent, while Cheryl drifts along on these considerations.

"You know that girl you met before," Carter says.

"Suzannah," Cheryl says carefully.

"Yeah, Suzannah. She practically had me talked into this thing. She always thinks I should accept offers, just because they're there. Routine challenges. See, that's what she'd do. Course she doesn't have the opportunity to do it, 'cause nobody offers her anything. But that doesn't stop her from having opinions about the way I should conduct myself on every point. Protocol for every possible contingency. What it is is she can't take the strain of constant fluctuation. Which is what life is."

"Maybe that's just how you feel right now," Cheryl says.

Carter sighs. "No," he says, into the sofa.

Cheryl is only briefly ashamed at having caused Carter to dispense with Suzannah this way. After all, Suzannah had been so determined to treat her and Danny like, as if they were—Cheryl doesn't want to think what. To treat them as she had treated them, despite the obvious fact that they were invited guests, friends of Carter's.

"What about you?" Carter says. "Here I am talking and talking. Tell me about you."

But Cheryl's life—a toy life, she thinks—has taken place far below, on an edge of the city which cannot even be seen from up here. "Nothing to tell," she says.

"Come on, no holding out. Tell me—I don't know, tell me about . . . oh, life with Mom, the beauty queen."

Cheryl pauses. She is not equipped! Danny is always far too protective, far too private, to air his concerns. And Judith's exhaustive catalogues of her own calamitous life are vehicles, weapons, ornaments, decoys—anything but confidences. Whereas Carter, she feels, has been so wholehearted, so candid, so sure of her understanding and participation. She longs to offer him an exchange of equivalent value and substance. But how can she present Judith, as a stranger, for inspection? What sound relic can she possibly reclaim from the churning chaos of her own history? She needs some likeness of Judith that she can pull out and hand over, one that will bear up, converting scrutiny to admiration. She concentrates, framing an approximation of Judith, fans it out in aspects, and reaches back, passing over the recurrent scenes, the vanity and pitiable hopes, the violent, precarious gaiety, the carping remorse—far back to when Judith was young and people were eager to give her things, to keep her happy. "It was wonderful when I was little," Cheryl says. She hears her own voice, dropping the words one by one into the huge room. "My mother made everything into an adventure. Everything was special for her. She loved to have fun, she loved to get presents. Everyone always said that she was the child, really, and I was the grownup. It was sort of a joke. I was a very finicky little girl. Sort of disapproving."

"Disapproving, huh?" Carter says fondly.

"And my mother was absolutely wild. She'd laugh and laugh at me about it." Cheryl is halted suddenly, choked by old horror as Judith twists free, shattering the suffocating confections in which Cheryl has attempted to convey her to Carter, and she is shouting, hoarse and frantic, from the next room, and some man is there shouting, too. And Cheryl keeps watching frozen from the doorway until—so quickly that she sees it happen over and over again—Judith folds inward, as Cheryl's own legs buckle, onto her knees, and covers her mouth with her hands. No more! But the blood seeps out through Judith's fingers, and then it is Carter, instead of Judith, that Cheryl finds herself guarding through the clearing screen of blood. She turns away, sickened. What is it that he wants? "It's easy to hurt a person who's like that," she finishes, closing down the commotion. "It's easy to disappoint them."

"Disappoint them," Carter says. "Yeah, I know the sort of person. I've got limited patience for that myself. It's always *their* expectations, *their* ideas about everything, that they impose on you. Like that girl Suzannah. And you're supposed to feel guilty about disappointing them."

Something winds off from Cheryl in a slow coil and slides out of reach. What has happened?

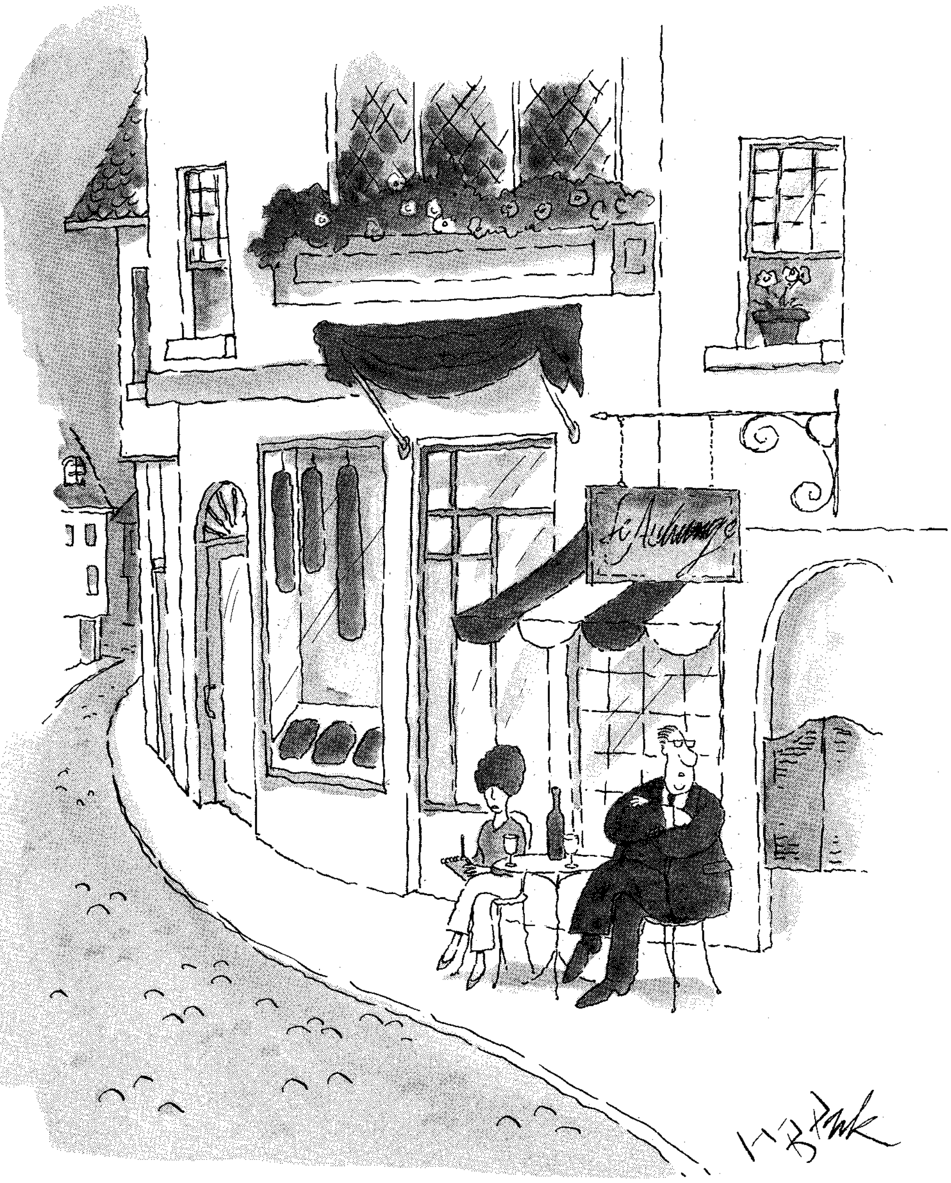
"What's the matter?" Carter says. "I know what it is. You always take care of people, don't you, I bet. And no one takes care of you. You haven't even had anything to eat tonight, you know that? Going to waste away, leading this life. What do you want, a salad? Chef's salad?" Carter picks up the phone. "Steak? How about some chicken? High-calibre protein, very healthy. Too boring, huh? Speak to me, they got a lot of stuff down there. Shark? Roast pig? Your own personalized roast pig, little apple in its mouth? You tell me, they got everything."

Wonderful—the waiter arriving with a silver trolley, covered dishes, the waiter in his white jacket, looking at her, the dealer's girlfriend. Cheryl shakes her head, shaking him away. "I'm not hungry," she says. "Please don't call down."

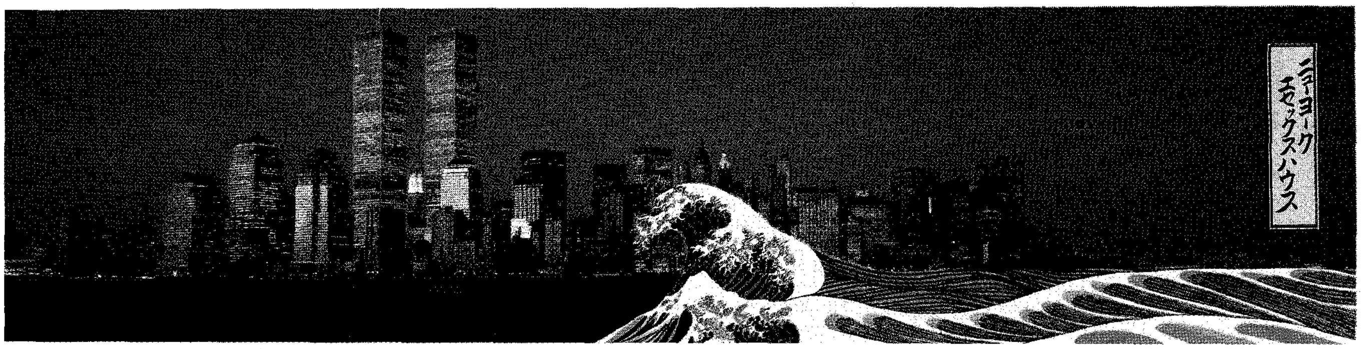
"O.K., O.K.," Carter says. "No calling down, we won't call down. I don't know what you got against it. Your pig, though. Come on, tell you what—let's check out the archives."

The kitchen is vast and spotless. A frying pan, an insubstantial-looking pot, and a spatula stand out in the dim light with an accusing and vaguely ludicrous purity. "Anyone ever been in here before?" Cheryl says. "It looks like a . . . it looks like . . ."

"Right," Carter says. "It looks like a museum. On the moon, for after it's all over. Kitchen Division of the Moon Museum of Humans. No, hey, I use this place all the time. Look, all sorts of stuff. Cornflakes; milk for cornflakes; orange juice, except it's museum property, probably about a thousand years old; capers. What's this?" He takes a paper bag from the bottom shelf of the refrigerator and



"Miss Andrews, take a postcard."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peers into it. "Pastrami on rye," he comments, returning the bag to the shelf.

"Keeping that for hard times ahead?" Cheryl says.

"What hard times? No hard times ahead. I'm keeping it for . . . I'm keeping it for a keepsake. Can't just throw a magnificent thing like that into the garbage."

Carter picks up the box of cornflakes and inspects it closely. "Not so fast," he says, holding the box over his head as Cheryl reaches for it. "You don't think I know what I'm doing, do you? Listen, I make these things all the time. All us great chefs are men." He takes two heavy bowls from a cupboard and pours cornflakes into them, finishing with a sommelier's flourish and a glance of sly triumph at Cheryl.

"That's really something." She smiles, waiting for Carter to hand her the carton of milk and the bowl filled with packets of sugar, but he is lost in contemplation of a cornflake. "These things are absolutely incredible," he says, "you know that? These things are insufficiently appreciated. If they cost a hundred dollars a box, rich people would line up for them."

Cheryl draws over to admire the cornflake in Carter's palm, and it does seem an impossible thing, all suspended froth. "How do they make these things, anyway?" she asks. "What are they?"

" 'What are they?' " Carter says magisterially as he puts an arm around Cheryl. "What are they? They are . . . a mystery." The two of them sway slightly, considering the magnitude of things, and Cheryl traces, with slightly drunken precision, the outline of an island on his shirt, that happy sea.

"You like my shirt," he says. "You like my shirt so much I'm going to give it to you."

"You can't give it to me," she says.

"I'm about to experience an anxiety surge. I'm developing severe feelings of competition in regard to my own shirt. I've got to give it to you."

"You can't give it to me," Cheryl says. "It's your souvenir."

"Souvenir," Carter says. "If there's one thing I don't need, it's a souvenir. Come on, I want to show you."

In the bedroom Carter plants himself in front of the closets with a piratical stance. "Booty," he says, flinging open the door from behind which Suzannah had earlier removed her things. "What about this suit? This was when I was a mobster. Look at those lapels. Could carve a tusk with them, huh? Now, this thing—this was from a duel. Fight over some lady. She was a tart, though, as it turned out." He pauses to raise an admonitory eyebrow at Cheryl. "Fatigues, satin jacket —well, that one wasn't wardrobe, we all got that, from my last movie, still sitting on a shelf somewhere."

Carter continues to ransack the closets, piling costumes and objects on the bed in mirrored splendor. "Powdered wig, motorcycle helmet, pith helmet, space helmet, five-pound jar of Gummy Bears from an A.D., little model Chrysler Building. Yeah, I been in a lot of different time zones, a lot of different incarnations. Oops," he says, remembering, "I was gonna give you my shirt. Turn around. I'm very self-conscious about my chest. I don't want you to see my chest."

"I've seen your chest," Cheryl points out. "I saw your chest about two hundred times tonight. Everybody in the world's seen your chest."

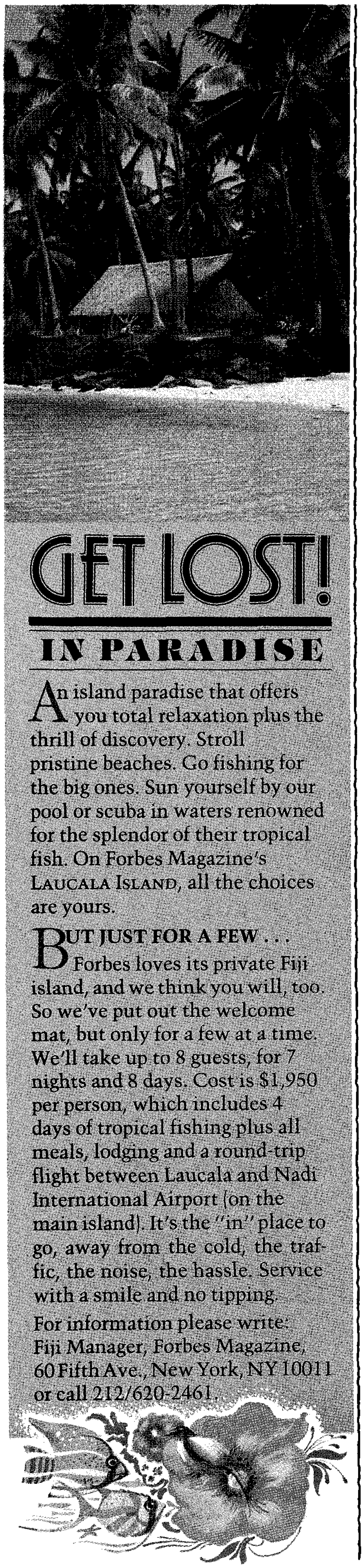
"Ha—" Carter wags a finger. "You're trying to confuse me, trick me into exposing myself. Think I don't know the difference between . . . whoops, the difference between—"

"You win," Cheryl says. She could use a little pick-me-up in any case. "I'll wait for you out there." And she is surprised, upon entering the living room, to see her little gold spoon lying on the coffee table, because she never leaves it out. Never.

In a moment Carter appears, wrapped in a huge black cape. Vampire? Swordsman? And he hands Cheryl the shirt folded small and bright, like a little flag. In return Cheryl holds out for him her spoon, containing almost all that remains of what Danny had deposited on the coffee table.

Silent in the gauzy first light, they sprawl on the sofa, feet to feet. Cheryl is feeling a little ragged. She is usually regulated by Danny's rather sparing intake, she realizes, although she has suspected on recent occasions that Danny is involved with greater quantities than he lets on.

"You're a lovely kid," Carter says. "Lovely kid. Actors always need new life." He sighs. "I'm beginning to be afraid of things, you know? I don't know how that happened to me. When I was your age I used to see people acting out of fear—I never thought it would happen to me. I thought, I'll never get like that. These days I'm so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scared I can hardly walk across the room. Sometimes you see people, their life just hasn't worked out. Ever worry that you're going to be one of those people?"

"Sure," Cheryl says. But what does he mean, worked out? She reaches over, pressing at the residue of white on the coffee table, and licks her finger.

"You can really scarf that up, can't you?" Carter says. "You're a real little vacuum cleaner."

"I'm just keeping you company," Cheryl says, stung.

"*You're* keeping *me* company," Carter says. "That's pretty funny. Hey, don't look at me like that. I'm just being honest. It's for your own good. End up on the trash heap, you go on like this."

His foot is jiggling wildly, Cheryl notices. "Want a drink?" she asks. "Or I might have some Valium."

"Shit," Carter says, as tears gather in his eyes. "I'm so fucking sick of being confused."

Cheryl sighs. Danny could have left them one more tiny little eighth or so if he was going to be away this long. He'd certainly know they'd be needing some by now.

"Sorry," Carter says. "I'm sorry, but you don't know what it's like to be frightened. Really frightened, I mean. You're too young to know what that's like. But me, everything I do is motivated by fear now. At least Suzannah's got that part right. I can't even work anymore. I don't have the heart to work. I'm afraid to do this play, I'm afraid to do a movie—"

God, he is *tireless*, Cheryl thinks. And she just isn't interested in some whole new . . . "Do you want her to come back?" she says reluctantly. New *exercise*.

"What—Suzannah?" Carter says. "Where's that drink you were going to make me? Truth is, though, at one time she was a very good friend to me. We took acting class together years ago, and this'll probably seem pretty strange to you but I didn't know anyone like her. All I knew was these very snooty, very convoluted prep-school kids. And at first she seemed so fresh to me, so clear. Course, all it is is, like a lot of good-looking women, she's got a stake in appearances. Kind of an anxious custodian of the superficial. And that's why she'll never be a good actress, she'll just be one more dime-a-dozen model. Until they turn her out to pasture."

Out to pasture.

"What's the matter?" Carter says, sitting up to look at her. "You don't like me now. You have to like me. I made you like me."

Cheryl hands him his drink without looking at him.

"You forgot the lime," he says, but she still won't look at him. "You're fired, you forgot the lime. Hey." He tugs gently at a lock of her hair, and she closes her eyes. "O.K." He shrugs. "You don't want to play anymore. I don't know why everybody's always so pissed off at me."

"She'll come back," Cheryl says. "If you want her to."

"Not this time," Carter says an instant before the house phone rings, and Cheryl thinks she detects once again a muted triumph as Carter goes to answer it. "Well, there's the man, I guess," he says. "Certainly took his time, didn't he?"

Danny is breathless and apologetic.

"Shouldn't have left me alone with your girlfriend," Carter says. "We're in love, except of course she won't speak to me."

"I am really sorry," Danny is saying. "Listen, I really didn't expect this. I got very hung up by this guy, and there was absolutely nothing I could do. I mean, he's a very good friend. My broker, actually. But he's had some big problems lately, and he really needed to talk. By the way, if you're looking for a broker, this is definitely a guy to consider. He is very, very sharp. And a very fine person."

Still, Cheryl thinks. At least he means it. He does mean it.

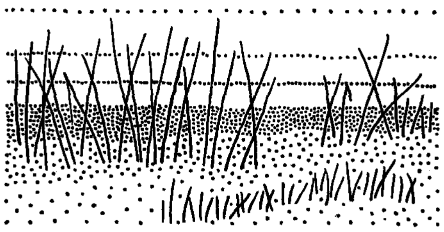
"Hey, sweetheart," Danny says, "you're not mad 'cause I had to work, are you?"

Cheryl glances involuntarily at Carter, who looks quickly away. Surely he couldn't think Danny stayed away intentionally—*how dare he*? "We have to go," she says. "I'm tired, and Carter has a big day ahead of him. Meetings, decisions . . ."

"Right, that's right," Danny says. "Oh, yeah, wait—I promised you something to help you sleep, didn't I?"

"I can't sleep," Carter complains. "I've got to talk to those guys."

"Sleep first," Danny orders soothingly. "It'll do you good. These little green ones are for that, and here's something to get you back up again. Help you with your ordeal."



Carter makes no acknowledgment of the few capsules and the new little glass bottle Danny places on the coffee table.

"Oh, wow," Danny says to Cheryl, seeing her gold spoon lying there. "Don't forget this."

"Or this." Carter doesn't look at her, but he stands to hold out the garish folded shirt, and when Cheryl makes no move to take it from him he tucks it directly into her purse. "What do I owe you?" he asks Danny quietly. "For this stuff?"

"Please," Danny says. "Absolutely not. Not this time. Say, that's some—What do you call that thing—a cloak?"

"WHAT a character," Danny says as the doorman holds the door open onto the bright, noisy street. How loud everything is out here! "Literally gave you the shirt off his back, huh? If he decides to stick around, we'll probably be seeing a lot of him. Look, I got a parking space right here. Is that luck, or what?" His face is an impenetrable mask of sweetness, well disposed and as satisfied as if he'd just rolled the evening up and tucked it back into his pocket. He reminds her of someone, Cheryl thinks. Oh, yes: he reminds her of Danny.

Cheryl climbs into the car next to him. A ride home, why not? She is fantastically tired, truly exhausted, and it won't be much fun, later, to wake up. She closes her eyes, and Danny bobs up in the pitching dimness and away. All her surroundings are coming loose, peeling off as the dimness balloons—her antecedents, chunks of her life crumple like Danny and blow past. There is nothing she recognizes, no one even to wave to! What a pity—she smiles slightly, and an instant before she is engulfed by a blissful wave of fatigue she opens her eyes and sees the man who was Danny smiling, too—what a pity that she so eagerly handed Judith over, in a version as diminutive and harmless as Judith ever rendered herself, to serve the transient purposes of a stranger. It would have been so simple just to let Judith out, all ravenous and fractured and appalling, to make some splendid uproar in commemoration of this departure. She thinks her mother might have done that, for her, with pleasure.

—DEBORAH EISENBERG

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GETTING THE STORY—II

IN the strange and terrible revolution that convulses South Africa, black journalists play a critical role. Their beat is the war zone: the black townships and the rural black "self-governing" states known as Bantustans. It is virtually impossible for white reporters to cover the fighting in black South Africa. They don't speak the six or seven languages that are essential for getting around; the complexities of black politics and black society—not to mention the intricacies of township geography—are really comprehensible only to those who live among them; and, finally, simply being white in a black township today is dangerous. As a result, local black reporters are often the only source of accurate news about the conflict in South Africa. The white-minority government in Pretoria is aware of this fact, and spends a great deal of time and energy harassing black journalists—jailing them, "banning" them, interrogating and torturing them, and closing down black community newspapers. At least five black journalists are being held without charges right now; three of them have been in jail for over a year.

I spent about six weeks last year with a group of black reporters on the Johannesburg *Star*. The *Star* is the largest daily newspaper in South Africa. Like all but one of the other major English-language newspapers in the country, the *Star* is anti-government, anti-apartheid. Where the Afrikaans-language press and the state-controlled radio and television steadfastly support the Afrikaner-dominated National Party government, the *Star's* editors call constantly, in columns and editorials that are often eloquent, for an end to apartheid, for the release of Nelson Mandela, and for immediate negotiations between the government and the leaders of the black majority.

The *Star* is directed primarily toward white readers, but among a daily circulation of two hundred thousand it has many black readers, and during the time I was there it had six black reporters working out of the main newsroom, in downtown Johannesburg. Three of the six—Montshiwa Moroke, Mike Tissong, and Mudini Maivha—worked on the paper's so-called Africa edition, which replaces some of the main edition's copy with news assumed to be of interest only to blacks. Maud Motanyane, the one woman in the group, was assigned to the main edition. Mike Siluma shared the labor beat with a white reporter. And Jon Qwelane worked on the *Sunday Star*. Qwelane, who was writing two columns for the *Star*—he was, at the time, the only black columnist writing regularly for white readers in South Africa—is the senior black reporter at the *Star*, and he was especially helpful to me. The black reporters—together with Herbert Mabuza and Alf Kumalo, the *Star's* two black photographers, and Phil Mtimkulu, the news editor of the Africa edition—were a very close group. In the newsroom, they were usually to be found in what Qwelane calls "the ghetto," a corner near the sports department in which, without regard to where their officially assigned desks might be, the black reporters congregated, sharing computer terminals and telephones and a ferocious commitment to their work.

I often accompanied the black reporters out on assignment, although, because I am white, this increased the dangers of their work. Black people's first assumption about strangers was always that they must be working for "the system," and in fact black men and white men driving together in the townships were very often police. In addition, the *Star's* bulky Toyotas bore an unfortunate resemblance to unmarked police cars, and young resistance activists, known as "comrades," had become notorious for burning suspected enemies first and asking questions afterward. I had wanted to spend time with black reporters on a white liberal paper because their position seemed to me extraordinarily complex, placing them, as it does, among so many conflicting forces: the police, their editors, the paper's owners, and, above all, the black community, which, in the mounting revolutionary turmoil, is itself an extremely complex network of competing political and economic forces.

One Saturday morning in early June of last year, the *Star's* black reporters had a lot to cover. It had been a bloody week, and half a dozen different political funerals were scheduled that day in half a dozen townships near Johannesburg. Because the black reporters' stories would probably be appearing in the *Sunday Star*, whose township coverage was Qwelane's responsibility, Qwelane was coördinating their assignments that morning. He was in high gear before anyone left the newsroom—flashing between terminals to touch up stories that were going into that day's paper, taking non-stop phone calls about the shifting times, venues, and prospects for the day's ceremonies, improvising a schedule for maximum coverage by the available reporters and photographers. He decided that the potential for violence at the Soweto service he would be covering was becoming unacceptably high and, in a rushed, serious voice that did not invite argument, suggested that I go instead with Mudini Maivha to the East Rand.

We took the freeway southeast. As the skyscrapers of downtown Johannesburg fell behind, I asked Maivha about his background. "I am a migrant laborer," he said. "My wife is in the northern Transvaal. I only see her and our daughter, who is two years old, on holidays." Maivha, twenty-seven, rumpled and earnest and lithe, was wearing thin blue socks, shiny black shoes, slacks several inches too short, and a new canvas safari jacket. He is long-faced and narrow-eyed, and his manner is a peculiarly African combination of awkwardness and dash, of deep-voiced seriousness and unfathomable mirth. He may not be the sort of person who comes first to mind when one thinks of the millions of migrant laborers in South Africa—very few of them have cars and drivers put at their disposal at work, for instance—but his home in Soweto, as I later saw, is as modest as any poor black worker's. It is a tiny, cement-floored room in a garage that has been divided into three separate apartments.

The curtains are newspapers, the toilet is across the yard. Somehow, Maivha shares the room. His roommate, a nineteen-year-old boy who also comes from the north, wants to go to art school to study painting. Maivha showed me two of his paintings. They were vivid oils on cheap particleboard. One depicted a burning landscape, the other an anguished African face.

Unwisely, considering that we were on our way into volatile townships with a driver who was already grumbling about "unrest," I asked Maivha about close calls he had had as a reporter.

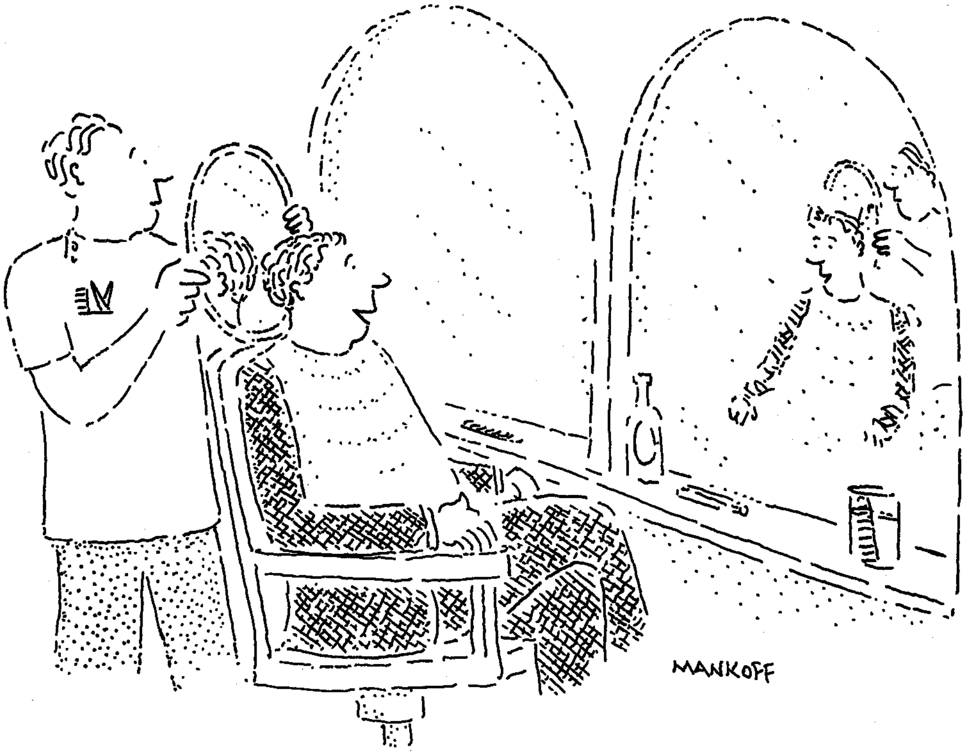
He shrugged, and said, "I once wrote a story about a group called the Society for Young Africa, and I mentioned that some of its members were allegedly involved in an attack on a white priest who had refused them access to a church facility. I called the group for comment, but nobody would comment. I didn't think any more about it. Then, a few months later, I went to cover one of their meetings. The leader saw me, and he told the members that I should be killed. He said, 'He has been writing shit about us.' So about two hundred of them attacked me. They knocked me down, and I covered my head, but they just came at me, *whack whack whack!*" Maivha threw his fingers down so that the knuckles made a sharp, slapping noise. He shook his head. "I thought I was going to die. But their leader eventually got a fright and called them off. I just got out of there and went straight to the hospital. I was quite badly beaten, but I had only one serious injury—a gash in the thigh."

We were off the freeway now, with Maivha directing the driver through a patchwork of small farms and white suburbs. "Funerals can be quite tricky, too," he mused. "Once, we were driving along in a funeral procession, going very slowly, and the crowd suddenly decided to lift up the car. It was one of these Toyotas, and they simply lifted it up off the ground. There were people shouting that they should turn it over and burn it, despite the fact that there were four old ladies in the back seat. Four old ladies *from the community*. They weren't planning to let any of us get out, either."

"What happened?"

"I told them they were acting irrationally. I asked them to tell me about their problems with the press. I said, 'I'm here to represent the public that cannot be here.' Fortunately, they accepted that. The situation has changed drastically since that time, though. The same line wouldn't work now. The coöperation we journalists used to enjoy has been eroded."

The road we were travelling turned to dirt. Then we were in Katlehong or Thokoza or Vosloorus: all three townships are in the same part of the East Rand, and to an unpracticed eye they are identical—rutted dirt roads, endless rows of matchbox houses, sad little schools and churches, big, dusty bus depots, suspicious people peering into a strange car. Maivha, who speaks nine languages (his mother tongue is Venda), asked for directions in Zulu, Sotho, Tsonga. He is accomplished in the art of approaching strangers, donning an air of such meekness and respect that no one can believe for long that he's a cop. I saw a group of teen-age boys flee into the middle distance, stop, call to friends, pick up rocks, and start advancing carefully back toward the car. Maivha got out and walked toward the boys. He clasped his hands in front of him and half crouched, bowing and murmuring and generally conveying an impression so unthreatening that five minutes later he had four teen-agers crammed in the back seat with me, giving directions in Zulu to the funeral we wanted to cover.



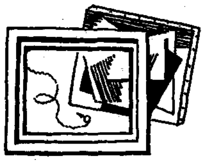
"Bravo, Paul. You've done more for the back of my head than I ever dreamed possible."

• •

The comrades were in uniform: red-and-yellow T-shirts silk-screened with the logo of the United Democratic Front, the slogan "June 16, South African Youth Day," and a well-known photograph of thirteen-year-old Hector Petersen—the first casualty of the 1976 Soweto uprising, killed by a police bullet—lying limp in the arms of a distraught older boy. The comrades directed us through the township streets, pointing out what Maivha explained were the houses of "activists, collaborators, informers." As we passed a burned-out and collapsed house, he translated: "An activist lived there. The system says the house was petrol-bombed. But it was grenades, given to vigilantes by the cops. Petrol bombs don't blow two walls down."

We eventually found the house of a bereaved family. A tent had been set up in the yard, but the only people around were a few old women. They were cooking cornmeal in huge cast-iron pots over open fires—food for the mourners when they returned from the graveyard. Large metal tubs full of water were ranged around the yard. These were for the traditional washing of hands after the burial—still practiced, though graves are now dug by machines. The old women told the comrades where the funeral service was being held. We drove there.

It was a relatively prosperous-looking Catholic church, standing inside a compound with a high brick wall. The church was filled with well-dressed mourners. Three flower-covered coffins stood in front of the altar, one of them a child's. The mood was peaceful, muted, religious—not political. The service alternated brief eulogies, delivered in Sotho, with hymns. There were a number of comrades in the compound but few inside the church. Maivha and I sat in a rear pew, but my presence seemed to disrupt the service—people craned around to see the *umlungu*, rustling and muttering and peering—so we didn't stay long. Back out in the compound, Maivha went to work: he introduced himself to a group of church elders who were greeting mourners, politely questioned them about the deceased, and scribbled their answers in a battered little notebook.



The comrades—six or seven of them—began to gather around. Their leader, a short, muscular man in his late twenties, took over the interview from the churchmen. The other comrades seemed mainly interested in me. I asked a couple of them questions, and got monosyllabic answers. Most of them just stared. They were a scary, uninspiring group—quite unlike comrades I had met elsewhere, who were articulate and idealistic. The youngest of them was probably twelve, and they all bore an appalling number of scars on their faces and heads. The most disconcerting thing about them, though, was their eyes, which were emotionless. I wondered how many of them had been tortured. I wondered how many had participated in a necklacing—a grisly method of mob execution involving a gasoline-soaked tire, which was being widely used against suspected police informers. I wondered how long it had been since they were last in school—many black schools had been empty for two years, because of boycotts. And I wondered how well these kids understood the democratic ideas they were ostensibly fighting for. The level of absolute intolerance within the resistance was reported to be rising as brutalized youths—what educated activists called "lumpen elements"—asserted themselves in an ever more violent atmosphere. These days, simply expressing a difference of opinion over tactics—asking at a community meeting whether, say, a boycott shouldn't be called for two days instead of three—could, it was said, gain the questioner, even if he was a respected member of the community, a public threat of necklacing. These kids lived in a world of guns, bombs, terror, pain, death, and funerals. My tentative questions about their experience and their politics plainly failed to register among such primal considerations. Only my race, my strangeness, seemed to interest them.

Maivha did much better, naturally. As we left the funeral, he told me what he had learned. The dead were a murdered trade unionist, his brother, also murdered, and a child who had been hit by a car. The church elders had supplied him with names, ages, and details of the deaths. "But this was not really what you could call a political funeral," Maivha said. "After the unionist was killed, the comrades suspected his brother of the murder, so they killed him. And now the two brothers are being buried together!" He shook his head. "The comrade said the child's death was political, because it is apartheid that makes the township roads unsafe." After a minute, Maivha sighed, and said, " 'Comrades' has become a very loosely used term. You often can't tell who is being referred to."

Using directions provided by the priest, we eventually reached another house with a funeral tent, tubs of water, and old women cooking cornmeal. There we found two smartly dressed young women, and they directed us to a Methodist church in Katlehong. The funeral at the Methodist church was for Margaret Komane, thirty-one, burned to death in a firebombing. This promised to be a political funeral, because a young man had confessed, at a press conference held by the United Democratic Front (U.D.F.), South Africa's largest aboveground resistance organization, to having been paid by the police to firebomb the house in which she died. (He had confessed to other firebombings, too, including one in which an infant was killed; after the press conference, he was arrested by the police.) The church was a barnlike old building, with a roof of corrugated metal. We decided to enter by the side door, near the altar, so that if people wanted to stare at me they wouldn't have to turn around. People did stare—the church was jammed with at least six hundred people, every one of whom seemed to turn and watch me closely as we squeezed into a pew near the side door. And the atmosphere was definitely political. Three young comrades were up in front of the altar trading a microphone back and forth and shouting, in a rather mesmerized way, revolutionary slogans, of which I could catch only occasional words: "vigilantes" and "the system" and "informers" and "U.D.F." and "A.N.C." (African National Congress) and "S.A.C.P." (South African Communist Party) and "S.A.D.F." (South African Defence Force, which is the Army). Maivha, taking the room's emotional temperature and finding it dangerously high, quickly left the pew and approached the altar. He beckoned to an older man who was sitting in front of the altar, and drew him aside. I noticed that the walls of the church were plastered everywhere, even behind the altar, with red-and-yellow U.D.F. posters: "UNBAN THE A.N.C." (the A.N.C. is the leading black-liberation movement; it has been outlawed in South Africa since 1960, and operates from underground). Piled high on the wooden coffin at the foot of the altar were shaggy-headed white chrysanthemums, tied with a lavender ribbon.

Maivha came back from the altar, and the man he had talked to took the microphone and began speaking in Zulu. To my dismay, he pointed a finger at me. The gathering's attention focussed on me more intensely than ever. The only words of the speaker's message which I understood were "the system"—a dread phrase under the circumstances. I looked at Maivha, and he whispered, "He is saying, 'It makes us very uncomfortable when we see a white man in a situation like this. We assume he is a representative of the system. But these people are journalists. They are not the enemy.' " He gave me a wan smile. We turned our attention back to the altar. The crowd seemed to grow slightly less interested in us, and for that I was grateful.

The seats we had taken, however, were in the middle of a group of about two hundred comrades, and many of them went on watching me suspiciously. A short, imposing man in purple clerical robes took the microphone. This was Simeon Nkoane, the Anglican Bishop Suffragan for Johannesburg East, and his sermon, in Zulu, seemed to enthrall much of the crowd. The comrades interrupted him every few minutes, though, with chants—

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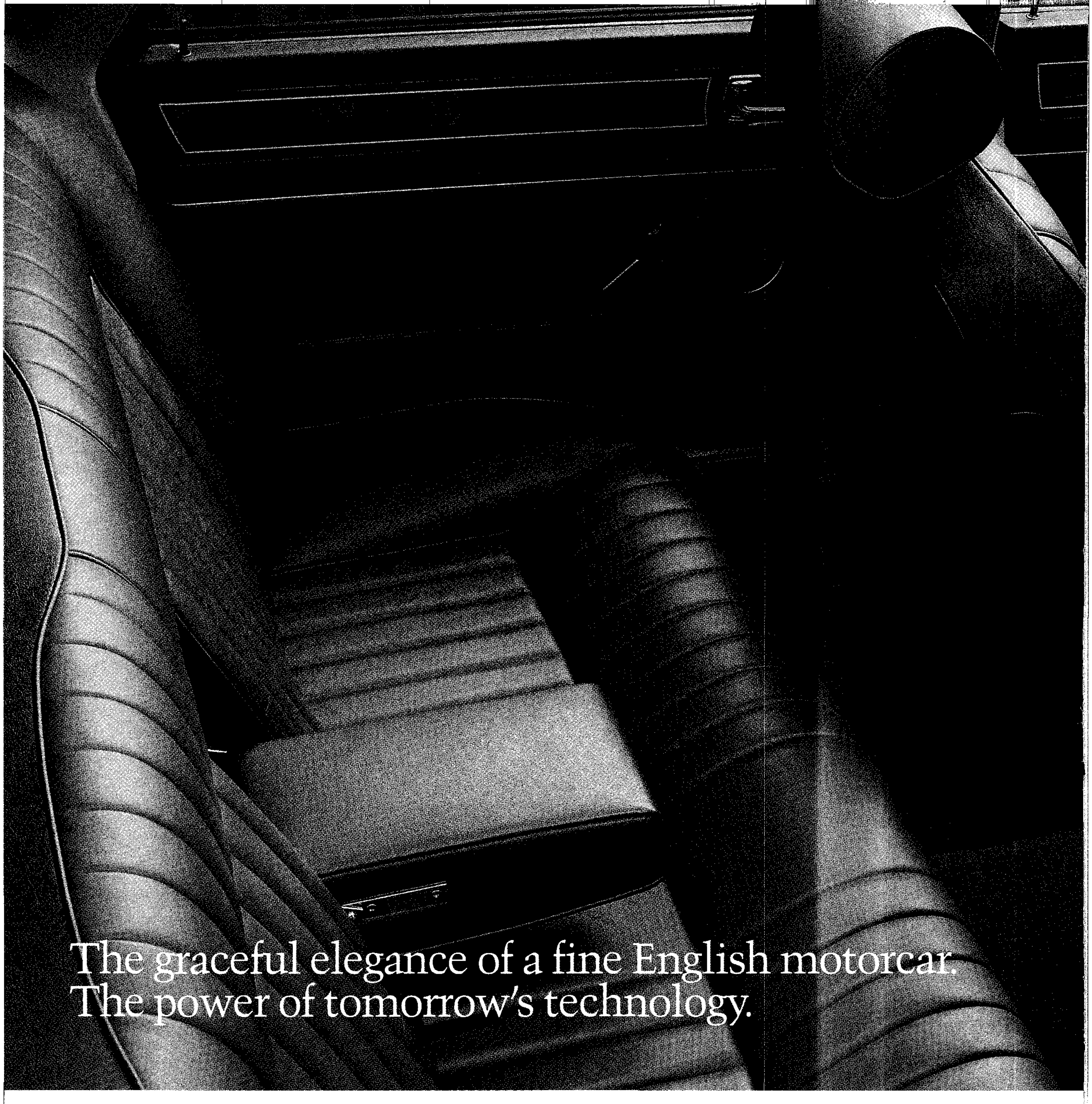

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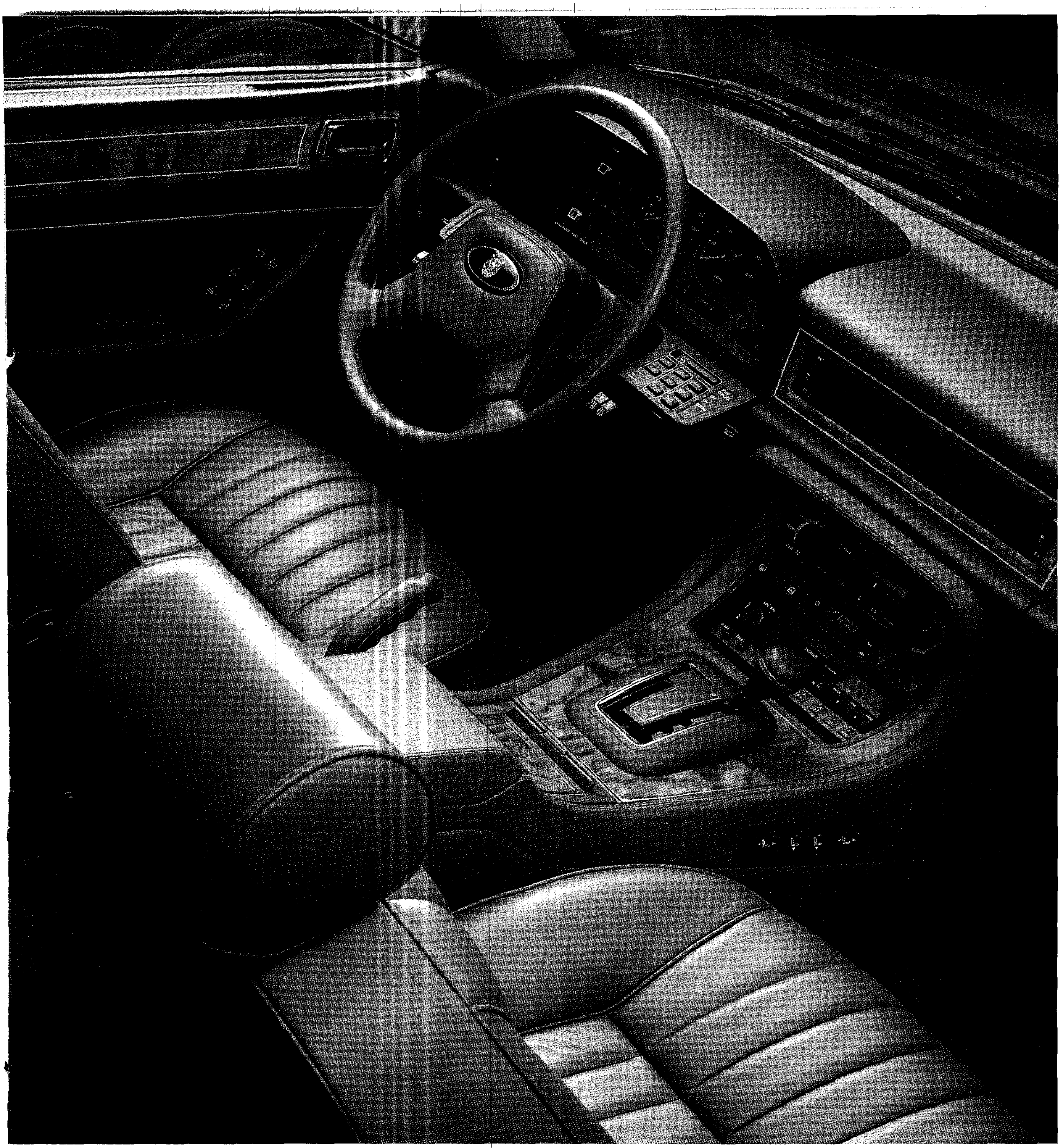

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someone would shout "Viva A.N.C.!" or "Viva U.D.F.!" and the others would answer, "Viva!"—thrusting fists into the air as they roared. Some of those near us made it clear that they wanted us to cheer along with them, so we, too, raised our fists and yelled "Viva!" Since I couldn't follow Bishop Nkoane's speech, Maivha summarized it for me: "He says they must not burn informers. They must convert them, because informers have useful information about the system."

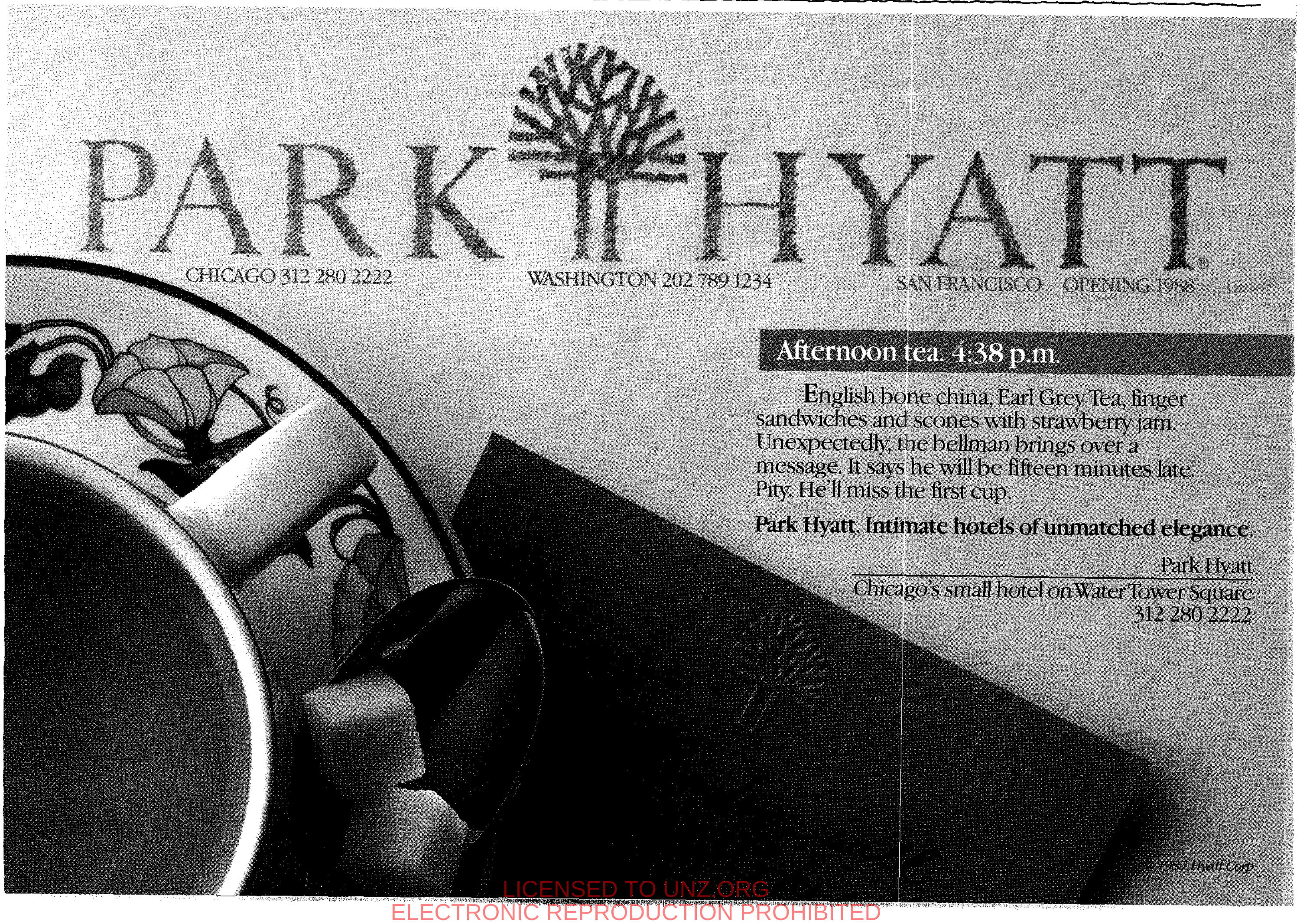
The comrades tossed up another shout, I joined in on the "Viva!"—and suddenly the comrades around us were laughing. I looked at Maivha, who stared at me with a shocked expression. After a minute, he whispered, "Nkoane says, 'Don't burn them.' A comrade shouts 'No, burn them!' And you say 'Viva!' "

Bishop Nkoane, a passionate speaker but also an impressively composed man, did not visibly react to the comrades' (or my) shouts. And the comrades did not seem to object to the religious tenor of his message. (One of the few words in his sermon that I understood was "*nkulunkulu*"—Zulu for "God"—a beautiful word, which the Bishop used over and over, turning it into a strangely intimate, rapturous strophe.) It seemed clear that, despite the rising tide of intolerance, the resistance could still accommodate the Bishop's and the comrades' separate perspectives. As the church service ended, the whole crowd rose and sang, in Xhosa, "Nkosi Sikelel iAfrika" ("God Bless Africa"), the majestic Pan-African anthem of the liberation struggle.

Maivha checked his watch as we hurried from the church. He had a deadline coming up; he needed to file. The pastor's house, next door, had a phone, we were told, so we ducked in there. While Maivha phoned the newsroom, I watched a crowd gather in the road outside for the march to the cemetery. There were hundreds and hundreds of people—even more than had been inside the church. The comrades began doing the *toyi-toyi*—a dance that is scarcely more than rhythmic jogging in place but when done in unison by hundreds of youths chanting war poems has been known to cause soldiers of the South African Defence Force to panic, and fire indiscriminately. Margaret Komane's flower-covered coffin appeared, borne on the shoulders of comrades wearing berets. The crowd's singing began to fill the pastor's house with a compelling roar. Maivha crouched behind a sofa, trying to hear if his call was going through, but no one was answering in the newsroom. He finally hung up, looking perturbed. He couldn't wait until after the graveside rites to file, he said—that would be too late. We would have to rush back to the office now.

The crowd was setting off as we emerged. Its numbers would grow all the way to the graveyard, Maivha said. We found our car—the driver, not wanting to be associated with a suspicious vehicle, was not inside it, but he suddenly appeared when he saw us—and headed for the highway. As we left Katlehong, Maivha pointed out two yellow police vans driving toward the cemetery on a road that ran parallel to the route the funeral procession was taking. Then he spotted, in the distance, an armored personnel carrier, or Hippo, headed the same way. "S.A.D.F.," he said. "There's going to be a confrontation, and not a single reporter to cover it. But I have to file."

Twenty minutes later, we were in the newsroom. It was very quiet—a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lazy Saturday afternoon. The only stories breaking that day were the township funerals. There was nobody in the ghetto, which was where Maivha had phoned—everyone was still out in the field. Maivha went to work at a terminal, writing his story. I wandered over to the far side of the newsroom, where four white reporters and a black janitor were watching professional wrestling on television. Two fat blond men in skintight skivvies were throwing each other around, drawing loud laughter from the gang at the *Star*. I was disoriented. So this was the looking glass through which the black reporters darted back and forth every day.

The other black reporters began turning up—all hurrying to terminals and setting to work. Montshiwa Moroke had been in the township of Brits covering the funeral of a woman—the wife of a trade unionist—who had been killed in a firebombing. When I asked how it had been, he said, "Very powerful." The township, I later learned, had been sealed off by police. Moroke had got through the roadblocks by posing as an assistant to the driver of a delivery van.

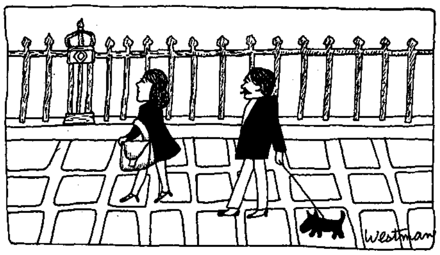
Phil Mtimkulu had covered the funeral of Diliza Matshoba, a field worker for the South African Council of Churches, who had been killed in a car accident (not murdered, as many rumors had it). When I asked how it had gone, Mtimkulu said, "Tutu did his thing. The foreign press was there. There were no incidents." Then he got down to writing. Newspapers around the world, including the *Star*, ran a photograph the next day of Bishop Desmond Tutu, tears streaming down his face, pleading with his fellow-blacks to stop killing one another.

Qwelane rushed into the newsroom. When he saw me, he said, "My God, I am glad I didn't let you go with me. There were bullets flying *everywhere*. It was a miracle no one was hit." He went to work. Within a few minutes, he had finished his piece and begun circulating among the desks of the other reporters. In the battle for space in the *Sunday Star*, Qwelane would end up having to combine most of the copy on the funerals into a single piece, led by his story, and then that piece would be printed only in the Africa edition, with just a short version of Phil Mtimkulu's piece on the Matshoba funeral making it into the main edition. It seemed scant reward for a lot of dangerous work by a lot of people.

"'THAT paper's irrelevant.' That's all you hear when you identify yourself as a *Star* reporter in the townships," Maud Motanyane told me. "People are far more critical of the press now than they ever were before." Community papers, even clandestine pamphlets and tracts—almost anything produced outside the white power structure—are more highly regarded, she said.

Phil Mtimkulu, who worked for years on a Soweto community newspaper, agreed, but registered a professional demurrer. "People *like* the community papers, but they don't *buy* them," he said. "They like to read the truth. They like stories that say the cops shot school kids when the cops shot school kids, and they don't want an overemphasis on official comment. But the papers that they *buy* are those that carry football and overseas news. If there is a big disaster in New Mexico, they want to know about it. And the *Star* is No. 1 for giving people news from all over the world. Of course, it may not please those who want a vehicle for the liberation struggle. We're always hearing, in social situations, that we're not being radical enough."

Indeed, there seems to be bitter agreement in black South Africa that the white papers don't take many risks in their opposition to the government—the way Tony Heard, the *Cape Times* editor, did in 1985, when he published an interview with Oliver Tambo, the president of the A.N.C., for which he was immediately charged with quoting a banned person. The failure of the white press to convey even the outlines of the political debates going on inside the resistance—despite the fact that since 1976 the center of gravity in South African politics has clearly shifted from the white arena to the black—is another point one hears made repeatedly by blacks, who believe, not without reason, that the outcome of those debates will crucially affect the country's future, and whose own lives are, in any case, already being shaped by the debates' fury and complexity.



But the difficulties of reporting on the resistance, a task that falls largely to black reporters, are daunting. Besides the danger of aiding the security forces in their harassment of their opponents—of providing what the black community considers "classified information"—the sensitivity of the resistance organizations to criticism is such that any black reporter who engages in it is likely to be accused of "assisting the system." And there is no shorter route to oblivion in black South Africa today. Moreover, every black reporter is in constant danger of becoming identified with one camp or another in the power struggles that rage inside the resistance.

The two main tendencies can be characterized as charterist and non-charterist. The charterists, who subscribe to the Freedom Charter, a broad statement of political goals and beliefs which was formally adopted by the A.N.C. in 1956, are represented by the U.D.F. aboveground and by the A.N.C. underground and in exile. The leading non-charterist groups are the Azanian People's Organization, or AZAPO, aboveground ("Azania" is their name for South Africa), and the Pan-Africanist Congress (P.A.C.), a breakaway element of the A.N.C. which was also outlawed in 1960, and also took up armed struggle, but has fared relatively poorly in exile and underground. The political orientation of AZAPO can be traced to the Black Consciousness movement, which arose in the late nineteen-sixties and flourished in the early nineteen-seventies before it was crushed by the state, in 1977. Some Black Consciousness activists went on to found AZAPO. The pivotal event in the recent history of South African resistance, however, was the launching—by a broad coalition of democratic forces, including former Black Consciousness activists—of the U.D.F., in 1983, as an umbrella group, which grew rapidly to include some seven hundred organizations with over a million members.

The political differences between the charterists and their opponents are slight—on paper. Both seek to replace white-minority rule with a nonracial democracy. Their main difference has to do with the issue of white participation in the liberation struggle. The charterists welcome whites; non-charterists argue that progressive whites should work in their own com-

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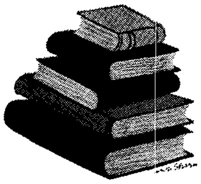
munities—that when they belong to organizations with blacks they dilute black determination and, because of their training and resources, nearly always take leading roles, so that the organizations merely reproduce the apartheid society. This was the epochal insight of the Black Consciousness movement, and for that reason non-charterists today are still often called "B.C." While the difference might seem no more than a tactical one, it encompasses the most emotional issues in South Africa, along with political antagonisms whose roots are often a generation or more deep.



AZAPO is a relatively small organization, lacking the mass base of the U.D.F., but its following among black students, professionals, and intellectuals is significant. AZAPO and the U.D.F. are both officially committed to nonviolent tactics, but their members are invariably caught up in the violence of township politics; in fact, the mayhem they were visiting upon each other while I was in South Africa was frightening. Although the charges are almost surely unfounded, the warring factions often accuse one another of "selling out" and of working with the police. Jon Qwelane describes the situation as "just a raw power struggle." (One American correspondent I know says, "It's the Sharks versus the Jets.") Bishop Tutu, recalling Moses' return from the mountain to find the Golden Calf, told me, "Even when people are striving for their liberation, you never find unanimity." The U.D.F.-AZAPO struggle reaches into every corner of township life. Because black politics does not involve voting, and the townships have so few resources, the political organizations—or "orgs," as everyone calls them—necessarily concentrate on controlling those resources. Funerals, football teams—even kindergartens—become the political battlefields. And at street level the fighting often lacks any ideological content.

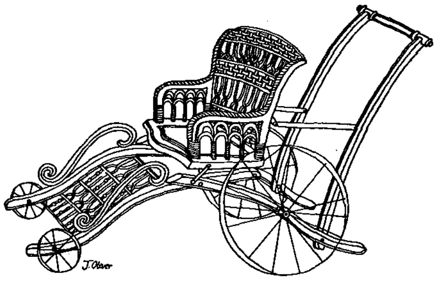
Black journalists must be very careful not to become identified with either faction. "The leaders may still be willing to talk to you—they want their story in," Mike Siluma told me. "But the activists don't care about that. If they know you're affiliated with their opponents, they may just take you out." Qwelane has faced this danger, particularly after he dared to criticize the Freedom Charter in a 1985 column; he has since had to go out of his way to cover the U.D.F. favorably and extensively, and is still widely thought of as pro-AZAPO. (The *Sowetan*, a white-owned daily paper edited by and directed toward blacks, has the same problem, on a larger scale. An editor there told me that the paper is not anti-U.D.F. but that the rumor that it is somehow got started, and became impossible to stop. Of the U.D.F. leaders, he said, "They've created their own little monsters, who say, '*Sowetan* is against the comrades,' or '*Sowetan* sends our photos to the police'—all these crazy things they just make up. Our staff is really in danger." The *Sowetan's* editors had made concessions to the U.D.F. leaders, such as agreeing to shift their labor reporter to another beat, but at the time I talked to them they hadn't noticed any lightening of the pressure. "These guys want to be the only bull in the kraal" was the best explanation that one of the editors could offer. And, in a dark moment, this editor said, "When they come to power, I just think they'll put the whole *Sowetan* staff against the wall and shoot them.")

I once spent an evening with a black journalist who was a former AZAPO official but was believed to have "gone over to the other side"—the U.D.F. He was in hiding at the time—staying illegally in a white suburb—after hearing that he was on a hit list maintained by an AZAPO student group in Soweto that is known for its ferocity toward "traitors." His wife and children were hiding somewhere in the countryside. He was still working as a reporter, but only in certain townships and neighborhoods; and the fear that poured off him, even on that easygoing evening in white Johannesburg, was absolutely palpable. This man was not a police informer, not a collaborator—just a deeply committed investigative journalist, and one whose politics had never seemed to me to be particularly pro-U.D.F.

Most of the pressure that the "orgs" put on black journalists is less deadly than this, and it is worth recalling that it is different not in kind but only in degree from what has gone on between reporters and community groups in South Africa for decades. Interest-group lobbying of journalists, for that matter, is universal. Still, a situation in which I found Mudini Maivha one afternoon in the newsroom struck me as peculiarly South African. He was sitting at his desk staring at a crumpled scrap of paper. I asked him what was up. "This young kid just came in here, telling me he was from the Vosloorus Civic Association," he said. "They've decided to call a consumer boycott and a rent boycott. This is their press statement. They want it released. But I've never heard of this group, so I made some phone calls, and discovered that the Vosloorus Civic Association closed up shop in 1983. So I asked him a few questions. Now, it seems that the meeting at which these resolutions were made was attended by a total of three people. This boy has no mandate. So I told him, 'You want me to help you impose these boycotts that the people of Vosloorus have not decided on. I won't do it.' After that, he threatened to denounce me as anti-U.D.F. I suppose this is really just a power play—to start a new Vosloorus Civic that will be automatically affiliated with the U.D.F. But that is how these organizations are now. If you make any investigation of their claims, they say, 'You are anti-us.' And we must take their threats seriously." Maivha peered unhappily at the scribbled "press statement." That evening, he said, he and some friends were scheduled to meet with some Soweto comrades about their threats against a journalist who had estimated the crowd at Diliza Matshoba's funeral at five thousand. It seemed that the comrades thought the crowd was larger. Maivha heaved a huge sigh, and said, "I suppose we must just put away our notebooks and come with pangas and kill each other."

In addition to overzealous comrades, there is, as Qwelane puts it, "a lawless element that preys on the struggle, especially now, when unemployment is so high and everybody is always looking for an angle." These are the "hoodlums"—the *tsotsis*, as they are known in the townships—whom the government has traditionally blamed for even the most clearly political violent black protest. In the present chaos, the tactics of criminals are sometimes spectacular in their cynicism. *Tsotsis* posing as comrades will go from house to house at night announcing a transport boycott, and then, when people are trudging across the fields to work the next morning, mug whole neighborhoods. *Tsotsis* often participate in attacks on township liquor stores. In black South Africa, liquor outlets are symbols of "the system," and torching them is a resistance ritual, but looting the stores before burning them down, and selling the liquor for personal gain, erases the political significance of such attacks. Opportunism of that sort is not regarded kindly by the comrades, and while I was in South Africa five "fake comrades" accused of running an extortion ring in Port Elizabeth were summarily burned to death.

This is all part of the "black-on-black violence" so often announced—contentedly, it sometimes seems—by Pretoria; and, in fact, during the time I spent in South Africa the death toll attributed to it was several times that which was attributed directly to the security forces. Most of the killing, however, was being done not by the comrades but by the vigilantes, who have often been linked to the police—and, in the province of Natal, linked to Chief Gatsha Buthelezi's paramilitary Zulu "cultural organization," Inkatha, which is, on its turf, the most feared group in black South Africa. (In early June, at least one Inkatha leader was actually boasting to the newspapers about all the U.D.F. supporters the group looked forward to killing.) The first journalist killed in action was, not surprisingly, hacked to death by right-wing vigilantes. George De'Ath, a thirty-four-year-old white South African free-lance cameraman working for British television, was covering the fighting between comrades and vigilantes near the Crossroads squatter camp, outside Cape Town, in early June of last year. When his sound man mistakenly addressed a group of vigilantes as *quabane*—"comrades"—they attacked the newsmen with pangas and axes, fatally wounding De'Ath. The vigilantes have nothing to gain from coöperating with any journalists except those of the government press, which has become increasingly open in its support of their rampages; the Afrikaans-language *Beeld*, for instance, recently editorialized, "Nobody can get a firmer grip on Black intimidators than their Black fellow-countrymen." The vigilantes, though many of them are illiterate, have come to understand that black journalists or foreign journalists—any journalists who are not with the security forces (reporters from the government press never enter the townships any other way)—are unlikely to report anything favorable about them. And they often have a great deal to hide: violent crimes, police payoffs. In most cases, they lack even a coherent leadership with any political case to make. Thus, to reporters the vigilantes have become the most dangerous faction of all. Still, they are a recent addition to the picture in the townships, and in most places represent no significant fraction of popular opinion (popular opinion has been moving rapidly leftward for many years in black South Africa); when black journalists refer to "the community," they mean the vast majority that wants to see an end to white-minority rule.



Black journalists talk constantly about their "responsibility to the community," and that responsibility is often conceived in opposition to—or, at least, in competition with—professional responsibility. Maud Motanyane told me, at a time when she was thinking of leaving the *Star*, "Even with the nine years that I've worked here, I don't feel a part of this establishment. I never could. Instead of having a commitment to my employer, I have a commitment to my community. I do a story because I see something that should be exposed rather than because I see that it would be a good story for the *Star*."

Qwelane echoed her feelings. "We started saying it in the seventies, and it is truer now than ever: We are black before we are journalists," he said. "Facts are sacred—we certainly have no need to exaggerate the situation—but the only journalism worth doing in our situation is crusading journalism, work that will help to advance our struggle."

Rex Gibson, the acting editor-in-chief of the *Star*, inadvertently gave me a glimpse of the gulf that separates white editors and black reporters when he described—with evident satisfaction—a recent meeting with his black reporters in which they had reaffirmed their commitment to "professional neutrality." I asked some of the black reporters on the *Star* about the meeting. None of them seemed to know what I was talking about. Finally, Phil Mtimkulu said, "Oh, that meeting when Gibson talked to us about objectivity. Yes." As it happened, I

had already heard virtually every one of the reporters make scathing remarks about objectivity in journalism. "Objectivity means reality as the editors see it," one said. Approaching the subject from a different angle, an editor at *New Nation*, a black-run, church-owned biweekly, told me, "The best thing about being on a black paper is not having to hear all that talk about objectivity."

A related benefit of being on a paper openly committed to the liberation struggle, he might have added, is the extra access that reporters are afforded to some sources in the townships. *New Nation*, in particular, is so closely tied to the U.D.F. that it is often the first paper to hear of developments within the resistance. Of course, the paper's ability to report critically—or, in some cases, even accurately—on the U.D.F. is correspondingly compromised. The more partisan elements of the black press, because of their clear attachment to a political program and their drive for power, are sometimes compared with the Afrikaans press prior to the whites-only election that brought the National Party to power on the platform of apartheid in 1948.

THE tension between journalism and activism felt by black reporters sometimes blows a fuse. When Bokwe Mafuna, who now lives in exile in Paris, was covering a student conference of the Black Consciousness movement in the northern Transvaal in 1972 for the *Rand Daily Mail*, the conference organizers warned journalists that anyone who referred to them in their stories as "Non-Whites" would be ejected. All references in Mafuna's copy to "blacks" were changed at the *Mail* to "Non-Whites," and he was duly thrown out. Mafuna quit his job on the spot. He drove the newspaper's car back to Johannesburg, followed by conference delegates in another car, and then returned with them to the conference as a delegate. Thereafter, he became a full-time activist.

Jon Qwelane, for his part, claims to shun politics. "But that doesn't mean I can't question what's going on around me," he says. "Because I'm a journalist, I don't belong to any political organization. But we can't help having our allegiances. Remember, white journalists can vote. We can't vote." Qwelane's allegiances emerge clearly in his conversation. I've heard him declare, on being pressed, "I believe irrevocably in African nationalism," and, on another occasion, "I believe in an Africanist Azania." Statements like these place Qwelane firmly in the non-charterist camp of the resistance. His father was a supporter of the P.A.C., and Qwelane—who, at the age of thirty-four, has been a reporter for fifteen years—grew up politically in the mid-nineteen-seventies, the heyday of Black Consciousness. On the key tactical question that divides the resistance, he echoed Steve Biko, the preeminent theorist of Black Consciousness, when he said to me, "I simply can't belong to the same political organization as whites. All they will do is dilute my efforts toward my own self-determination. This is not reverse racism. We can make common cause. But the struggle in South Africa really cannot be fought nonracially. Black kids are dying. White kids are not dying."

A surprising number of black journalists take the non-charterist line: surprising because non-charterist organizations have been dwarfed—and, in many areas, made marginal—by the mass popularity of the U.D.F. I've heard various explanations for this state of affairs. Bishop Tutu told me, "Black Consciousness is a very cerebral thing. You need to be very smart to see that being pro-black is not the same thing as being anti-white. So that has made B.C. always somewhat élitist in its appeal." A *Sowetan* editor said the opposite: "Black Consciousness speaks directly to the feelings of the people. A lot of comrades who claim to be U.D.F./A.N.C. actually speak a Black Consciousness language." Phil Mtimkulu traced the politics of many black journalists to their formative years in the B.C. era, and their frustration with the then closed white journalists' union, which led to the founding of a B.C.-oriented black journalists' union. That union orientation remains, at least in the Transvaal. Ameen Akhalwaya, a former Nieman Fellow at Harvard, who worked on the *Rand Daily Mail*, cited the bad experiences that most black journalists have had with white editors and what he called "the whole forked-tongue liberalism." And it does seem that black journalists, and particularly those on white papers, cannot help retaining a highly developed awareness of just how different—qualitatively different—their opposition to apartheid is from that of even the most sympathetic whites. Blacks who work in less constant proximity, or in a less complex relation, to white colleagues, or at less intellectual jobs—which is to say, the vast majority of blacks—may find it easier to believe in the efficacy of a "nonracial" approach to the freedom struggle.

And yet, paradoxically, Qwelane's

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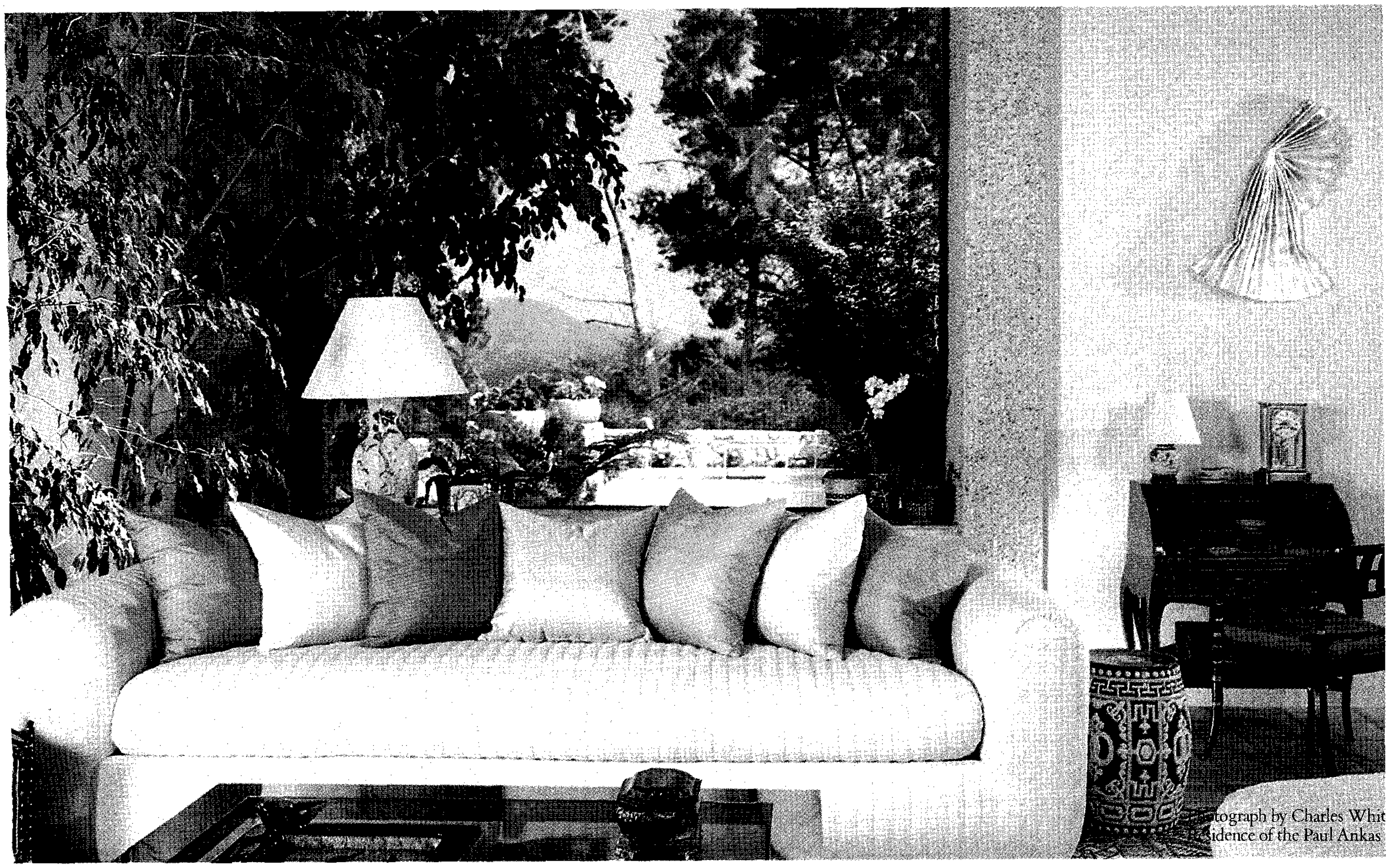

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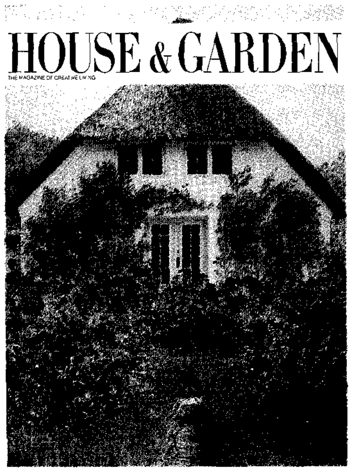

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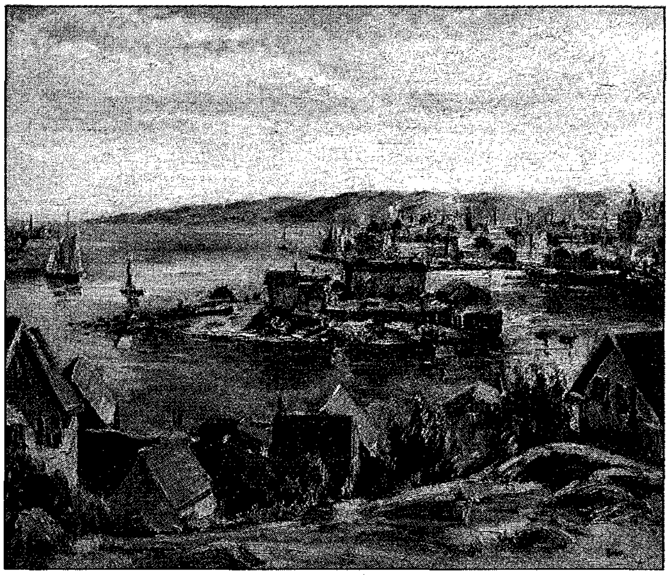

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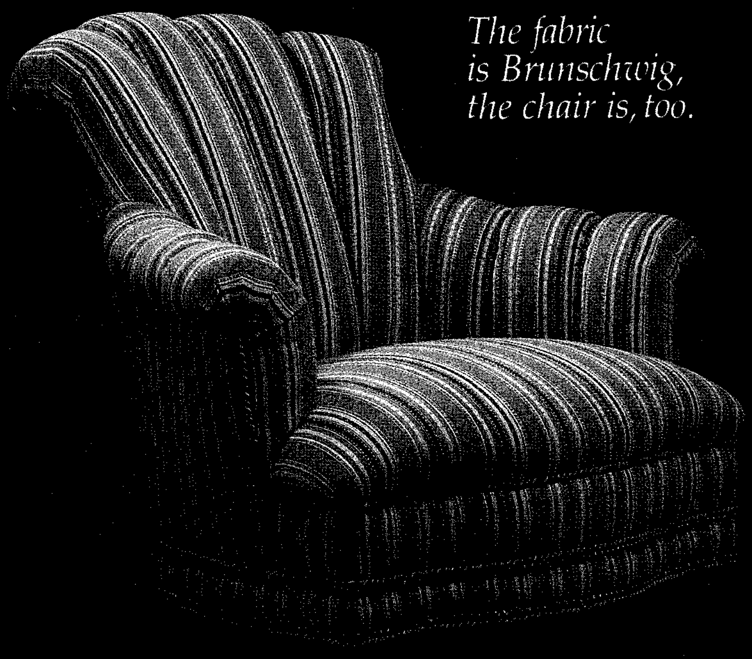

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relations with some of his white colleagues are exceptionally warm. The fact is that his politics are thoroughly idiosyncratic—even riddled with contradictions. He once defined for me the fundamental problems of liberation as "one, repossessing the land, and, two, self-determination for the African masses." By "repossessing the land," he said, he meant nationalizing agriculture. As for "the African masses," he said, "Everyone who owes allegiance to Africa will be African, regardless of race, creed, or color." On other occasions, however, I heard him talk about white South Africans as if they were foreign interlopers: "Would the French or the Germans let the Americans come in and take over their country and treat it as if it were their own? No, they would throw them out if they possibly could." And when I later asked him how he saw the nationalization of agriculture he said, "The farmers will still own the land, but the majority of the people will control it." Qwelane describes himself as a socialist, yet he seems uninterested in the elaborate ultra-leftism that characterizes most AZAPO spokesmen. (AZAPO is, on the whole, to the left of the U.D.F., and even of the A.N.C., despite the A.N.C.'s close alliance with the South African Communist Party.) At the same time, he is a Catholic and pledges allegiance to the current, conservative Pope. "The Pope is my spiritual leader," he told me one night as we sped down the highway after a long day's reporting. "His infallibility is part of our dogma, and, no matter what happens, I will die a Catholic."

What all this rather splendid ideological inconsistency amounts to, of course, is the politics of a natural-born writer. Qwelane is not fond of political rhetoric, not really comfortable with it; he clearly prefers more concrete language, a discourse of details and narrative. He tries to inhabit that unaffiliated territory in which a distinctive voice can be heard, an individual view developed. But the situation in South Africa affords a black writer little, if any, space for such individuality—even stylistically. I was struck by the response I got from a young white leftist when I told her, in answer to a question about what I was doing in South Africa, that I was, among other things, spending time with Qwelane. At that moment, we were standing around a sizzling barbecue on a sun-splashed lawn in a white suburb, and she said, with some surprise, "But he's so bourgeois." I knew exactly what she meant. Qwelane's writing, both in his columns and in his features, conveys a certain sensuality, a certain materialism, an implicit conviction that what most people really want in life is to be able to stand around a sizzling barbecue with friends on a peaceful, rolling lawn in the sunshine. All this is quite out of keeping with the austere and astringent vision that prevails increasingly in the resistance. The pressure to be grimly militant operates on all black journalists—I often thought I saw it working on the gang at the *Star*.

Yet this pressure can make honest writing problematic, to say the least. For instance, deploring in print some act of putatively revolutionary violence because it seems cruel or wanton or wrong may very well play as "reactionary" in the townships ("The comrades accuse us of 'coming with niceties,' " Qwelane told me), and so destroy a writer's reputation—even propel him into the outer darkness reserved for "counter-revolutionaries." Every black field reporter has seen terrible things. Maud Motanyane once witnessed, at very close range, the necklacing of a young woman accused of being a police informer. When she told me about it, a year later, her voice fell into a pained monotone. The worst part, she said, was the smell of burning flesh. It seemed to permeate her clothes. She could not sleep for days after the incident, and even now she could not forget the smell. She had rushed back to the newsroom from the scene and knocked out a story on deadline, but her byline was not printed—partly because what she wrote made it clear that she was skeptical about the murdered woman's having been an informer. At one time or another, most black reporters have seen the brutal enforcement of boycotts by young activists: old women found with goods bought in defiance of a consumer boycott being forced to drink cooking oil or eat laundry soap. Most black reporters have seen angry crowds on the warpath. How to write about "the community" then?

"Ungovernability" has been a strategic concept in A.N.C. policy statements for many years; since the current uprising began, in September, 1984, it has become a grass-roots political rallying cry. And it is in the areas where black journalists primarily work—the townships—that the goal of making the country ungovernable has been most nearly reached. This, of course, is what makes their job so dangerous. And yet I have heard more than one black journalist proclaim ungovernability to be a good and worthy resistance strategy, "considering the alternatives available to us." At the same time, it is clearly very difficult to write—particularly for a white-owned, white-read newspaper—about a chaotic situation, about violence in which the political content may sometimes be negligible (mob rule, old scores being bloodily settled), in a way that does not at least imply disapproval of the forces of lawlessness. This is the razor's edge that black journalists are standing on. The pressure on them not to offend the comrades or the "orgs" is immense; Qwelane says, "We are trying to do a good job in a bad time, but the truth is we are all thoroughly intimidated."

These tensions undoubtedly help fuel the resentment of black reporters against the editing that their copy receives. "When we are witnesses to police excesses, and the community knows what we have seen, we are expected to come back here and fulfill our role," Qwelane said. "Then,

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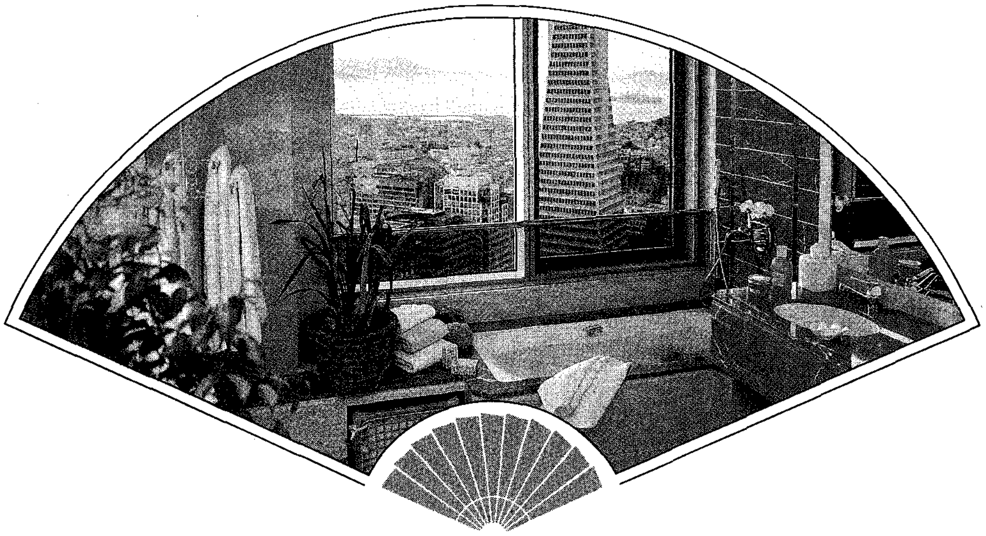

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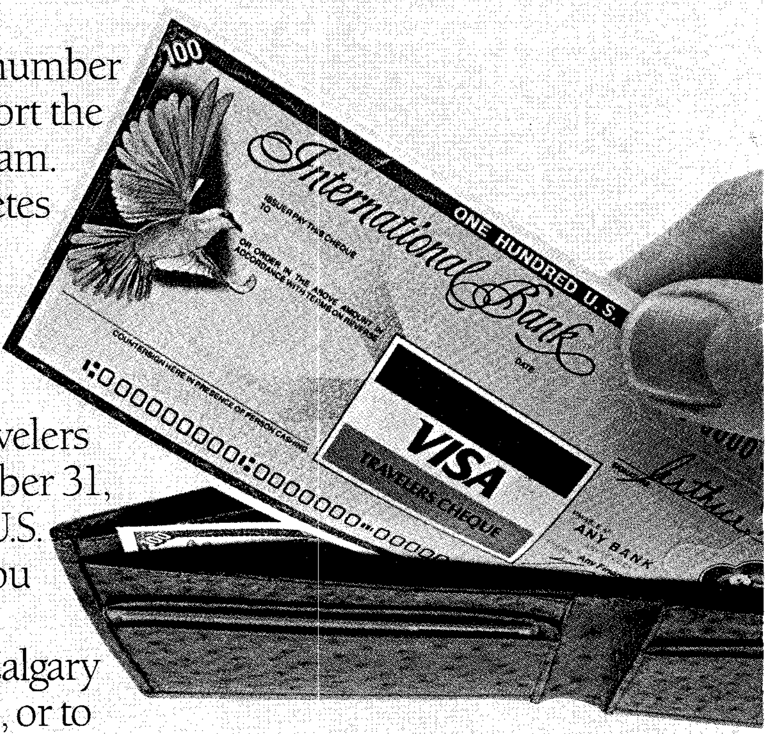

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when our stories are questioned, and not printed, or the police version of events is given prominence, our credibility is devastated." Qwelane told me about an incident in Katlehong—a police attack on a funeral in which one person was killed and fourteen were injured. He saw the whole thing, even managed to get the names of all the victims, and wrote the story. But it appeared alongside a police version of the same incident, in which a mob was stoning a liquor store, tear gas was used, and no one was injured. "The people of Katlehong were furious," Qwelane said quietly. "If we don't emphatically expose what everyone knows these guys are doing, how can we expect the people to trust us?"

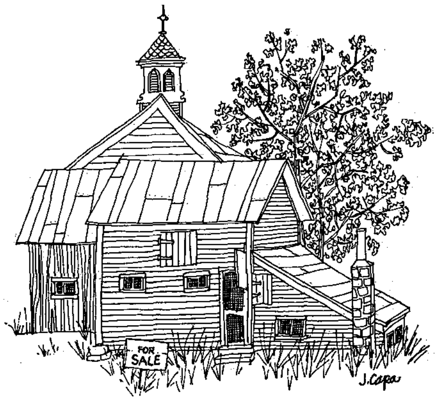
Stories that come from sources are at least as chancy as eyewitness reports. Mike Siluma explained, "People give you information because they think it's important. But if it comes out on page twenty, because that's where the chief subeditor decided to put it, the people think you're not taking them seriously. They don't understand what happens here. So you're in constant danger of being attacked in the townships for what your newspaper does." Against attacks that may become more than verbal, there is almost nothing reporters can do. Police protection is not an option, Siluma said. "That would be the kiss of death."

Besides all this extraordinary stress—being caught, as Rex Gibson puts it, "between the hammer and the anvil," trying to maintain some degree of intellectual and professional independence in a time of mass revolutionary action—black reporters must try to conserve their integrity in conventional ways. I once overheard Alf Kumalo invite Qwelane to a soccer match for which he had been given tickets by a bank executive. Qwelane sighed, then said, "No, thanks. I don't like to be in anybody's debt. If he embezzles funds, I can't write the story."

THE most remarkable thing about the black reporters I came to know in Johannesburg was their continuing outrage. They understand only too well that the maintenance of white-minority rule requires endless brutality, and yet they seemed shocked and infuriated by each new instance of official violence. Qwelane told me, "If an activist's house gets attacked by police, people just say, 'Well, that's the system.' But the police *shouldn't* be doing that. We *can't* just take it for granted." The values that underlie this outrage may or may not be "bourgeois," but they surely fly in the face of the revolutionary's cold-eyed understanding of class struggle—and they dilute, too, some of the hard-bitten cynicism for which newspaper reporters, and especially those who cover the activities of the police, are everywhere known. These values also fly in the face of the idea, long held as gospel throughout the resistance, that South African society is totally and terminally "abnormal." Instead, they assume a social fabric, a social contract, that includes due process and fundamental decency. This can seem, under the apartheid circumstances, wildly naïve, but the fact is that black journalists are in this respect only typical of black people generally.

Most blacks with any degree of political awareness probably agree with the basic characterization of the English-language press as a "veneer of democracy" which only helps legitimatize the system. Certainly mainstream opposition papers, like the *Star*, seem to provide many white readers not so much with hard news or clear understanding as with the illusion of an open society—an illusion that few blacks share. Blacks know that the real problem is not the authorities' breaking the laws but the laws themselves. The South African state is, as someone recently wrote of the K.G.B., "utterly repressive even when it operates in a perfectly legal way." And yet blacks buy the white liberal newspapers, and they read them not just for the football results and the international news but for the political news, the latest "unrest" details. And they shake their heads, cluck their tongues, and murmur "Shame!" over the unending reports of repression and massacre.

What this suggests is that at least the *idea* of normality, of a civil society, is really too profound for most people to discard wholesale. A clear comprehension of the state's fundamental illegitimacy, even an ardent belief in the need for a revolution, may form the basis of some conscious attitudes, but it gets left out of others. Journalists know that the problem is, at bottom, the country's laws, and yet they struggle endlessly to expose the government's violations of those laws. And this is how the South African revolution proceeds. There are a few trained guerrillas inside the country, who embody an opposition to the system which is absolute and, in that sense, simple, but most of the millions of South Africans who are fighting to overthrow the government have jobs, rents, mortgages, families. They live and function in society, and their relationship to it, psychological as well as material, is inescapably complex. To reject it utterly, at all points and all times, would be not just terrifying but impossible.



The role of black journalists is, in its ambiguity, paradigmatic. And the fact is that in the black community the standing of reporters remains generally high. Qwelane's face has become well known since his photograph began running next to his byline on his Sunday column, "Just Jon." As a result, strangers are constantly offering him lifts when they see him at the side of the road (they call him by name: "Come on, Jon, get in"), or dragging him into shebeens, eager to know the man who speaks so candidly for the black man in the street. Alf Kumalo has the same problem. He has worked in journalism since the nineteen-fifties, and his face—salt-and-pepper mustache, big, gentle eyes, shining brown pate—was featured for years in a magazine advertisement for a photography school. Walking with Alf in Soweto is like walking with Keith Hernandez in Manhattan.

All this may change, of course, as the fighting in the townships goes on. Already, one hears young activists referred to as "the Year Zero children," after Pol Pot's fanatical child fighters in Cambodia. And a mentality reminiscent of the Khmer Rouge does reveal itself in the mutterings of some comrades against blacks whom they consider "middle class," and thus inherently counter-revolutionary. If this kind of thinking ever becomes widespread, black journalists will be in an even trickier position than they are today, for they are exceptionally well educated and well paid by the standards of black South Africa. "As it

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stands," Phil Mtimkulu told me, "so long as you live in Soweto, and you drink in the shebeen, your kids go to the local schools, and you identify with the people's problems, people don't resent you. If you're up in the clouds, of course, they may begin to resent you."

None of the black reporters I came to know seemed up in the clouds as they dashed around the Witwatersrand, dodging bullets, inhaling tear gas, and trying to get the goods on the government. But the space for vigorous reporting is constantly narrowing, and I was curious about what journalists, blacks and whites, thought of the prospects for a free and independent press in a future South Africa—in, specifically, a black-ruled South Africa. Asking around produced a stark pattern of response. Whites, even strong supporters of the U.D.F., were pessimistic. Pat Sidley, the head of the white journalists' union, told me, "The idea of a free press has hardly penetrated the black community here. The government has seen to that." Others, making the same point, tended to blame, besides the government, the press itself—for alienating blacks with racist, condescending "Africa" editions, for failing to defy the government sufficiently, for failing to publish enough of the truth, and for failing to really support the freedom struggle. Denis Beckett, the editor of a nonaligned magazine called *Frontline*, said ruefully, "Our South African idea of freedom is the freedom to shut down the other fellow's freedom." Gavin Stewart, a professor of journalism at Rhodes University, in Grahamstown, pictured a historical pendulum. "The perception inside the resistance will probably be that the press was not fair before the revolution, and there will be a getting-even process."

Most black journalists, on the other hand, seemed truly optimistic. Joe Thloloe, an editor at the *Sowetan* who has spent much of his career in jail, claimed not to be worried about the outlook for newspapers in a majority-ruled South Africa, despite the forebodings of some of his colleagues about what the A.N.C. may do with them after the revolution. "As the struggle intensifies, people will see the need for full information, for a reliable press, for something wider than mere propaganda sheets," he said to me. "It's all part of the growing pains." Oliver Tambo recently assured the world that there would be a free press in an A.N.C.-ruled South Africa—which would make the country unique in present-day Africa. But Zwelakhe Sisulu, the editor of *New Nation*, perhaps suggested a more accurate picture of such a future when he told me, "If you take the right stance now, and side with the people in their liberation struggle, you will be in a strong position afterward. We will be able to point to our record and demand our rights as a free press in a liberated South Africa."

MY ability to observe black reporters going about their work was limited. My being with them slowed them down. Worse, it endangered them. Above all, my presence distorted situations—at times to comic effect. Once, Mudini Maivha and Herbert Mabuza were trying to talk their way into a hospital to interview a shooting victim. It was a hospital for blacks, but the head of hospital security was a young, quite dense white guy, and he insisted on dealing with me, rather than with Maivha or Mabuza. The only problem was that I never said a word, so he wasn't sure whether I spoke English or Afrikaans. He kept switching back and forth between the two, addressing me half the time as "sir," half the time as "*meneer*," and all the while regarding me, as Mabuza later put it, "like a puzzled puppy." It was uncomfortable and embarrassing, and we never did get into the hospital, but Maivha and Mabuza laughed about it afterward, and Mabuza later cracked up the reporters in the ghetto with a wonderful imitation of the guard. What I had really wanted, of course, was to see what would have happened at the hospital if I hadn't been there.

The situation made me grateful for night assignments, when much of the unwelcome attention we got in the townships because of my being along disappeared. Under cover of darkness, I could feel invisible as we bumped along through the acrid waves of coal smoke, past the endless little houses with their windows lit yellow by kerosene lamps, and asked directions of the dark shapes in the street. I remember one night in Mamelodi—a huge township near Pretoria—looking for a house where a man and his sister had been murdered. Our search took us to a series of parties where *mbaqanga* bands played in the yards, people danced and laughed, and the smell of roasting meat overcame the smell of coal smoke. The murdered man had been a Bantustan politician, but he was from far-off KaNgwane, on the Swaziland border, and his death seemed to have little local political significance. The people at the parties were also involved in Bantustan administration, and that helped explain the conventional gaiety of these parties—a gaiety quite out of keeping with the prevailing atmosphere in South African urban townships. It was almost possible, that night in Mamelodi, to imagine we were covering the news in any Third World country, where the mixture of poverty and politics, custom and conflict remained at a bearable temperature—a temperature far below that of black South Africa. This got harder to do when we finally found the dead man's house and were sitting in the bedroom with his three daughters, photographing bullet fragments they had pried from the walls and realizing that the shootings had been not the result of some rural feud but a professional assassination, carried out with an AK-47. In fact, the political atmosphere in Mamelodi had been sombre since the day, a few months earlier, when security forces unaccountably opened fire on a crowd composed largely of elderly women who were marching, with police permission, to the local administration office to protest the continued presence of troops in the townships. At least thirteen people had been killed, and many more maimed or wounded.

One thing that was always easy to see when I was hanging around with the *Star's* black reporters, however, was their seriousness about their work. In the late afternoon, long after the last edition had closed, when the newsroom at large was silent and empty, the ghetto still buzzed with activity: telephones ringing, keyboards clacking, terminals glowing, people talking in half a dozen languages, reporters coming and going. When things finally did slow down, people often lingered, waiting for that last source or interviewee to call, or for somebody to return from the field so that they might travel home to Soweto together. The unwinding that blacks couldn't enjoy at a Johannesburg pub would take place then, as the reporters relaxed, joked, told stories. One day, Maud Motanyane recalled a funeral that she had gone to cover with Alf Kumalo and another reporter. A child had been killed. The press was barred from the township, so the three of them went in on foot. They reached the house of mourning, and while they were inside interviewing the bereaved family the police barged in. "I just grabbed a blanket and pulled it around me, pretending to be a mourner," Maud said. "We all pretended to be family members. But then I looked down and realized that I was wearing *red boots*. What a dreadful color to wear to a funeral! The cops were demanding to see the mother of the child who had been killed. They were trying to force the family to bury the child on that day. But the grandmother took over, and she was wonderful. She told them that her daughter had left. 'She disappeared when you teargassed the house at night,' she said. 'And we will not bury this child until she returns.' The cops didn't know what to do with her. Finally, they just left, without saying a word to us. But I tell you, I haven't worn those boots to work again."

On another occasion, Alf Kumalo told a story whose moral, which emerged from a series of slapstick episodes involving the police, concerned the wisdom of wearing a traditional loose African shirt with big waist-level pockets in front: "Because that shirt can really come in handy. When the cops demand your film, you just brace your camera against your belly, and start fumbling all around to remove the film. If you're clever, you should be able to drop the exposed roll into your pocket, and snatch out a blank one. That's what I did with those cops, and they never suspected a thing. I gave them the blank film, they released me, and I got out of there. I just hope they never saw the pictures we printed."

Alf's listeners cackled approvingly. Outfoxing the police is the Lord's work. Once, Alf Kumalo, Qwelane, and I had attended a meeting—billed as a "tea party," to avoid a ban on meetings—of the Detainees' Parents Support Committee in a church basement in downtown Johannesburg. When Kumalo and Qwelane left to get their story in, Qwelane spotted a car parked across the street with two white men inside it. "Those are cops," he said. He pointed them out to Kumalo, and one of the policemen immediately jumped from the car and started toward them. Qwelane—who has been deaf in one ear ever since he received a brutal beating from two off-duty white policemen in 1978—and Kumalo ran down an alley, with the cop in pursuit, and into the lobby of the Johannesburg Sun, a busy new international hotel. Kumalo quickly unloaded his camera and passed off the film to a young white reporter who happened to be in the hotel lobby. He and Qwelane assumed that it was the film the police wanted.

"They want to know who was at the meeting," Qwelane explained to me later. "If they get the film, they can take it and develop it and identify one of the people in the crowd from their files, or from their familiarity with activists. Then they go find him, and they beat him up until he names some of the other people in the photos. Then they go to them, beat them up, and get some more names, and in this way they make a sweep. If they can do it from our photos, they don't have to bother with infiltrating the meeting themselves and trying to photograph everyone there, or with the bad publicity they get if they raid the meeting with all those foreign film crews there. This way, it's all done at night, in the ghetto. We must be careful about which photos we print, for reasons that are obvious, but we must also be careful about what happens to the pictures we take and don't print. That's why the comrades are so sensitive about having their pictures taken at all."

Qwelane and Kumalo waited in the hotel lobby, and the policeman loitered outside, obviously reluctant to pursue them in front of the many tourists and foreign businessmen present. Eventually, with the film long since delivered to the *Star*, the cop gave up. But the police did not abandon their stakeout. About an hour later, two blocks from the church, where the "tea party" was still in progress, I was in a car with Qwelane, stopped at a light, and he said, without looking up from the cigarette he was lighting, "That's a cop." He nodded, almost imperceptibly, toward a muscle-bound young white man wearing jeans and a denim jacket who was lounging against a nearby wall and staring fixedly back at the church. "He's been there for two hours. He hasn't moved a muscle. Look, he doesn't even notice those two

pretty girls walking past. That bulge in his jacket is a two-way radio. The shorter bulge on the other side is a gun."

The stoplight changed.

I accelerated.

Qwelane chuckled. "Ye-e-e-es," he said.

DATES, commemorations, provide a focus for a mass political movement, a pivot on which events may turn. Since 1976, the single most heavily charged date on the South African resistance calendar has been June 16th, the day that Soweto schoolchildren marched to protest their inferior education, the police opened fire on the marchers, and the ten-month national uprising known simply as Soweto began. Vigils, marches, strikes, riots, and fierce repression have marked the day every year since. The tenth anniversary of the uprising promised to be an unprecedented confrontation. During the first week of June, the government announced a ban on all commemorations of the date, but the U.D.F., AZAPO, and the black trade unions continued to call for a general strike, Bishop Tutu and others urged churches to defy the ban, and investors showed their foreboding in the form of a slide in the value of the rand below the psychologically important plateau of forty American cents. Only three months before, a seven-month limited state of emergency had been lifted. Just the same, journalists and activists began to anticipate a preëmptive blow from the government. Percy Qoboza, who is the editor of *City Press*, the largest-circulation black newspaper in South Africa, and who was once jailed for five months without charges after the authorities closed another paper he edited, told me on June 3rd, "All people who are opposed to this government are busy packing their pajamas."

Nine days later, President P. W. Botha informed Parliament that "the Government possesses intelligence regarding plans which have been made by radical and revolutionary elements for the coming days," and a nationwide state of emergency was declared, featuring drastic new restrictions on the press, sweeping new powers for the security forces, and the arbitrary imprisonment of thousands.

Jon Qwelane went to work before dawn on June 12th, running down a tip about raids on the homes of community leaders in the West Rand. Finding that most of his contacts in the area had disappeared, he decided that the story couldn't wait till Sunday, and phoned the *Star* newsroom to give it to the daily. "The first thing they said was 'Is it more detentions?' That was when I knew," he told me later. The state of emergency was announced at noon, twelve hours after it had come into force. When I heard the news and called Qwelane, he said, "These guys never learn."

That afternoon, as the long and growing list of suspected detainees was coming off the wire in the newsroom—the Late Final had run a preliminary list of several hundred names—the phone rang, Qwelane answered, and I watched him start scribbling. What he wrote was: "13(D) of Emergency Regulations effectively prohibits publication of names or identification of anyone detained or arrested in terms of emergency regulations or in terms of Public Safety Act of 1953, without official permission." It seemed that the emergency regulations had just been published in the *Government Gazette*. At a terminal, a young white reporter was toiling over the *Star's* swelling list of the disappeared, eliminating repetitions, correcting misspellings. She was punch-drunk and giggling after several hours at the task. Qwelane relayed the news he had just received. She stared at him, seeming not to comprehend. "But we *should* publish the names," she said.

"That's the spirit," Qwelane said wearily.

Alf Kumalo, Herbert Mabuza, Mudini Maivha, Montshiwa Moroke, and Phil Mtimkulu were scanning the long sheets of computer paper coming off the wire. On the lists were students, teachers, priests, professors, trade unionists, community leaders, white anti-conscription activists, even the elderly mother of an executed guerrilla—it was unhinging to think of all the brutality and terror represented by that spidery, alphabetized readout. And the black reporters knew personally a great many of the people who had been picked up. They whistled, muttered curses, and shook their heads: "Look, they got the whole *family*." There were nervous jokes about which one of them would go first. "See you in Sun City," Mabuza kept saying, meaning Johannesburg Prison. Qwelane, meanwhile, had gone to work on a new Sunday column; the one he had already filed was obviously obsolete.

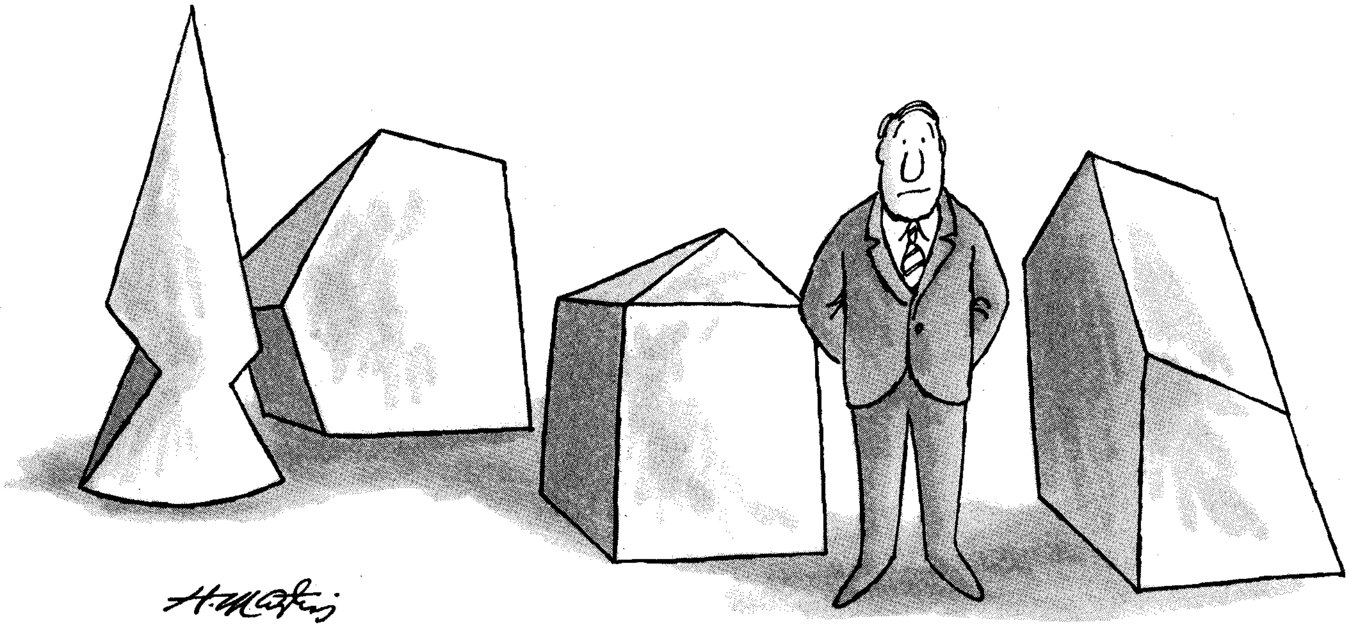
Then word came down from the news desk of the *Sunday Star*—this was a Thursday—that the editors wanted a lead story under the head "BLACK LEADERS APPEAL FOR CALM." Qwelane went into a fast burn. "That's an insult," he said. "That's kicking a man when he's down." He waved a hand angrily toward the cascading list of detainees. "How are we supposed to preach peace when we are under this kind of attack? How do they think *we* feel on a day like this? I won't do it." Qwelane grabbed a ringing phone, listened for a moment, suddenly stopped glowering, broke into a rich laugh, and said, "Hey, bo. What emergency?" But when he hung up he looked upset again. He stood, wrapped a long blue muffler around his throat, and murmured to me, "I've got to meet someone on the run. If Phil asks, I went to the library to get a book and I'll be right back."

A call came from the daily news desk for Mtimkulu. He scribbled some notes, hung up, and turned to his reporters. They were still studying the list of detainees—which was now being yanked from all future editions, in accordance with the newly published regulations. Mtimkulu announced, with scorching dryness, "They want the shebeen reaction to the state of emergency."

No one said anything.

Mtimkulu waited a moment. "O.K., I'll do it myself."

As he collected his things, I asked him how he would approach the story. He sighed. "I'll be subtle," he said. "I'll go to a shebeen where they don't know me, order a beer, and say, 'Hey, what's been happening today?' People will say, 'Oh, England won.' They'll just talk about soccer. Maybe they'll get around to the state of emergency, maybe they won't. I can't bring it up, though, just like that—people would suspect I was an informer. But, really, this is the kind of



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story you can write in bed at home."

He left for Soweto. The other reporters hung around. It was the first time I had seen them, either as individuals or as a group, look aimless. The state of emergency seemed to have sent some of them into shock. Their beats, the stories they lived for, a major portion of South African reality, had just been erased by the stroke of some white politician's pen. Many of their friends and nearly all their contacts were suddenly in jail or in hiding. The rest of the newsroom was emptying, the day's work done. In the sports department, across the low partition, two old racing writers tapped out their pipes, straightened the stacks of Transvaal Computaform racing forms, packed their briefcases, and departed. It was as if the only part of the newsroom placed under the chill of the emergency were the ghetto.

The regulations outlawed the filming or photographing of the security forces in action or of "any public disturbance, disorder, riot, public violence, strike or boycott, or any damaging of any property, or any assault on or killing of a person." They also outlawed the printing of any "subversive statement," for which they provided an extremely broad definition. It included any statement "calculated to have the effect or . . . likely to have the effect . . . of inciting the public . . . to resist or oppose the Government"—such as a call to strike, demonstrate, question conscription, "take part in . . . any boycott action," support disinvestment or sanctions, or practice civil disobedience—and any statement that might conceivably weaken "the confidence of the public . . . in the termination of the state of emergency" or promote "any object of any organization which has, under any law, been declared to be an unlawful organization." Since a large number of outlawed organizations had among their goals a democratic South Africa, it was now apparently illegal even to "utter," much less publish, possess, display, or disseminate, statements advocating democracy.

Under the emergency, press coverage of unrest would be effectively restricted to items released by a newly established Bureau for Information, in Pretoria, all of whose "information" would first be vetted by the security forces. The security forces themselves—the police, the Army, railway police, and prison officers, collectively referred to in the regulations as "the Force"—were indemnified against all civil and criminal liability arising from their actions. And this was perhaps the heart of the matter. Police and Army beatings, killings, arrests, torture were now beyond the purview of the courts (let alone of the press). The security forces were empowered to close businesses, impose curfews, and seal off areas to nonresidents—and one of the first areas to be sealed off was Soweto. There were provisions for the seizure of publications, and page after page of regulations concerning detainees. It was decreed that, without the specific authorization of the Police Commissioner, detainees could not have visitors, write or receive letters, or be given bedding or food parcels. The only reading matter they would be allowed was "the Bible or any other Holy Book of religion." A long list of "disciplinary contraventions" for detainees was published, setting punishments for such offenses as singing, whistling, being a nuisance, causing discontent among fellow-prisoners, being insolent or disrespectful toward a member of "the Force," and giving false replies under interrogation—punishments that included fines, "strokes," solitary confinement, and "dietary punishment." What legalistic compulsion drove the regime to publish these jailhouse details? Perhaps it was simply a desire to suggest that rules obtained inside the prisons—that the widely held suspicion that the real situation inside them was one of sadistic mayhem was a slander perpetrated by revolutionaries and their allies in the press. In any event, those voices were now silenced. Even the names of detainees had become "subversive statements."

Opposition editors warned readers that their papers were being censored—stories in the *Star* on sensitive subjects carried at the bottom a large "X" beside the message "Report Restricted"—and emphasized the point that the most insidious censorship was self-censorship, which, they said, was being widely practiced. Opposition papers took to leaving blank spaces in the

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middle of stories to indicate censored material. One *Star* headline, "SOMETHING HAPPENS AT RESIDENCE," was followed by the lead "Something happened at the University of the Witwatersrand residence in Soweto in the early hours of Sunday morning," and that was followed by a blank space. (The unreported event was a police raid and the detention of a number of students and teachers.) But the government soon decided that blank spaces were "subversive," whereupon the *Sowetan* announced, "We will now fill the spaces with the most innocuous of writings." Mock-serious essays about potatoes and about petty disputes in the Bantustan assemblies followed.

The short-term purpose of the crackdown was to prevent a general insurrection on June 16th, and also to check the rise of the white parties on the government's right, which had been getting great political mileage out of charges that the government of P. W. Botha was soft on black dissent. The long-term goal, which became more and more obvious as the number of detentions rose—to ten thousand, then, as the months passed, to twenty thousand—was to break the momentum that black resistance had gained over the past two or three years. The main targets were the township "civic associations," which had become the "alternative structures" in many areas where the government-created council system had been destroyed. "Civics" affiliated with the U.D.F. were being hit especially hard. The U.D.F. itself was difficult to ban, since it had a loose, decentralized structure, but its local and national leadership could certainly be neutralized, and many of its alternative structures destroyed, by a prolonged siege of police terror. Of course, none of this was new in South Africa, except in degree and in details. What was new was the unprecedented restrictions on the press, both local and foreign. The government's claim that it permitted "the freest press in Africa" had been decisively forfeited. The Foreign Correspondents' Association of South Africa announced that its members were "now subject to probably the most severe censorship applied to foreign journalists anywhere in the world."

The Afrikaans press applauded the imposition of the state of emergency. *Die Vaderland* observed, "It is our opinion that the announcement of a state of emergency is not only justified by the expected events, but it is in fact essential." Several Nationalist editors alleged that the emergency had been, as *Beeld* put it, "declared chiefly to protect Black moderates from Black radicals." At the same time, the government press showed an understanding of black life which roughly corresponded to the number of black reporters it employed. *Die Transvaler*, for instance, stated, "The emergency measures will not make a jot of difference in the daily lives of law-abiding South Africans." The paper was apparently unaware of such inconveniences as the Army roadblocks that had been thrown up around many townships, including Soweto, where the interrogations and vehicle searches were causing huge traffic backups, making law-abiding people hours late for work.

WHEN word reached the *Star* newsroom, on the day after the announcement of the emergency, that that day's editions of the *Sowetan* and the *Weekly Mail* (a small but influential paper run by left-wing white journalists) had been banned, the mood in the ghetto was dismal indeed. Qwelane turned off his monitor and sat, shoulders sagging, staring into space. Finally, he said, "I feel defeated. How can you try to write something sensible in a situation of senselessness? *This* is the time to cry for the beloved country. We are ruled by imbeciles. They are playing marbles with our country. I don't want to write anything. I can't find the words."

Phil Mtimkulu had called a meeting the previous afternoon to discuss how the black reporters would cover events on June 16th. The plan was to have people in each of the major townships at least a day in advance, in case the security forces sealed some areas completely; to work on foot, probably incognito; to phone in every hour, if possible; and to return to town the following day. Even if the paper could not publish the stories they collected, the reporters would at least have some idea of what was happening. So they were making arrangements for places to stay. Mudini Maivha would be going into Alexandra over the weekend—the sixteenth was a Monday—and staying at the home of a friend. Mtimkulu himself would be covering the Vaal Triangle. Maud Motanyane would be in KwaThema. Mike Tissong would be in Eldorado Park. Montshiwa Moroke and Mike Siluma would be in Soweto. The *Star* management had surprised its township reporters by issuing each of them a safe-conduct. Dated June 16, 1986, and addressed "To Whom It May Concern," the letter, written on *Star*-letterhead stationery and signed by the paper's general manager, confirmed that its bearer was a *Star* employee and asked that he or she be allowed to proceed unhindered. It quoted from a joint statement issued on June 2nd by three leading resistance organizations—the U.D.F., the Congress of South African Trade Unions, and the National Education Crisis Committee—as follows: "All freedom-loving South Africans will abstain from any form of work to participate in June 16 activities in all areas. This will, of course, exclude nurses, doctors and journalists." I found this letter extraordinary: an acknowledgment by the *Star* management that the resistance constituted an authority in some ways more powerful than the state. But the *Star's* black reporters did not share my amazement. They read the letters, laughed humorlessly, and threw them in the wastebasket.

Qwelane was working hard—fighting off the listlessness that threatened to engulf him and the other reporters under the new restrictions. He had written a long feature about 1976 and two strong columns—one an open letter to P. W. Botha denouncing the emergency, the other recounting a conversation with a friend in which each sought to find out the other's plans for the June 16th work stoppage without uttering a subversive statement. (" 'Will you be travelling by taxi to work tomorrow morning?' 'No, and you?' I retorted. 'No,' he said. 'Well, what are you going to use? A bus or a train?' I asked. 'Nothing of the sort,' he replied. 'But you surely won't walk the distance, will you?' I ventured. 'No,' he said, with a ring of defiance in his voice. The picture was becoming clearer.") Qwelane and Alf Kumalo had come up with a story for the *Sunday Star* which they enjoined me to keep to myself, so that the people on the daily wouldn't grab it. It was an interview with the sister of Hector Petersen, the thirteen-year-old martyr of the 1976 uprising. Kumalo had already been to the place where she worked. "Her employer's friendly," he reported. "He gives you coffee, and he says she can say *anything she likes*." He and Qwelane were excited about it.

Qwelane refused to write a "BLACK LEADERS APPEAL FOR CALM" piece, and the editors acknowledged the problem in the *Sunday Star's* lead editorial, writing, "We earnestly appeal for calm, even though the emergency seems to mock the appeal." The anniversary stayaway, despite the government's attempts to undermine it, was a major success: two million black workers boycotted their jobs, leaving the cities deserted and the economy paralyzed. But no great confrontation occurred—at least, none that anyone seemed to know about. It was very hard to get information. Journalists were banned from the townships. (The *Star* reporters were already inside the townships, but they were unable to move around freely, because of the heavy police presence, and they gathered little news.) Telephone service from all the major townships suddenly and inexplicably went dead on the sixteenth. The only phones working, it seemed, were those in the township police stations. (At a Bureau for Information briefing, the government's explanation that this magnificent coincidence was due to "technical problems" met with stunned silence. When the government spokesman added that similar power problems had occurred in New York City, an American reporter remarked that the New York power failures had affected both black and white homes.) The security forces, bolstered by a vast call-up of soldiers, patrolled the empty township streets in their Hippos. Pamphlets warning people to stay indoors were dropped from airplanes, and loudspeakers mounted on the airplanes boomed the same warning down at residents—all this on what the government was insisting was "a normal working day." There were violent incidents—the Bureau for Information reported the next day that eleven people had been killed, four by security forces in the eastern Cape, the others in "black-on-black violence"—but the general situation seemed to be as the *Star* editors had hoped: "calm." The "devil's plan" that the government claimed to have uncovered for resistance on June 16th—ten thousand arsonists marching from KwaThema on the government buildings in Pretoria, for instance—had been rank fantasy. But whatever activities the resistance *had* planned—beyond the stayaway—were, it was clear, decisively cancelled by the repression.

I got up early on the sixteenth and tried to find some news on the radio. Finally, at seven-forty-five, I heard, "And a special report this morning," and turned up the volume. The announcer continued, "We'll be investigating the controversy surrounding weight loss in jockeys." I ended up going to a service at St. Mary's Cathedral, in downtown Johannesburg, conducted by Bishop Tutu. The streets outside were as silent as on a Sunday, except for small groups of police in field dress who patrolled the sidewalks, and trucks full of sullen young soldiers which occasionally rumbled past. About five hundred people were at the service, the great majority of them white. Famous faces dotted the crowd—Beyers Naudé, the dissident Afrikaner clergyman; Tony Bloom, the liberal tycoon; Allister Sparks, a former editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*—and what appeared to be the whole foreign press corps jammed the cathedral's nave, with klieg lights, cameras, and cannon mikes wrapped in blankets. A large floral garland leaned against the foot of the pulpit: a symbol of white good will which Tutu would be taking to Soweto. A similar garland had been confiscated from him that morning at a roadblock, Tutu said, "where those flowers are now being trampled underfoot by the security forces." He had been stopped at roadblocks and searched twice, despite his cassock and his fame, "and that is good: to be reminded that what matters in South Africa is that you are black." Tutu's sermon, condemning the state of emergency, the mass detentions, the ban on June 16th services, and all violence, was eloquent and undoubtedly illegal. He asked his listeners, "Do you believe we have a great country?" The answering "Yes" was uncertain. He repeated the question. A louder "Yes" resounded through the cathedral. Tutu: "Do you believe we have some really wonderful people, black and white, here?" "YES!" roared the crowd. Tutu: "Then why are we allowing our country to be destroyed?"

The audience was silent.

After Tutu had finished, the crowd broke into "Nkosi Sikelel iAfrika," led by a black woman with a magnificent, soaring voice. All the blacks in the church raised their fists as they sang. A few whites raised their fists, too.

The raised fist was outlawed by an emergency regulation promulgated a few days later. So were outdoor funerals, T-shirts bearing the names or

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symbols of any of forty-seven organizations, and the publication of any statements by any officers of any of a hundred and eighteen organizations in the western Cape.

BY the second week of the emergency, it was widely known that a number of journalists were in police custody, including Andre Koopman, of the *Cape Times*, arrested with an entire church congregation in Cape Town; Mike Loewe, of the *Weekly Mail;* Theophilus Mashiane, a television sound man; and Mathata Tsedu, of the *Sowetan*. Progressive Federal Party M.P.s, utilizing parliamentary privilege, had read out a list of people believed to be detained, including these, during debates in the House of Assembly. But then, on June 25th, Parliament adjourned, shutting down the one forum in which those who had been jailed or had vanished might be named.

The next night, Zwelakhe Sisulu, the editor of *New Nation*, was at home in Dube, Soweto, when four white men, two of them wearing balaclavas, broke down his front gate and, without identifying themselves, abducted him at gunpoint in an unmarked jeep. Sisulu is probably the best-known black journalist in South Africa. He is the son of Walter Sisulu, a major A.N.C. leader, who has been serving a life sentence for sabotage since 1964. Zwelakhe's mother, Albertina, who has been banned almost continuously for over twenty years, is also a major resistance figure. Zwelakhe, who began his career as a reporter at the *Rand Daily Mail* and was later president of the black journalists' union, has been detained many times, was banned in 1980 for three years, together with Phil Mtimkulu and other union officers, and spent eight months in solitary confinement in 1982. A Nieman Fellow in 1984, Sisulu returned to South Africa to found *New Nation* in 1985. *New Nation* was an obvious target for suppression under the emergency. I was in the paper's offices on the day before Sisulu's disappearance, and I thought that the mood there bordered on the hysterical. "You can run, but you can't hide!" one young photographer kept shouting, provoking choruses of wild laughter from his officemates. Sisulu himself was calm. He told me that the paper was operating normally, that he and his colleagues had decided that the state was planning not to detain them but simply to harass them and see if it could stop production of the paper by driving the editors underground.

Word of Sisulu's disappearance reached the *Star* newsroom the following day, and was filed along with all the other detentions that could not be reported. But Qwelane decided to follow it up. He phoned Zodwa, Sisulu's wife, and Albertina for details, and when he put down the phone he said, in a shocked voice, "This is no ordinary detention. They never identified themselves as cops. So he is completely at their mercy. I'm going to write it up as a crime story, a kidnapping." Qwelane turned to a terminal and started writing. When he was finished, he immediately began lobbying the *Star's* editors to get the piece in the next day's paper. Qwelane's object, unstated but understood, was to force the hand of the police—to raise the alarm and compel the authorities to admit that they had Sisulu, if they in fact had him. Although plenty of "politicals" had died in custody, Sisulu was definitely safer if the world knew that the police had him than if the police were in a position to deny all knowledge of him. On the other hand, if the police denied having detained him they would have to open an investigation of his kidnapping.

Qwelane's story ran on the front page the next day. Minister of Law and Order Louis Le Grange was reportedly very angry. Even before the *Star* hit the stands, he had been deluged by queries from opposition M.P.s and overseas groups about Sisulu's status. Apparently hoping to avert publication of the kidnapping story, he had let it be known privately that his men did have the editor in custody. But the *Star* piece, as Qwelane had hoped, forced his hand, and Sisulu soon became the first—and, for a long while, the only—person whom Pretoria officially admitted having detained under the state of emergency.

Qwelane accepted with good grace the compliments of his colleagues on his ploy and its result, but he did not linger over the episode, except to worry that Le Grange might decide to take some revenge on him personally. There wasn't much to relish or celebrate, of course. Sisulu was still in jail, along with thousands of other people. There was, perhaps, the satisfaction of having let the security forces know that they were being watched—the revelation that the police were going about their business in unmarked vehicles and wearing balaclavas was surely rather embarrassing—and of having given the public a glimpse of what the state was doing. But the mood among the black reporters on the *Star* seemed to preclude professional satisfaction. "The ban on meetings and unrest coverage means we are virtually unemployed," Phil Mtimkulu told me. "You just don't feel like covering dog shows."

Rex Gibson had instructed *Star* reporters to report normally insofar as that was possible, simply filing their stories and letting the editors and lawyers worry about what could be printed. A dossier was being kept of important stories that were not being run. Yet morale is everything among the black reporters, and timing is everything in news, and following up tips required a blind faith that was impossible to muster. There was a strong, sustained bus boycott going on in Duduza. A woman had been killed in Soweto by plainclothes policemen. Calls were constantly coming in from little, far-flung townships to report abuses and deaths never mentioned by the Bureau for Information. These were all stories that would normally have drawn energetic coverage; as it was, they received none, for they could not be published, and no one believed that the emergency would end soon. One afternoon, Phil Mtimkulu scanned the *Star's* front page, with its array of "X"s indicating censored stories, and said, to no one in particular, "You know, this paper looks better with restrictions than without them." (One resistance leader I talked with, a high U.D.F. official who was in hiding, suggested that the Argus papers secretly welcomed the state of emergency and the new press restrictions, because of their concern that full coverage of the uprising would discourage foreign investment.)

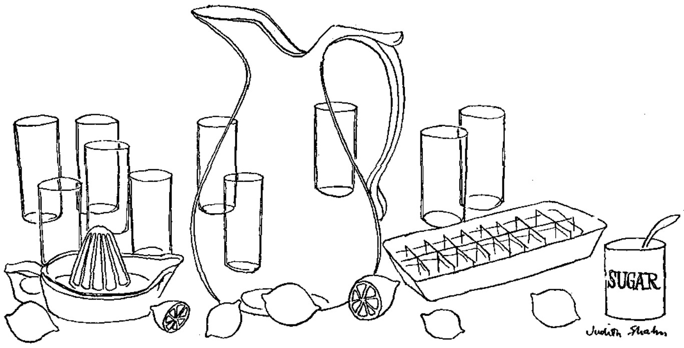
One afternoon, Qwelane was on the telephone trying to reach the A.N.C. in Lusaka. The Bureau for Information had been trumpeting the charges of a Lusaka lawyer, recently arrived in South Africa, that the Zambian government had been persecuting him, the inescapable subtext being that black governments trample on human rights more thoroughly than a certain white government does, so that their victims are compelled to flee to the land of milk, honey, and civilized behavior: South Africa. The A.N.C. stood accused of being an accomplice in his torment. What Qwelane suspected was that the lawyer was a South African spy who had been unmasked. What he wanted was an interview, and then he wanted to bounce the lawyer's remarks about the Zambian government and the A.N.C. off the Zambians and the A.N.C. But the bureau was keeping its man under wraps, exposing him only to friendly reporters and the television news, where his story was playing in nightly installments. Qwelane therefore had to work in reverse: get some provocative comments about the case from Zambia if he could, then go to the bureau with the argument that its star performer should have a chance to answer these serious charges. Qwelane was having trouble raising anyone in Lusaka, though, and he held the phone away from his good ear so that he could also hear the conversations going on around him in the ghetto.

People were telling stories about police attacks on funerals. A young white reporter at a nearby terminal listened to the tales of tear gas and unprovoked shootings with her face twisted in concern. "I just don't understand *why* the Army would attack," she said. No one could enlighten her.

But covering funerals already seemed a thing of the past. Herbert Mabuza said glumly, "Now we just sit and wait for a bomb to go off." There had been a rash of bombings since the imposition of the emergency, including several in downtown Johannesburg. The police, who attributed every blast to the A.N.C., were generally delighted to have these "terrorist" acts publicized, although they often restricted photographs of the damage, not wanting to alarm the public unduly.

Qwelane gave up on Lusaka for the day, put down the phone, and turned to a terminal, pecking quickly at the keyboard with one finger of his left hand, two of his right. He was working that afternoon on a story about the repeal of the pass laws—the laws that had long controlled the lives of blacks at the most basic level, restricting their movements inside South Africa. The repeal had become official a few days before. The event had been a grand anticlimax. Although the government had sought to portray the repeal, both to the world press and domestically, as a fundamental reform of apartheid, and although the pass laws had in fact been both a cornerstone of the apartheid system and the target of countless black protests over the years, the reaction in the townships to their repeal had been nonexistent. Two years before, perhaps, black people would have celebrated such a move on the part of the government, but events had outpaced this sort of "reform." Nothing short of majority rule—that is, the complete abolition of apartheid—was likely to satisfy many blacks now. Besides, there were indications that more stringent laws against trespassing, vagrancy, and squatting would effectively replace the unwieldy pass laws as the official control on black urbanization. Blacks still needed "approved housing" in order to live in the cities, and millions of residents of the so-called "independent" Bantustans still needed work permits, because they were now considered foreigners.

The editors of the *Star*, to the disappointment and disgust of their black reporters, had written that the repeal of the pass laws "should be welcomed with enthusiasm and applause." (Qwelane said, "How do you reform a monster?") Qwelane had gone out to assess black reaction—and to expose as a fraud the new "nonracial" identification cards being issued to blacks. The government claimed that forty-five thousand blacks had already applied for the new cards. Qwelane doubted the government's figures. I had gone with him to the Johannesburg pass office, where the applications were being taken, and we had found only a handful of people. "Even these people are here only because they heard on TV that thousands were applying," Qwelane said. We went on to several government offices in the West Rand and never found a crowd. I posed as a white South African at one place, and Qwelane's suspicions about a racial aspect to the new cards were confirmed when I was asked only for a birth certificate; blacks were be-



ing required to produce a variety of documents.

Now people in the ghetto were reminiscing: about dead or exiled colleagues; about working at newspapers since banned or bankrupted; about the *Star's* miserable performance during a 1983 whites-only referendum that approved a new racist constitution, when the paper's editors waffled so long on the issue that someone ultimately posted a notice in the newsroom: "The Editors' Indecision Is Final." Phil Mtimkulu caught my eye and pointed with a glance across the low partition into the sports department. In the far corner, a young white reporter in a military uniform—a reservist who had been mobilized—was typing at a terminal. Short blond hair, shiny black boots, and a beret tucked smartly into a loop on the shoulder of his fatigues made the man look for all the world as if he had just jumped out of a Hippo. His presence, as such, was distinctly alarming. And if I found the soldier a jarring sight in the newsroom, I didn't like to think how the black reporters found him.

I got up and took a walk around the newsroom. Near the elevators, I stopped and read a notice posted in a glass-fronted box. It was a Xeroxed "Code of Ethics," introduced by a note from the editor, which read, in part, "Despite curbs on Press freedom, The Star is still a good newspaper. Its balance and its fairness and its philosophy do not allow it to be the world's most famous campaigner for any ideological cause, but its standards are such that The Star has been described by many top international newspapermen, both liberal and conservative, as 'the best newspaper in Africa'—even 'one of the best in the world.' " The appended Code of Ethics, the editor wrote, "will be used to check our performance in the years ahead, under any form of Rightwing or Leftwing government." The code itself was full of unexceptionable ideals. It was only the *Star's* actual situation in South Africa that made many of them read strangely.

People were collecting themselves to go home. Montshiwa Moroke, who had been on the telephone all afternoon saying "Ah-ha!" and writing furiously, hung up, paged through his notes, and shook his head. "I can't use *any* of this," he said.

Qwelane was back at a terminal, having retrieved his piece about the new I.D.s. As each of the other reporters left, he called out "*Ciao!*" When Maud Motanyane picked up her purse, he said, "Good night, my dear." She replied, "Good night, my dear." But Qwelane kept staring at the video screen, smoking cigarettes and looking dissatisfied. Finally, he said, "They've got us doing nothing but reacting to them. They change a law, they issue a new I.D., they produce some clown who says the A.N.C. is evil and the Boers are humane, then we run around trying to discredit them. We cannot initiate anything, or investigate anything, in this atmosphere."

Mudini Maivha, who was working on a terminal nearby, said something in what sounded like Shangaan.

I asked for a translation.

Maivha said, "It's a saying. It means 'The dog with a bone in his mouth cannot bark.' "

A FEW days later, Qwelane reclaimed the reporting initiative in dramatic fashion by driving—along with Herbert Mabuza and me—out to KwaNdebele, a small Bantustan northeast of Pretoria. This was the last trip I made with the *Star's* black reporters. The government in Pretoria was trying to impose a sham independence on KwaNdebele, and the fighting between pro-independence vigilantes, who enjoyed the support of the KwaNdebele authorities and of the South African police and Army, and anti-independence comrades had achieved a terrible ferocity. It culminated a few weeks after my departure in the assassination of the leader of the vigilantes. After that, the Pretoria-backed KwaNdebele government reversed itself and rejected independence.

This was one of very few victories for the resistance in the long months that followed. By June of 1987, the estimate of the total number of people detained in the previous twelve months exceeded thirty thousand. (Zwelakhe Sisulu was released from detention in July of 1986, then detained again in December; he remains in prison without charges.) The mass imprisonment of U.D.F. leaders has crippled the ability of the Front to organize campaigns and has undermined the already precarious political discipline within the resistance. The *Star* has continued to oppose the emergency in its editorials; in late July of 1986, the paper, on the advice of its lawyers, even defied the government and published the names of some three thousand detainees. But a new set of press curbs was imposed in December, and it now seems that claims by the Botha government that violence has decreased under the state of emergency are being accepted overseas, simply because *reports* of violence have decreased. (Activists inside South Africa say that the security forces have become, if anything, more violent now that their actions cannot be reported.)

On May 5, 1987, the KwaNdebele government, having jailed every visible local opponent of independence for the Bantustan, reversed itself again, and called for independence. The following week, Qwelane, Mabuza, and Sam Mathe, a driver, went back to KwaNdebele. They were stopped near the shack city of Kwaggafontein, arrested, and locked up with thirty-three other men in a cell built for twelve. Their fellow-prisoners included a magistrate, a respected local chief, and the chairman of the KwaNdebele Public Service Commission, all of whom were being detained without charges. Qwelane and his colleagues took notes on cigarette boxes and scrap paper. They were not allowed to use a telephone, and no one was notified of their arrest. The *Star* editors discovered their whereabouts only by accident on the third day of their incarceration. A protest was lodged, and the next day the three men were released. They described their experiences in jail in KwaNdebele to the *Star's* lawyers in sworn affidavits. South Africa's Prisons Act and its Police Act effectively forbid press reports on conditions inside the country's police stations and jails, but the *Star's* lawyers calculated that signed statements made before a Commissioner of Oaths would stand less chance of provoking charges than a regular, bylined story would. They also hoped that by treating the matter as a crime story the *Star* might avoid, at least in theory—the same theory that had allowed the paper to run Qwelane's story about the "kidnapping" of Zwelakhe Sisulu—violating the emergency regulations that outlawed reporting the actions of the security forces in combatting unrest. So the affidavits formed the bulk of a story that appeared on the front page of the *Sunday Star* of May 24th. The story read, in part:

•

THREE DAYS IN A HELLHOLE

A MAGISTRATE, a senior civil servant, and three *Sunday Star* men were crowded into a cell at a police station where most of thirty-one other detainees were beaten with a pick handle by interrogators this week.

At separate times, and when they were together, the *Sunday Star* men saw at least seven detainees being assaulted in this way by the policemen. They also saw at least 10 incidents in which detainees were punched, slapped, kicked and elbowed. In the worst assaults, victims were required to cling to metal bars while a policeman, wielding the pick handle with both hands, hit them across their buttocks. When the victims fell they were hit and kicked until they rose. When they could no longer stand they were draped over a table while the assault continued. The assaults were seen while the *Star* team was in and around the charge office, out of sight of the cell where the detainees were held.

During their three nights in the cell, the *Sunday Star* team frequently heard screams and crying from the direction of the charge office. Some of the detainees could hardly walk after they had been assaulted, but they had to stand in the cell because it was built to hold only a third of their number.

The *Sunday Star* representatives have signed affidavits about the events and these have been handed to the office of the Commissioner of Police for KwaNdebele. In his affidavit, Jon Qwelane alleges:

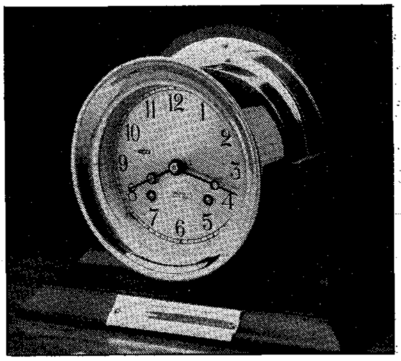
"During the time I was in the charge office on Wednesday morning, I witnessed a number of assaults. These are the beatings I witnessed:

"At about 4 A.M., David Masilela, eighteen, was brought into the police station. A plainclothes policeman, who I subsequently learnt was Mahamba, began taking a statement from him. Mahamba slapped David's face several times, saying he must tell the truth about a meeting he had attended to promote class boycotts. David denied attending the meeting.

"While this was happening, William Boshomane, twenty-five, was sitting in a corner of the charge office. He was approached by a policeman called Khanyane. The policeman accused Boshomane of inciting class boycotts, but Boshomane said he was a worker and employed in Rosslyn. Boshomane insisted he had a wife and children to support and had no time for class boycotts, but Khanyane did not believe him. He punched and slapped Boshomane a number of times and said he should tell the truth. Khanyane said to Boshomane, '*Vanaand jy gaan kak, my boytjie.*' (Tonight you're going to shit, my boy.)

"Michael Makua, eighteen, was ordered to the counter and told to hold the bars above it. Mahamba then removed a pick handle from under the counter, and began to beat him with it. After the first blow, which was delivered with two hands from above the shoulder, Makua fell to the floor. He was kicked and slapped, then ordered to stand. Another policeman, Bizana Mthimunye, also slapped Makua. The youth got up and again held on to the bars. The two policemen told him he would tell the truth about a meeting he had attended. But when he denied attending the meeting, Mahamba again swung the pick handle, beating Makua on the buttocks until he fell. This was repeated several times, until Makua could no longer stand. He was then made to lie down on a table. By then, Mahamba and Mthimunye had been joined by Khanyane and two other policemen, whose names I do not know, and all five assaulted Makua, saying he must tell the truth. Makua was screaming loudly and begging for mercy. After some time, he slipped off the table onto the floor and the policemen left him alone. He crawled to the wall and it was clear he was in agony.

"Boshomane was then ordered to the bars. He was similarly beaten with a pick handle by Mahamba, and with each blow he collapsed. I saw Mahamba, Mthimunye, Khanyane and the two other policemen kicking him and ordering him to stand up. I also recall Khanyane telling Boshomane that if he did not tell the truth, '*Ons sal jou doodmaak.*' (We'll kill you.) Boshomane was being accused of organizing meetings to promote class boycotts. He consistently



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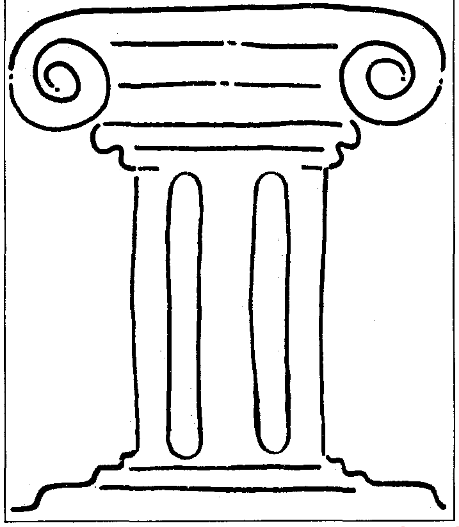

denied the allegations. After he had fallen to the floor a number of times, I saw Khanyane step on his groin and the detainee screamed. Mahamba, in order to stifle the scream, stood on Boshomane's throat and cut off his breath. Mthimunye and the two other unnamed cops were kicking Boshomane in the body. When Boshomane gurgled for breath, Mahamba removed his foot and asked him if he was going to tell the truth. The detainee insisted he knew nothing about a meeting to plan boycotts. Khanyane then helped Boshomane up by his clothes, and hit him hard on the side of the neck with his fist. The detainee fell again and Khanyane kicked him again. They then left Boshomane alone and he crawled to the wall, out of harm's way.

"Just after 7 A.M., on Wednesday, a policeman, Windvoel Mahlangu, entered the charge office. He walked over to Boshomane and accused him of burning down schools. Mahlangu reached for the pick handle and told Boshomane to hold the bars, and then he beat him. Warrant Officer Kruger, acting station commander, came into the office. He watched as Boshomane was being beaten by Windvoel Mahlangu. I heard Mahlangu tell Kruger that Boshomane was '*'n groot comrade en is die leier*' (an important leader of the comrades). I reiterate that Warrant Officer Kruger was present during Boshomane's beating by Mahlangu.

"Early on Saturday, Johannes Masombuka and another man were brought into the police station and subjected to the pick-handle treatment by Mahamba and Khanyane. They were also beaten when they fell to the floor. I do not have any idea why these people were beaten. Later, when Masombuka and the other man could no longer stand, they were ordered to do press-ups. Mahamba said he wanted fifty press-ups, but the men were clearly in great pain and unable to do as they were ordered, even though they tried. They were then ordered to do situps instead, but again they were unable, having been severely assaulted on their buttocks.

"Later on, a group of policemen entered the charge office half dragging, half carrying a seriously wounded man. The bloodied man, Jabu Mbonani, had a number of gunshot wounds on his body and one on the right-hand side of his face. He appeared very feeble, breathed with difficulty, and could not speak. A fat senior police officer went to the radio transmitter and reported the shooting. This policeman, whom I can identify, then went over to the wounded man, ripped off his vest, and casually counted the gunshot wounds. He disarmed two of the policemen who had brought in the shot man, took one of the firearms, inspected its chambers, and again spoke into the radio. At no stage did I hear anyone summon an ambulance, although I heard one policeman say that this should be done 'in case this person dies.' "

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THE *Sunday Star's* story was picked up by every major opposition paper (the government press ignored it, as did radio and television), the London *Times*, the *Guardian*, the *Financial Times*, and the New York *Times*. The allegations in the affidavits signed by Qwelane, Mabuza, and Mathe were presented to Brigadier Herzog C. Lerm, KwaNdebele's Police Commissioner. His spokesman, Colonel Andries Kuhn, said, "The KwaNdebele Police appreciate the fact that the *Sunday Star* has brought these allegations to their attention. We will investigate the allegations in depth and if there is any truth in them, appropriate steps will be taken." The police investigation seemed to go nowhere in the weeks that followed, however, and when the *Star* pressed Brigadier Lerm about whether he had suspended any of the policemen named in the affidavits he said that the assaults reported were "not serious enough" to warrant suspensions. "If it was alleged that they had killed someone," he said, according to the *Sunday Star* of July 5th, "then I would have suspended them immediately." The government has not revealed what became of the KwaNdebele detainees, or of the wounded man whom Qwelane saw lying unattended. Meanwhile, there was speculation on state-controlled radio that Qwelane and his colleagues and editors might be charged under the Police Act or the Prisons Act after all.

—WILLIAM FINNEGAN

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Mike Krasner in the Lynn (Mass.) Daily Evening Item*]

Guilmartin stressed that the station, in supporting Walker's decision, is not in favor of marriage out of wedlock.

THE THEATRE

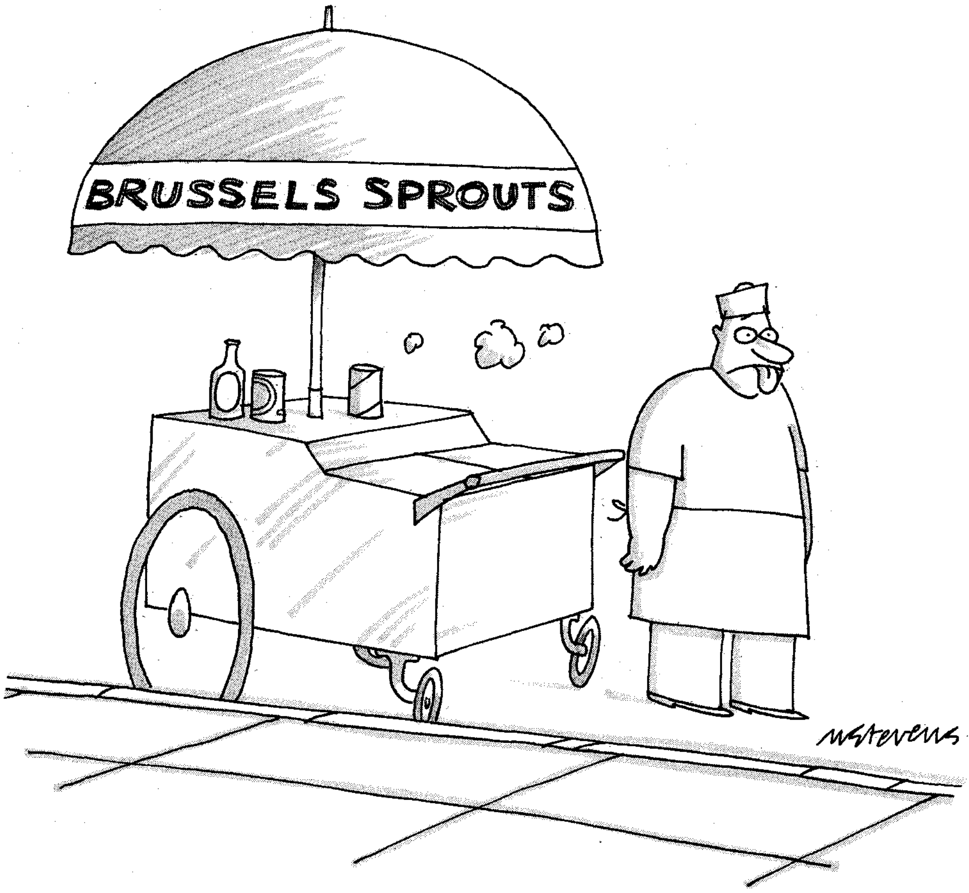
Mostly Dickens

“Hard Times” was Dickens’ treatise on child-rearing and moral education. Written in 1854, it comes after “David Copperfield” and “Bleak House” and before “Little Dorrit” and “A Tale of Two Cities,” and it has the distinction of being the only one of Dickens’ novels that F. R. Leavis thought made its author worthy of the name genius. Leavis, who dismissed Dickens generally as “a great entertainer,” initially omitted him from his pantheon of novelists in “the great tradition” of English fiction; only “Hard Times” did he find sufficiently taken up with “the moral preoccupations that characterize the novelist’s peculiar interest in life.” In the parallel stories of Thomas Gradgrind and Josiah Bounderby, both of “Coketown,” Dickens takes the self-interested habit of mind to its logical conclusion, showing us where it can lead. In Bounderby, the self-made industrialist, it leads to the persecution and death of the honest, hard-working factory hand Stephen Blackpool. In Thomas Gradgrind, the pragmatist schoolmaster, it leads to the near-destruction of his children: young Tom grows up a liar and a thief and ends by framing an innocent man for a crime he himself committed; Louisa, having entered into a loveless marriage with Bounderby, almost commits adultery. “ ‘Hard Times,’ ” Leavis began in an essay on the novel, “is not a difficult work.” Nor is it. An attack on Benthamite utilitarianism, almost schematic in its design, it pits two moralities against each other: the literal realism of Gradgrind’s schoolroom, and the fanciful spontaneity of Mr. Sleary’s “horse-riding.” Gradgrind’s own children come to grief; only Sissy Jupe, the abandoned circus child Gradgrind ambivalently adopts, turns out a mensch.

The stage adaptation of “Hard Times” at Theatre 890 is the second production in the Joyce Theatre Foundation’s 1987 American Theatre Exchange. Directed by Richard E. T. White, it comes to us (via the Berkeley Repertory Theatre) from England, where it was written by Stephen Jeffreys for the Pocket Theatre in Cumbria. The press release and advertising handbills for “Hard Times” distributed by the American Theatre Exchange refer to Mr. Jeffreys variously as “Stephen Jeffreys of the Royal Shakespeare Company” and “The Royal Shakespeare Company’s Stephen Jeffreys.” I called up the press office to ask in what capacity Mr. Jeffreys had been affiliated with the R.S.C. Mr. Jeffreys, it turned out, had no knowledge of any long-term association; the R.S.C. had once bought him a cup of coffee.

The Berkeley Repertory Theatre’s “Hard Times” is an honest attempt to re-create the spirit and the theatricality of the R.S.C.’s landmark production of “Nicholas Nickleby.” It uses many of “Nickleby” ’s techniques: music, movement, and a nonrealistic style of theatre that acknowledges the presence of the audience. Actors play multiple roles and tell the story through a combination of dramatization and narrative. John Bonard Wilson’s set is a hodgepodge of Dickensian images: here a gaslight, there a nineteenth-century factory window. Mr. Sleary’s horse-riding is evoked by a couple of backcloths painted to look like Victorian circus posters, and Bounderby’s textile mill by the top of a large power loom. The clothes hanging out to dry seem gray with coal dust, and on a screen behind one section of the audience the industrial chimneys of Coketown send webs of smoke across an evening sky. By staging the play in the round, the production seeks to put us in the world of Coketown, much as “Nicholas Nickleby” seemed to put us in the worlds of London, Portsmouth, and Yorkshire. (The company has roped off the seating area in the proscenium theatre and placed the audience on the stage proper.)

Where the production most resembles “Nickleby” is in the idea of casting actors in roles that, as far as possible, contrast with or comment on one another. Just as the same actress in “Nickleby” played the objectionable Mrs. Squeers and the lovable Mrs. Crummles, so in “Hard Times” the same actor, Laurence Ballard, plays the objectionable Bounderby and the lovable Mr. Sleary; Jarion Monroe plays both the tyrannical schoolmaster Gradgrind and the martyred workingman Blackpool; and the actress who plays Louisa, Patricia Hodges, also plays Blackpool’s derelict alcoholic wife. There is a certain amount of “thematic” doubling as well. Since Mr. Monroe also plays Mr. Harthouse, a visual connection is drawn between Louisa’s father and her would-be seducer. Kathleen Chalfant, who plays both Sissy Jupe and the spite-



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ful Mrs. Sparsit, thus embodies both the pillar Louisa leans upon and the woman who tries to bring her down.

Of the New York cast, only Mr. Ballard, Mr. Monroe, and Jeffrey Bihr, who plays young Tom Gradgrind, are members of the Berkeley Repertory Theatre; Miss Chalfant and Miss Hodges were brought in to replace the female members of the company who were unavailable. All of them do remarkably well, considering that they are trying to accomplish with five actors what the R.S.C. did with over forty. Mr. Jeffreys' adaptation closely follows the design of the novel—each of the three acts corresponds to one of Dickens' three books—and affords the actors an opportunity to display the full range of their considerable talents. The fact remains, though, that out of Dickens' comparatively short novel Mr. Jeffreys has fashioned a very long evening of theatre. The performance lasts three and a quarter hours, and leaves you not with images of Mr. Sleary and Coketown but with the memory of an audience dwindling, like the musicians in Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony, and of a straggling line of people shuffling dutifully—like Gradgrind's pupils—back into the theatre after each intermission.

One problem is that with just five actors no one can produce the sort of "atmospheric" theatre that "Nickleby" was; it needs a great many people rushing about doing a great many things very fast, so that a world grows up around us without our quite knowing how. In "Hard Times," there is much rushing about (particularly on the part of poor Mr. Bihr, who has to double as young Tom Gradgrind and the company's entire orchestra) and much atmosphere: Gradgrind addresses members of the audience in his schoolroom lecture, agitators call out to one another from the aisles at a union meeting, and a midnight rescue is carried on with lanterns in the dark. But the Berkeley Repertory Theatre doesn't create a world around us; it can't.

Of all Dickens' novels, "Hard Times" is perhaps the least susceptible to stage adaptation. It is not—like "Nickleby" or "Oliver Twist" or "Edwin Drood"—primarily a melodrama but a *roman à thèse:* its drama takes place on an intellectual plane. With the exception of Louisa, its characters are interesting to us not because of what they do or say but because of what they represent. And Louisa's salient characteristics—impassivity and a depressive *froideur*—are qualities that do not lend themselves to stage representation. A more narrative medium—film or television—might be able to render them in closeup. On the stage of Theatre 890, Louisa is reduced to a stereotypical Dickensian heroine. None of which is to belittle the virtuosity or the stalwart spirit of the Berkeley Repertory Theatre. With what it has been given it performs acts of near-heroism. But nothing in Mr. Jeffreys' adaptation is the least bit theatrical—except for the one liberty he takes with the original text: an entirely invented character, Mary Stokes, who makes an impassioned speech against capitalism and industry at a union rally. (Dickens was in fact ambivalent about trade unionism, and has drawn fire from critics—Leavis among them—for the unsympathetic picture he paints of union agitation in the chapter this scene is based on.) At a pub theatre in England, "Hard Times" perhaps seemed like stirring "workers' theatre." Transplanted to Theatre 890, where the Joyce Foundation sells Krön chocolates for a dollar each at intermission, its rhetoric falls a bit flat.

THE production of "Richard II" in Central Park, which opens the New York Shakespeare Festival's twenty-fifth season at the Delacorte Theatre, has been dogged by misfortune. Following hard upon the death of Charles Ludlam, who had been slated to direct the third production of the season, and the death of Michael Bennett, whose "A Chorus Line" originated at the N.Y.S.F./Public Theatre, the first eleven performances of "Richard" suffered from three full and three partial rain-outs. This department has no desire to hit the New York Shakespeare Festival when it's down, and feels that it would be kinder not to comment on the production in any detail, other than to note that Joseph Papp has directed Peter MacNicol in the title role of what may be the only "Richard II" ever played for laughs. —MIMI KRAMER

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No matter how you feel about America's decentralized phone confusion, the fact remains that, thanks to Ma Bell, Nanjing, China, is as close as Nantucket, Maine—give or take a few touch tones.—*Harold Smith in Christianity Today.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Fanfarrado

ELLIOTT CARTER's latest orchestral composition—and his first in ten years, since the Symphony of Three Orchestras—is "A Celebration of Some 100 × 150 Notes." It had its first performance in Houston, from the Houston Symphony, conducted by Sergiu Comissiona, in April; and its New York première last month, from the New York Philharmonic, conducted by Zubin Mehta, at a special concert given during the American Symphony Orchestra League's national conference. Last month, it was also played at the Aldeburgh Festival (by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Oliver Knussen) and at the Holland Festival (by the Radio Philharmonic Orchestra of Hilversum, conducted by Gunther Schuller). Both European performances were encored; and—since, internationally, any new work by Carter is considered a major event—radio carried the composition to wide audiences. "Celebration" was commissioned by the Houston Symphony to crown a series of twenty-one new fanfares honoring the Texas Sesquicentennial. This season, a fanfare was played at the start of most of the orchestra's subscription concerts; each had two, three, or four performances, and Carter's formed the climax. The other fanfares were written by (in the order in which the fanfares appeared) Paul Cooper, Poul Ruders, Charles Wuorinen, John Adams, Ned Rorem, Marc Neikrug, Tobias Picker, Aulis Sallinen, John Williams, Christopher Rouse, William Schuman, John Harbison, Olly Wilson, Josef Tal, Steve Reich, Carla Bley, Jacob Druckman, Joan Tower, Marius Constant, and Carlisle Floyd.

Mr. Comissiona, the Houston Symphony's music director, and Mr. Picker, its composer-in-residence, devised this way of introducing Houston audiences to a wide variety of contemporary manners. I was invited to listen, on tape, to the full series of twenty-one fanfares. Doing so was daunting in prospect but in the event surprisingly enjoyable. There was variety: romantic strains mingled with the robustly jubilant outbursts; melting episodes brought relief from insistent tantaras. The shortest piece was Wuorinen's "Fanfare," which lasts a little over a minute, and the longest was Schuman's "Showcase: A Short Display for Orchestra," which lasts about four and a half minutes. Most of the fanfares last under three minutes. A charge that this is token representation of new music, too easily achieved, can be rebutted by pointing to substantial contemporary works in the main body of several Houston programs. They included two commissions, Picker's Second Symphony and George Perle's "Dance Overture;" works by Carter, Tippett, Schuman, Barber, and Williams; and an evening of music by Texas composers (with further commissions). The 1987-88 season bills commissioned pieces from Tristan Keuris, Oliver Knussen (a cello concerto for Yo-Yo Ma), and Ezra Laderman (his Sixth Symphony), an evening of Gunther Schuller, and another evening of music by Texas composers. And in sum Houston's "fanfare project" brought forward nearly an hour of new music. Most of the composers in it, held to a small time span but given large forces to employ, rose to the challenge of creating something fresh, characteristic, and imaginative. Many of them observed the "fanfare conventions"—flourishes from trumpets or other brass, sharply defined rhythmic calls, strong percussion accompaniment, triumphant resolution of tension in a hard-won final chord—but handled the conventions, reanimated the clichés, in individual ways.

"FANFARE" is in the fifth edition of Grove derived, unattractively, "from the Spanish *fanfarria*, 'noisy arrogance.' " (Other dictionaries, among them New Grove, allow the possibility of an echoic origin or of etymology from the Arabic *anfár*, trumpets.) Johann Gottfried Walther, whose "Musicalisches Lexicon" is an early-eighteenth-century ancestor of Grove, declared that a fanfare "indeed makes enough noise and strutting but otherwise hardly smacks of art." Art has been displayed, however, in many modern examples: some are Falla's contribution to the shortlived periodical *Fanfare* (1921-22), Copland's

"Hey! Just wanted to say I loved the Book of Kells."

"Fanfare for the Common Man" (1942), Britten's "Fanfare for St. Edmundsbury" (1959), Stravinsky's "Fanfare for a New Theatre" (1964), and Knussen's bright "Fanfares for Tanglewood," which last year introduced Tanglewood's contemporary-music week. (Perle's "New Fanfares" is due at Tanglewood next month.) Herald fanfares, not self-sufficient but the first movements of larger works, are something slightly different: such pieces as the Toccata of Monteverdi's "Orfeo," the fanfares that open Britten's "Les Illuminations" and his "Gloriana," and the Prelude to Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress." There is also a distinct subgenre: birthday-greeting fanfares based on the "Happy Birthday to You" song by Mildred J. Hill and Patty S. Hill. (This "ridiculously gay little tune," as Stravinsky called it, was first published in 1893 but remains in copyright.) The best-known example is Stravinsky's "Greeting Prelude," for the eightieth birthday of Pierre Monteux, in 1955. It used to be played daily to introduce WNCN's Anniversary Concert. There are also specimens by Copland ("Happy Anniversary," for Eugene Ormandy's seventieth birthday, in 1969), Carter ("Birthday Fanfare for Sir William Glock's 70th, 3 May 1978," scored for three trumpets, vibraphone, and chimes), and Druckman ("A Birthday Bouquet," for Zubin Mehta's fiftieth birthday). Montserrat Caballé and Itzhak Perlman were soloists in the Druckman when Isaac Stern conducted the première at a Philharmonic pension-fund concert last year. Study of these four short variations on a popular theme might disclose, in entertaining microcosm, their composers' differing approaches to metre, counterpoint, and harmony.

In the Houston series of independent fanfares, Cooper's "Jubilate" and Floyd's "Flourishes" are good straightforward examples of the genre: Cooper's is built on a typical fanfare motif, which expands and flowers; Floyd's is much in Copland's open-air vein. Sallinen's "Fanfare" grows from a distant reveille-like signal, over a soft drumroll. It seemed the most distinguished of the four that are by foreign composers: Ruders' "Jubileephony" starts well, with a unison line changing color as it passes through the orchestra, but then loses its way; Tal's "Symphonic Fanfare 1986" is ably made but conventional; in Constant's soft "Texas Twilight" (Constant composed the original "Twilight Zone" theme) faint, far-off bugles blow and the foreground shimmers.

Rorem's "Frolic" is a catchy, tuneful charmer; some moments bring Bernstein to mind, others early Stravinsky, and all is buoyant, playful, and sure. Adams' "Tromba Lontana" sounds gentle trumpet signals through four minutes of harmonic near-stasis, prettily textured; it's like an "Unanswered Question" gone soupy and diatonic. Reich's "Salute" lasts less than two minutes but grows tedious; hard chords are punched out in irregular patterns over a ricky-tick moto perpetuo. I wrote about a piano version of Picker's "Old and Lost Rivers" in March, after Ursula Oppens played it in Weill Hall; in full-orchestra colors, this web of gently wandering melodies proves even more beguiling. Another quiet fanfare is Neikrug's "Rosaceae." The title is that of a botanical family including roses, raspberries, and apples; the rootstock from which Neikrug's gentle piece flowers is the Yellow Rose of Texas.

There is music more arresting in Wuorinen's short "Fanfare," which is energetically conceived and packs a Stravinskyan charge. And in Harbison's "Fanfare for Foley's"—named for Houston's venerable department store—which is a noble, impressive composition, with a fervent, swelling quality that brings Giovanni Gabrieli to mind. (In an organ transcription it might also prove grandly inspiring.) Druckman's "Paean" begins in mystery and continues through "alchemical" metamorphoses of traditional fanfare figures. Druckman is a born dramatic composer even if, at the age of nearly sixty, he has not yet written an opera. (Had he been born a German or an Englishman, he would surely have written many by now.) The Met has cancelled its commission for his "Medea"—but then the Met is hardly the right place for an opera composer to *start*. I hope some other, venturesome company is inviting him to focus his gifts for gesture and color on a gripping dramatic adventure.

Schuman is a veteran fanfaronader. The list of his works includes "Philharmonic Fanfare" (New York, 1965), "Dedication Fanfare" (St. Louis, 1968), "Anniversary Fanfare" (New York, 1970), and "Prelude for a Great Occasion" (Washington, 1974). His "Showcase" for Houston recycles some music from "American Hymn;" it is a spirited piece. Rouse's "Étude Fanfare" alternates raucous tallyho outbursts with soft, dense music. There's more tallyhoing in Tower's "Fanfare for the Uncommon Woman." Bley's "Continuoso" sounds rather like a moto-perpetuo exercise. Wilson's "Fanfare" features a high pedal point. John Williams' "Fanfare" is doggedly contrapuntal and suggests a rejected Vaughan Williams development sketch.

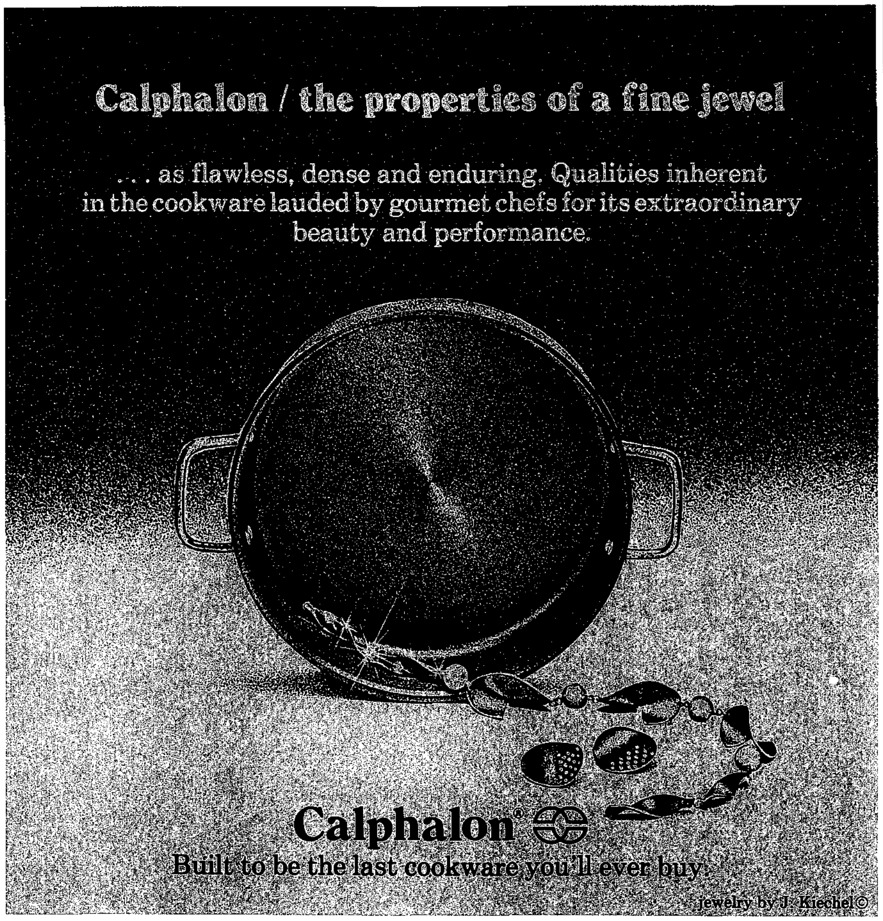
Elliott Carter's Fourth String Quartet, first played in Miami, by the Composers Quartet, last September, and in New York three months later, was given its European première last month by the Arditti Quartet, at the Almeida Festival, in London. (The Arditti then played it at the Holland Festival.) A London colleague writes to me, "What a wonderful work. . . . Does Carter's music get better and better, or are we coming to closer terms with it?" Both, I suppose. The Fourth Quartet was Carter's latest large composition; before that, "Penthode" (1985). The next due is an oboe concerto that Carter is composing for Heinz Holliger. There has also been a series of occasional pieces: "Canon for 4," a tribute to William Glock (1984); "Riconoscenza per Goffredo Petrassi," for unaccompanied violin (1984); "Esprit Rude/Esprit Doux," for flute and clarinet, composed for Boulez's sixtieth birthday (1985). Transcending the occasions for which they were created, these pieces have been often and eagerly played. They are small, cherishable masterpieces, which say important things with economy, precision, and beauty. The Houston fanfare, "A Celebration of Some 100 × 150 Notes," belongs with them in length, and perhaps in spirit, but it is composed—very thoroughly—for a large (triple-winds) orchestra. The title, the composer says, was chosen simply to make an audience "realize how many notes are in an orchestral composition.” (There must be, in fact, many more than fifteen thousand notes in the score.) The work has a hundred and fifty measures. Six of them are notated in 4/4, six in 2/4, and the others in 3/4. So the duration is that of four hundred and fifty quarter-notes, which at the indicated metronome mark of quarter-note = 150 gives a playing time of three minutes. (The Houston performance lasted three minutes; Mr. Mehta’s with the Philharmonic took something like four and a half.) The composer’s program note is short enough to be quoted in full:

> The 150 measures of the score present short motivic fanfares on each of the musical intervals. Some, like the interval of a minor third around which the celesta part is built, and the big orchestral *tutti* featuring the perfect fifth, are treated somewhat extensively and given expressive characters, as is the short conclusion using the major second and minor seventh.

“Celebration” covers much ground in short space, but it does not sound cramped or congested. The pace varies. The moods change. The “fanfare” challenge has inspired music of rare imagination and vitality: calls expressive of solemnity, romance, merriment, and mystery all find a place. Carter has returned to the sounds of the full orchestra, after years devoted to explorations in chamber and vocal music, with renewed zest. “Celebration” is a small-scale successor to the colorful Symphony of Three Orchestras in its palette. The conversational quality of the intervening works can also be discerned—breaking at times into exuberant chatter. Now that the Philharmonic has taken first steps toward mastering “Celebration,” it should play it again and again: add it to programs billed for 1987-88; perhaps play it before each of them. It is a work audiences could easily become fond of.

THE Houston Symphony is due to play all twenty-one fanfares for America’s assembled critics when the Music Critics Association meets in Houston, in October. And there are also plans to record the whole series on Nonesuch. The record would make matter—as I find the tape has done—for a good party game: Hand out a list of the composers, play the fanfares, and ask the company to match each of them to its composer. (Some identifications are easy, others tricky.) More seriously, it would provide a lively, generous sampling of many kinds of music being written today.

—ANDREW PORTER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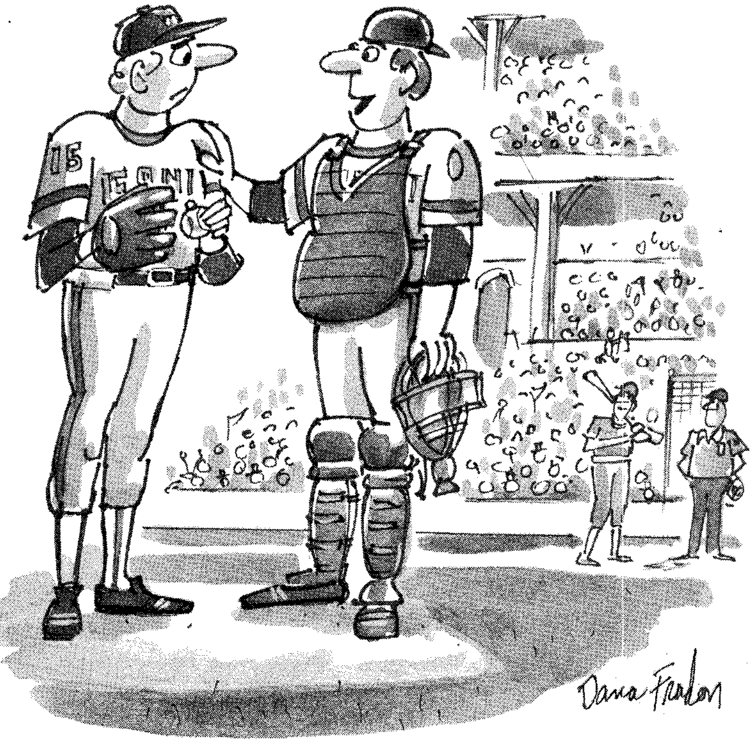
FIDDLING

HARRY BOLICK thinks he might be related to Bill and Earl Bolick, who used to perform as the Blue Sky Boys. Bill and Earl, brothers from North Carolina, played and sang as a guitar-and-mandolin duo from 1935 until 1951, when they split up, and they are still considered to have been among the finest practitioners of what is usually called "old-time" or "old-timey" music. "Earl and I were supposed to meet last week, down near Suwannee, Georgia, but Earl got sick and we had to cancel the meeting," Harry told me last August. "There aren't that many Bolicks, so there's a good chance we *are* related. Maybe we'll try again next year." Harry Bolick, a thirty-two-year-old commercial artist who lives in Brooklyn, is a member of a relatively small but impassioned group of people in the Northeast—many of them quite young—who share a deep interest in old-time music, who have learned how to play one or more of the instruments involved in it, and who will go almost anywhere for a chance to hear or play it. A mecca for this crowd is Galax, Virginia, a small manufacturing town in the Blue Ridge Mountains, just across the border from North Carolina. For the past fifty-one years, an annual Old Fiddlers' Convention has been held in Galax (the name is a near rhyme with "haystacks"), and it was at last year's convention that I first met Harry Bolick and several of his friends. The event occupied most of Felts Park, an eighteen-acre combined fairground and sports field on the edge of town, and the park was filled with activity even before the convention opened. Contests and other events ran from Wednesday through Saturday nights, and the program listed thirteen categories of competition, from "Old-Time Bands" to "Clawhammer Banjo."

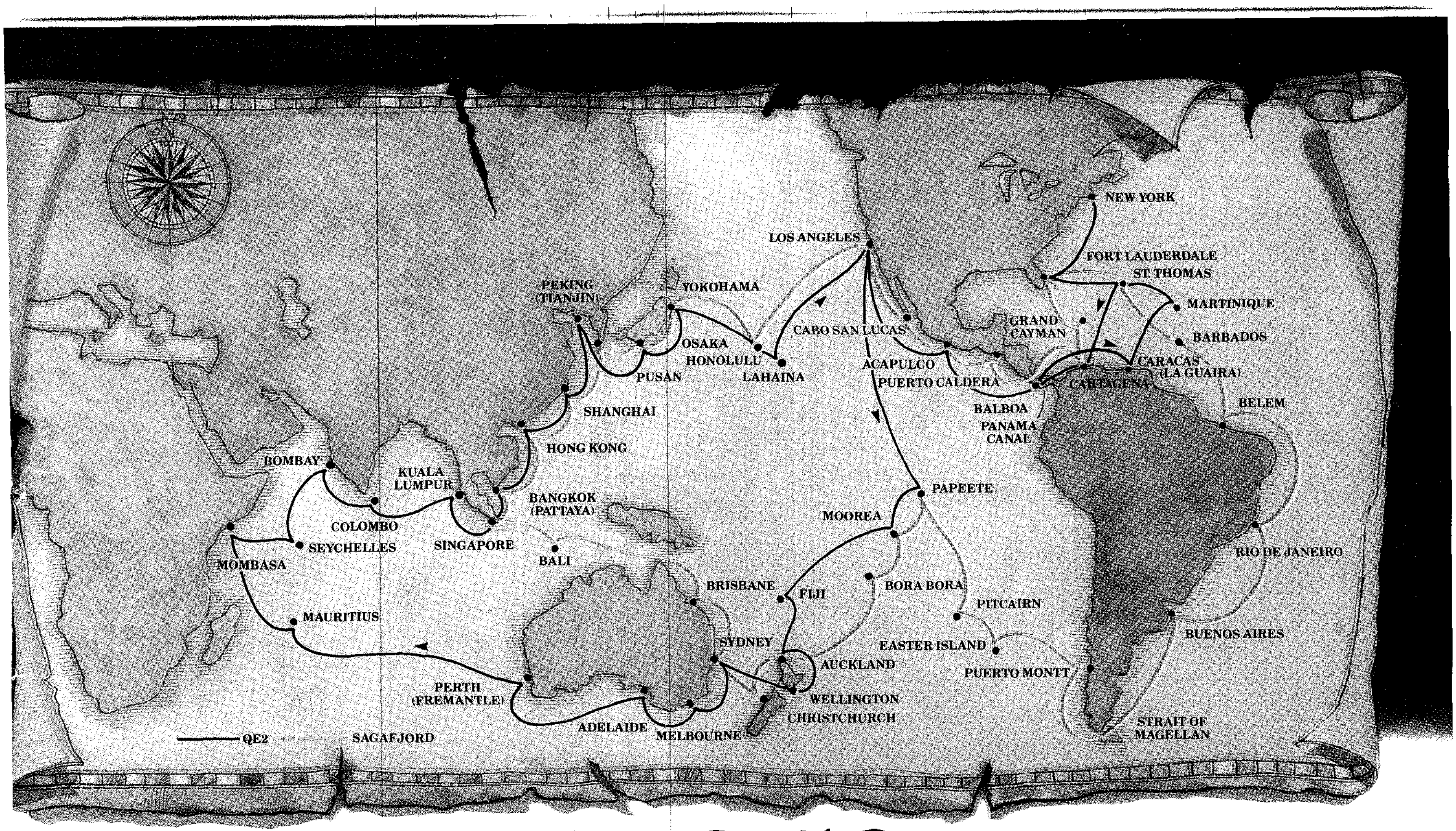
On Wednesday evening, I had heard Harry Bolick play in the old-time-fiddle competition, as he stood before some microphones on a stage attached to a big yellow tent in front of the park's concrete grandstand. Then, late on Thursday morning, I found him on the opposite side of the park, standing in a dilapidated horse stall, which was his home for the four-day affair. With his russet hair and beard, Bolick resembles a slender lion, but his manner is one of mildly sardonic amiability. He said that the tune he had played in competition was "Winbush Rag," but that he had told the judges it was "Razor Blades and Gravy"—a title he made up on the spur of the moment. "For laughs," he explained. "A lot of us don't care much about the competition. But in order to stay here in the park you have to register and pay fifteen dollars, and as long as you get up onstage and play in one of the contests you get ten dollars back. The *real* reason my friends and I come is just to play as much music as we can and to hear as much music as we can. That's what this is all about. Very few people play old-time music professionally. Even if you become extremely good, it's almost impossible to make any money at it—there's just not much of a market. My own reasons for liking this kind of music are fairly simple. I was born in Greenwood, Mississippi, in 1954, and up through my teens I listened mostly to people like Crosby, Stills, and Nash. Then, when I was at the University of Alabama, in the early seventies, I got turned on to old-time music, and I've never left it. At one time, I played about nine instruments. After I moved to New York, in 1976, I studied fiddle with a player named Bill Christopherson and got good enough at it to play in old-time bands, and I found out that it's a great way to meet people who share your interests. There's a small but thriving old-timey scene in New York, and we get together pretty regularly. A lot of old-time music is hard-driving, rowdy stuff. Occasionally, it gets slow and cranky, but when it's played fairly well you'll hear real, basic, honest music—about as honest as music can get. It's not concert music. It's *social* music."

Bolick picked up his fiddle, a treasure he told me he had bought for seventy-five dollars during a trip to Kentucky, and played me a couple of what he called "those snaky Mississippi tunes"—high-energy pieces that are distinguished by unexpected twistings and turnings, such as an odd number of measures and extra or missing beats. Then he rounded up some vegetables, put them in a skillet, placed it on a camp stove, and set about preparing lunch.



"I'm going to try to settle you down, Halberson, but first a word about Fexler Lite Beer."

OLD-TIME music, as I had learned over the previous few days, is a distinct genre, with its own ethos and lore, but definitions can get murky. The term "hillbilly music," which was once used, has long been out of favor. "Southern mountain music" and "Southern string-band music" are fairly accurate terms. A more precise definition might be "traditional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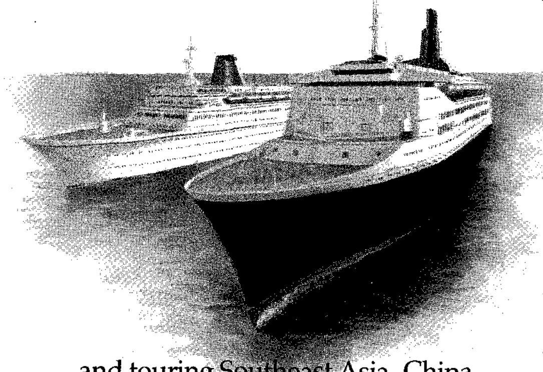

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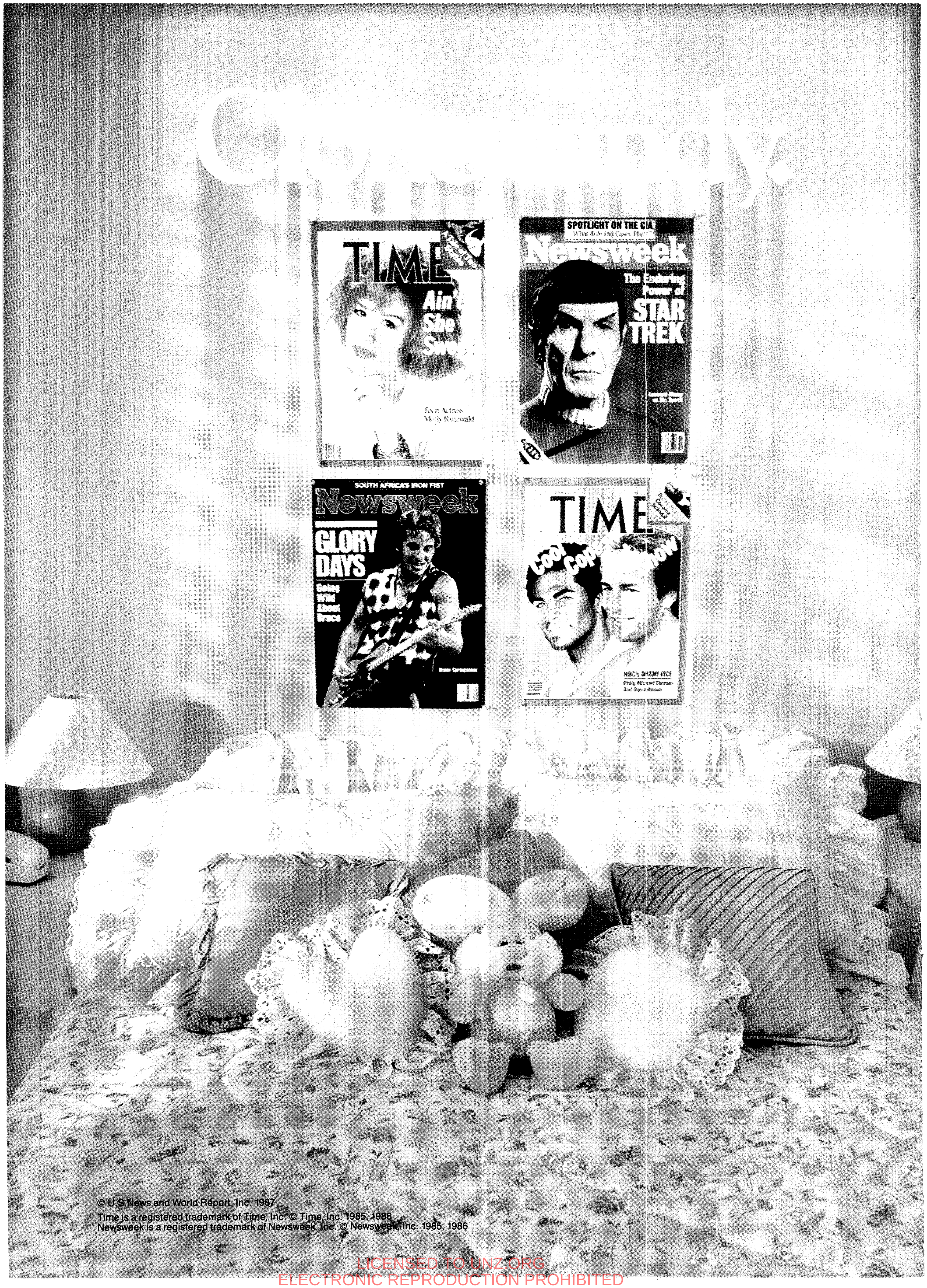
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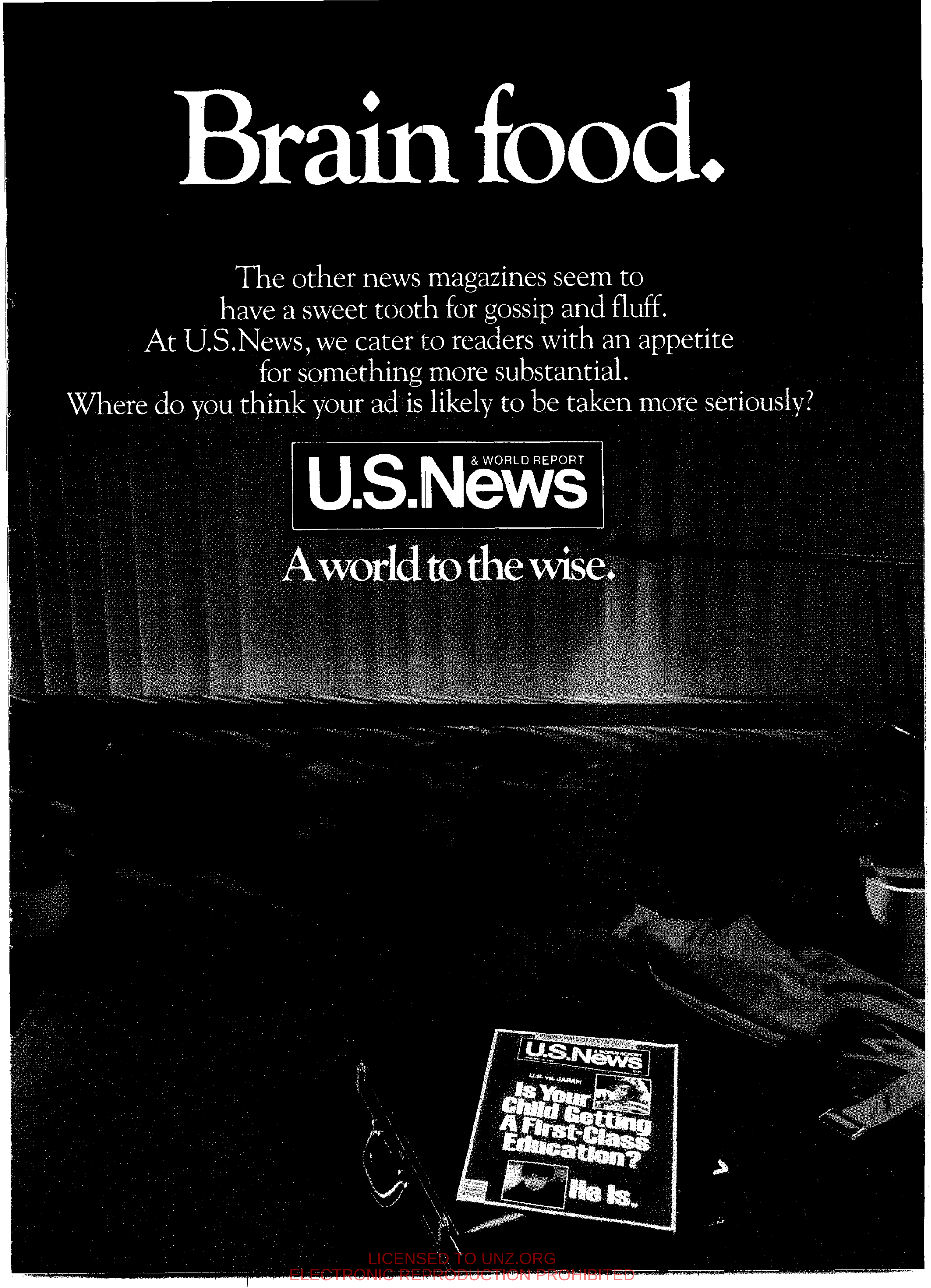
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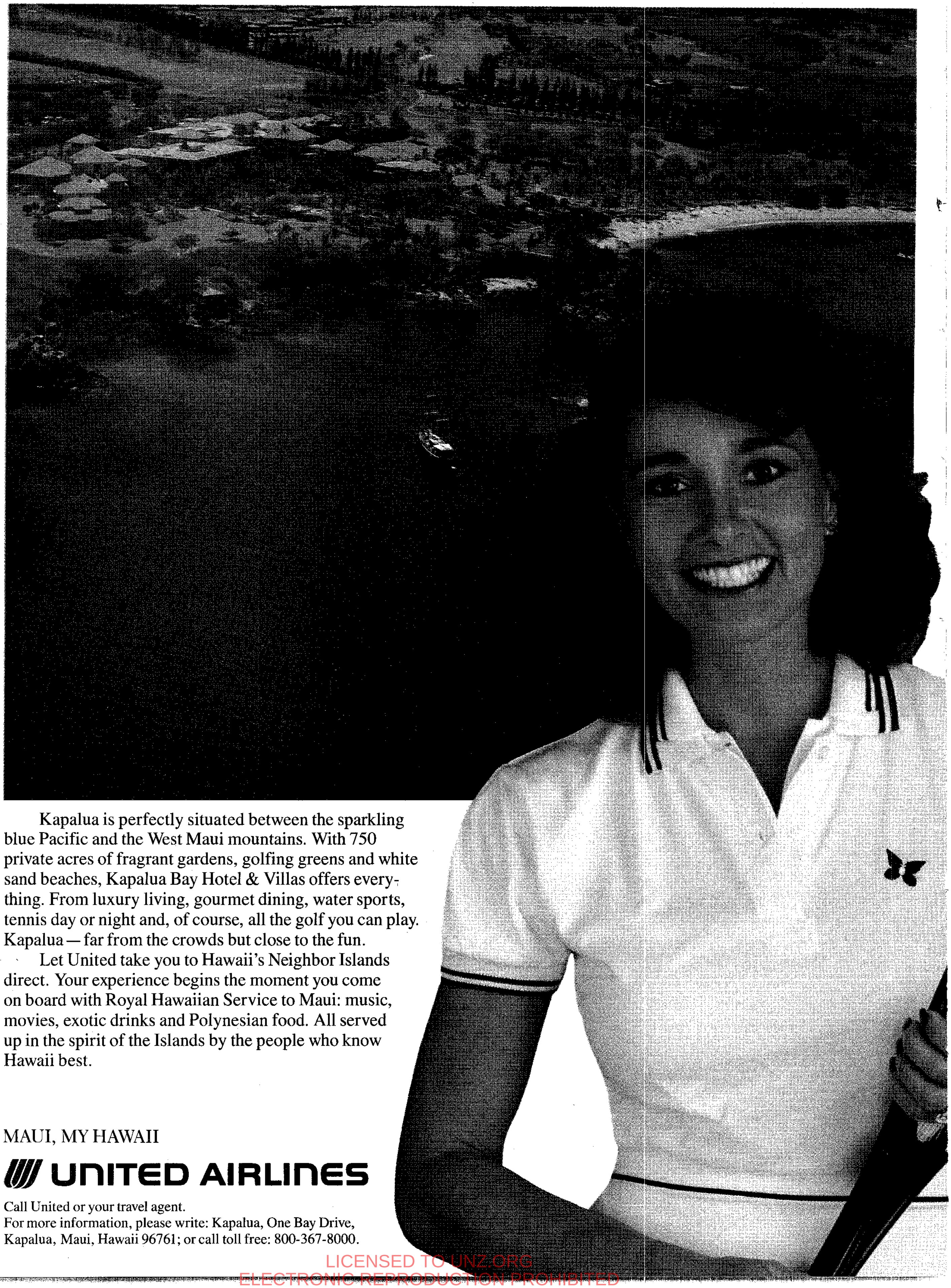

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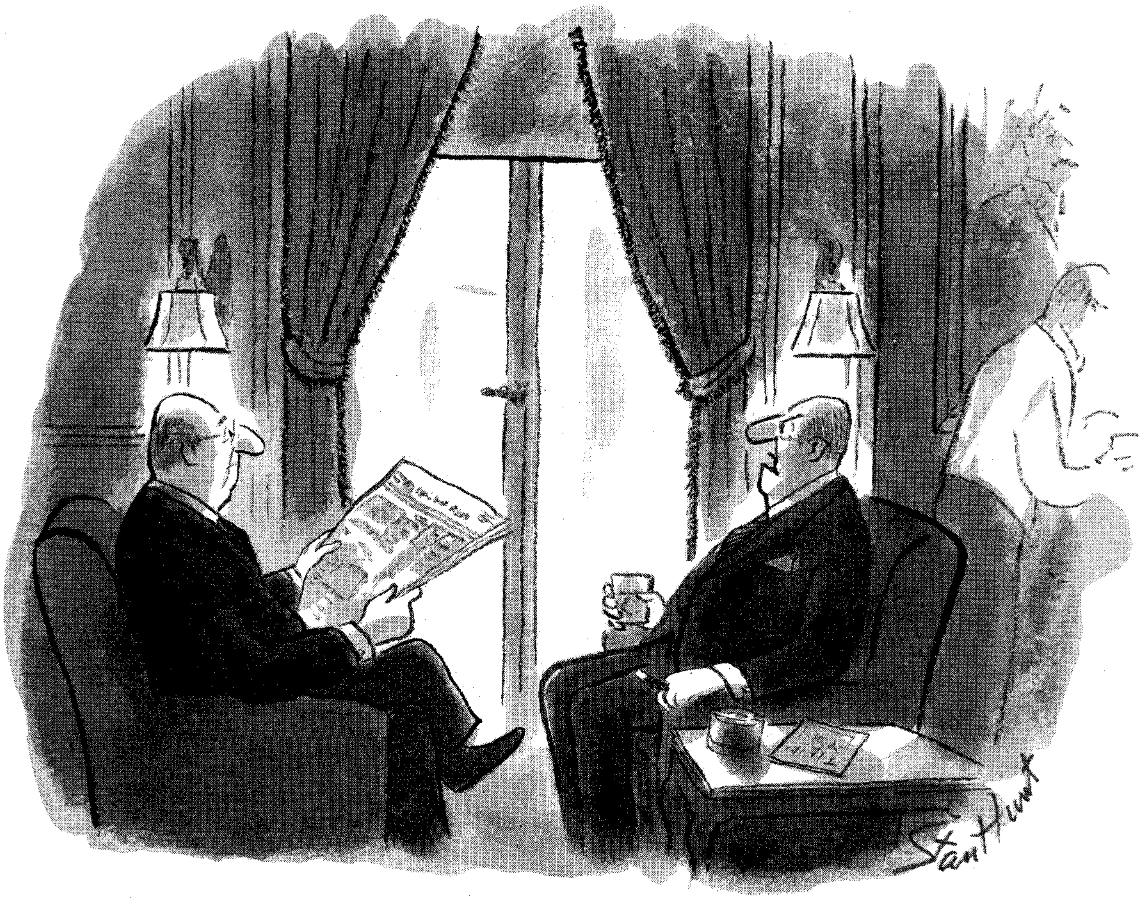
music of various discrete areas of the southeastern Appalachians, usually played on fiddle, banjo, guitar, and other stringed instruments." Such music may have lyrics, but they tend to be secondary, and the music is most often played in a lively way that would make it suitable for clog or square dancing. The repertoire extends back centuries, and the music may exhibit a variety of old English or Celtic influences as well as those of black American forms like the blues and jazz, and of other ethnic, and even urban, styles. In its turn, old-time music has served as an important source or root music, exerting a strong influence on the development of other genres; in fact, it would be difficult to imagine the existence of today's country music—including the Nashville phenomenon and its many spinoffs—without the prior existence of old-time fiddlers in the Appalachians. In terms of the style's instrumentation and performance practice, the "old time" that is referred to is roughly the nineteen-twenties, when this kind of music was first commercially recorded.



"It's a damned outrage, Faversham. Do you realize that in a mere fifteen years we've gone from fifty-five to seventy?"

• •

AFTER lunch, Harry Bolick picked up his fiddle and bow, and we set off for a walk around Felts Park. In the background, low-lying mountains looked dusky green under an overcast sky. People had been arriving in the Galax area since the previous Sunday, and now the park resembled the grounds of an old-fashioned circus, with parked cars, vans, and campers filling much of the grass-and-dirt field, and with tents pitched near many of the vehicles. Toward the center of the park, a couple of long promenades were lined with booths offering souvenirs, snacks, records, and musical instruments. Several thousand people in casual clothes were strolling about, and live music seemed to be coming from all corners. A lot of activity centered on the big yellow tent, which served as competition headquarters. The wooden stage—on which there was apt to be some sort of entertainment at all times—was surmounted by a pediment with a large-antlered moose head fastened to its center. The head was a reminder that since the first of these events, in 1935, the Old Fiddlers' Convention had been sponsored by Moose Lodge No. 733, of Galax.

As we walked, Bolick filled me in on some of the other conventions and festivals featuring old-time music which take place regularly around the country. An important old-time-music convention is held each June in Mount Airy, North Carolina, about twenty-five miles away, and a number of similar events are held annually at various other sites in the South and Southwest, and also in New England and other parts of the Northeast. There seems to be no question, though, that the Galax convention, which last year offered ten thousand dollars in cash prizes, is the largest gathering of its kind, attracting many thousands of visitors each year and drawing musicians from places as distant as England and Australia. The Galax convention is also the oldest such event, although it is far from being the first; fiddlers' contests were held in Colonial Virginia as early as 1736. Many of the reasons for having such a get-together in this region seemed obvious—we were, after all, in the Appalachians—but Bolick told me that this part of the Blue Ridge Mountains held a special drawing card: the existence of an important little nucleus of traditional music not far away.

Old-time music evolved, typically, in isolated communities, with the result that each small town or rural area developed its own ingrown tradition in respect to both material and performing style. One such area lies between Galax and Mount Airy and is called Round Peak, and scholars began trooping down there some thirty years ago to make recordings and to get to know the old-time performers. (Those scholars' efforts constituted the second wave of such investigations; researchers from the Library of Congress made field trips throughout the Southeast in the nineteen-thirties and forties, collecting folk songs and finding out what they could about the singers.) Of all the Round Peak musicians, Bolick said, the most highly respected and honored had been Tommy Jarrell, a fiddler and singer. Over the fifteen years or so preceding his death, in 1985, Jarrell became a kind of lodestar for young performers from the North. During the nineteen-sixties, a young musician and folklore expert named Alan Jabbour began taping Jarrell and some of his fellow-musicians, and later Jabbour deposited his collection of tapes in the Library of Congress's American Folklife Center, in Washington, of which he is now the director. About a year before Tommy Jarrell died, he was awarded a National Heritage Fellowship by the National Foundation for the Arts. Nowadays, it is not unusual to hear old-time musicians reminisce fondly about Jarrell or refer to a song they are playing as a Round Peak tune.

AFTER an hour or so, we found our way back to the stables, and Harry Bolick decided to get together with some of the other so-called parking-lot pickers. (The sobriquet was applied to the many musicians who were playing in informal groups for fun, and were not at the moment taking part in competition. "Parking lot" referred to the fact that these musicians usually set up their jam sessions in the maze of vehicles that by now occupied most of Felts Park; and "picker" is a common term for any country musician, whether he literally picks his instrument or not.) Some of Bolick's friends were carrying on a fairly hot session not far from his stall. As is the custom, Bolick simply walked up, stood listening for a while, and then put his bow to his fiddle and melted into the session.

With Bolick, there were now seven players in this group, most of them in their twenties or thirties. They finished a traditional tune, "Old Joe Clark," and then, in a kind of wordless consultation, picked or strummed or bowed their instruments tentatively until an agreement emerged on what to play next. The tune turned out to be "John Brown's Dream"—a local favorite—and they went about it in a thoroughly hard-core way, giving a kind of continuous jolt to the repetitive, jumpy music, which is harmonically fairly simple but melodically complex. Their instrumental techniques, which were characteristic of old-time playing, ranged from straightforward to syncopated and boisterously idiosyncratic. There were two banjo players, both of whom were using what is called clawhammer style—twanging out a contrapuntal web against which Bolick and another fiddler were laying down a pattern of rapid, often quirky bow strokes. There were also a bassist and a guitarist, who were providing strong rhythm. A young woman on mandolin was contributing to the rhythmic structure and also adding some melodic embellishments. The music seemed to gain in impact from chorus to chorus, with foot-stomping and with occasional bursts of lyrics, and "John Brown's Dream" and the tune that followed it, a Round Peak song called "Let Me Fall," each rolled along for ten minutes or more, producing an effect that was just short of hypnotic. After "Let Me Fall" came "Fire on the Mountain" and "Flop-Eared Mule," and when the musicians eventually took a break I spoke with one of the banjo players, a cheerful-looking dark-haired man named Ray Alden, who lives in Westchester County and teaches high-school mathematics in Manhattan. Harry Bolick had mentioned Alden to me earlier as having made pilgrimages to this part of the country in order to learn from the old-timers themselves.

"I was actually one of the first people to do that sort of thing," Alden told me, plucking out an occasional note. "In the summer of 1969, I made the first of several trips down this way. I had been playing banjo for a few years, but I had been mostly into bluegrass, which involves a very different style of picking. Well, once I heard my first old-time band—it was at a house concert in New Jersey—it struck a resonant chord in me. It was absolutely electric. I knew it was the music I had been searching for. So I wrote to Fred Cockerham, an expert fiddler and banjo player who lived a couple of miles from Round Peak. Fred was then in his sixties, and I asked him if I could come down and take lessons with him. He wrote back and said, 'Come on down,' and so I made the first of many trips down here. Before long, a lot of other people started travelling to this part of Virginia and North Carolina—to the Round Peak area especially—to do the same thing I was doing. In fact, it became a regular part of the scene—this group of young people from the Northern cities who would come down for a few weeks and study with the old masters. During my trips, I was lucky

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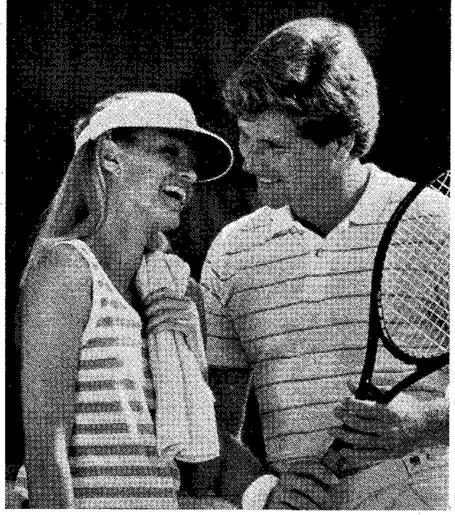

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enough to get to know not only Fred Cockerham pretty well but also his cousin Tommy Jarrell and their friends Kyle Creed and Ernest East. Tommy Jarrell, of course, was an incredible musician, and he was also an extremely magnetic person. It would be hard to overestimate his influence on those of us who are playing today. Tommy's father was Ben Jarrell, a fiddler who was recorded in the nineteen-twenties as a member of a band called Da Costa Woltz's Southern Broadcasters. As a boy, Tommy learned fiddling from his dad and from his uncle Charley Jarrell, who was also a fine musician. That's the way most of those people used to pick it up—from their fathers and uncles and grandfathers. When Tommy grew up, he got into moonshining, like Ben and Charley, but pretty soon he gave that up and became a good, steady family man, and spent most of his life building highways for the state. In the nineteen-sixties, Alan Jabbour began recording Tommy and some commercial companies began recording him, too. Anyway, on my trips down here what I learned had to do with more than just music. I mean, I grew up in the Bronx, and getting to know Fred and Tommy and the others—well, it involved just learning a whole way of life, a whole other culture. This whole thing is about *people*, you know. I mean, coming here to Galax every year is just like having a reunion with your own big, extended family."

THE jam session was soon going full blast again, and I knew that it could easily run the rest of the afternoon and into the evening. Leaving the pickers in what appeared to be a rhythmic communal trance, I climbed to the top of the grandstand, where the judges sat. There I spoke with one of the Moose Lodge officials, and learned that thirty thousand people were estimated to have arrived already—all the motels for miles around were filled—and that some seventeen hundred performers and performing groups had registered to compete. The rest of the afternoon proved to be a non-stop musical extravaganza, and in the evening there were more contests on the stage attached to the yellow tent. For a while, I stood listening to some guitarists and dulcimer players. (The mountain, or Appalachian, dulcimer is a long, narrow, fretted zither whose strings are plucked. Because its tone is very soft, the dulcimer is most often used as an accompaniment for solo

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singing.) Then I watched a group of children doing some flatfoot dancing—a sort of loose-limbed, antic shuffle—on some improvised wooden platforms not far from the stage. Soon I set out on another tour of the park, stopping to listen to more groups of pickers, and hearing fast-paced traditional tunes like "Sally Ann," "Fly Around, My Pretty Little Miss," and "Boil Them Cabbage Down." In one group, there were a couple of musicians with Oriental features. Speaking with them, I learned that they were Ken and Kazumi Inoue, a husband-and-wife fiddle-and-guitar team from Osaka. They told me that they had made several trips to this country for the primary purpose of playing old-time music. There was a moderately large following for old-time music in Japan, they said, and they had become acquainted with the style by listening to L.P.s issued by Folkways Records and by frequenting coffeehouses in Osaka where the music was performed. "It's very strange, though," Kazumi Inoue added. "We really have a lot more opportunities to play back in Japan than we do in the United States."

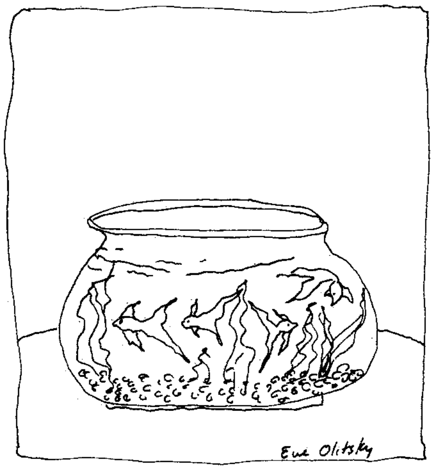
As I moved on to other jam sessions, I noticed that the fiddle players would sometimes stop between numbers to give their instruments a new tuning for the next song. This custom, which turned out to be fairly common, is a major departure from standard practice. Both in classical and in most popular techniques, the violin's four strings are tuned to the notes E, A, D, and G, but an old-time fiddler might tune his strings to E, A, E, and A for one song and retune them to E, A, D, and A for the next. Other instruments, like the banjo, may also be given peculiar tunings in old-time music.

Eventually, in a clearing between two parked campers, I stopped to enjoy a session involving four older men who were fiddling and picking and strumming out some melodically intricate stuff. The lead fiddler, a gray-haired, mustached man in a straw cowboy hat, tore through a tune called "Ragtime Annie" and followed it with a version of "Listen to the Mockingbird" in which his fiddle seemed to sing or gasp or moan as his bow sailed or glanced or scraped over the strings. Like most old-time fiddlers, he made liberal use of double stops—the playing of two strings at once—and sometimes he would bend one double stop into the next, giving the music a series of cheerful groans. In "Mockingbird" he even managed to make his instrument imitate songbirds chirping and woodpeckers rapping. When the tune ended, a good-sized crowd clapped and shouted and whistled. I spoke with the lead fiddler, and learned that he was Ralph McGee, of Pinnacle, North Carolina, which is about twenty miles south of Round Peak, and that he had been attending the Galax conventions since the nineteen-thirties. He agreed to tell me more about himself, and we decided to meet early the next day.

ON Friday morning, in a restaurant on Main Street, a short walk from the park, Ralph McGee ordered sausages and biscuits and coffee and told me that he was born on October 25, 1901, in King, North Carolina—a few miles from Pinnacle—had fiddled since he was five, and had never learned to read music. This last fact was not surprising, for reading music is a marginal skill in old-time music, the essentials of the style being conveyed not so much through notes and time values, which can be written down, as through a whole texture of ingrained techniques and nuances—unorthodox slides, slurs, and notes that waver or are deliberately played a shade flat or sharp—which are difficult, if not impossible, to represent in writing. McGee explained that he had picked up fiddle playing on his own, learning it partly from his father and grandfather and partly by observing other players:

"Old man Green McGee—my great-granddaddy—he played fiddle, but he went off to the Civil War and never came back, and nobody ever knew what happened to him. Maybe he got blown up by a mine, or something. But the McGees and the Fulps—my mother was a Fulp—they was all musicians. And Grandpa Alex McGee, back in 1907, he says, 'Ralph,' he says, 'I learned how to play that old tune, old "Sally Gooden," on a fiddle I made out of a gourd.' Grandpa Alex lived till 1934, and when I was a little boy I used to learn some by watching him. But Dad played the fiddle left-handed, and when he first gave me a fiddle, back in 1908, he strung it up left-handed, and he'd try to show me how to do the noting like he did, and it just didn't sound right. But I'm *right*-handed, and my dad was not a very patient person, so I had to find another way to learn. When I got a little older, me and my older brother Roscoe, we would go to those old Keith vaudeville shows that they used to have back years and years ago. They'd have those little old dime shows, you know. Roscoe and me would try to be up behind that violinist, so we could watch his actions. Well, right there was teaching, for us. If they played something in that orchestra that I liked, I got so I could remember every dad-burned note that that man put in there, and play it when I got home. And you know how I did it? I didn't do a thing but get me a chair and get right down in front of the mirror, and I'd act just like *he* did, you know, remembering that old tune. And if it didn't sound right I stayed with it till I *got* it right, no matter how long it took. And Dad used to say, 'Ralph, I don't know how you do it, but you got an elephant's memory.' "

At fourteen, having finished the seventh grade, which was the end of his schooling, McGee took a job with the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, but he soon quit and became an automobile mechanic. "Even after we left home, if we was in the area we'd always meet at Mother's and Dad's on weekends," he said. "And Mother would cook all day long on one of them wood-burning stoves. We had one room there that we called the music room. There was organs, and there was pianos, and there was Autoharps, and there was ukuleles, and there was all kinds of music. My sisters, Lillian, Grace, and Della—they all played the piano and organ. And my brothers, Roscoe, Roy, and Wilmer—they played fiddles, banjos, or guitars. It didn't make no difference what instrument they had—they'd pick it up and play it." In 1929, McGee continued, he moved to Toledo, Ohio. He worked there as a mechanical inspector for the city, and soon put together a group of musicians from



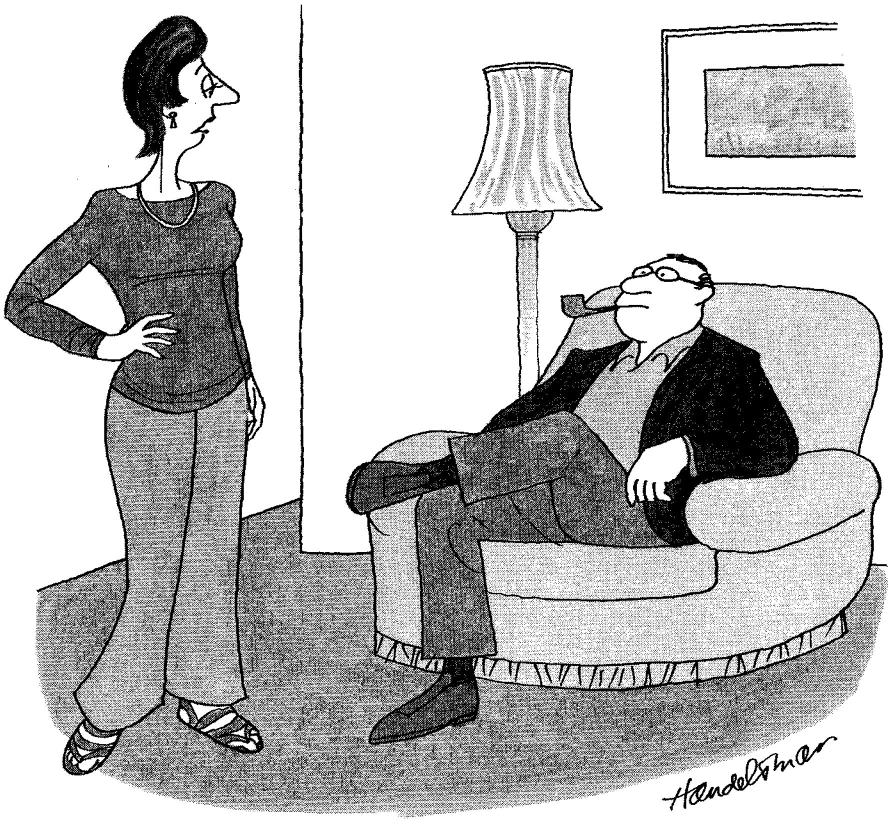
North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee, who played together in beer gardens and speakeasies as a "hillbilly band." In 1939, when he returned to North Carolina to live, he resumed his work as a mechanic. By that time, he had a wife and four children to support, and he almost always managed to pick up some extra money playing the E. Martin "Stradivarius" model violin that his father had given him in 1912, when he was eleven.

"Back around 1914, after I got that E. Martin fiddle, we formed the McGee Band," he said. "My dad played fiddle, and I played fiddle, and two of my brothers played banjo, and my other brother played guitar. And we kept that up for a number of years. We played a lot together in our home area—around Stokes County and Surry County, North Carolina—at parties and square dances and political meetings and that kind of thing. Well, the RCA company heard about us, and one time they come down on the train and wanted an audition out of us, so me and my brothers and Dad, we went to this place in King, in an old store building, and went upstairs, and we played three or four pieces for them, you know, and the man said, 'You boys, RCA would like you to record some of the old fiddle tunes for us.' Dad said, 'Tell us what we get out of it,' and the man went on talking about a contract and everything, and finally said that after expenses was cleared we'd get five per cent. And Dad just laughed and said, 'I could make a better living right here than I could making a bunch of records for you.' My daddy was only the second gas-station mechanic and millwright that there was in the state of North Carolina, and he was proud of every bit of work that he did. So he said, 'Me and my boys is going home.' And that's what we done.

"Lately, I've been getting letters from Washington, D.C., wanting me to come down there and do all this trick stuff on the fiddle, like that 'Mockingbird' you heard me play last night, with those birdcalls. And they say five hundred dollars is their limit on what you get paid there at the Smithsonian, so it would cost me that much just to go down there to Washington and stay a night. Well, I don't guess I'm going to go. I've been playing for nearly eighty years, but I've never had a radio show or made a record, and I don't know why I should go all the way to the Smithsonian. But I've still got that E. Martin 'Stradivarius' fiddle that my dad gave me, and I play just about every Tuesday night down at Zeke Saunders' barn—that's off Robin Hood Road, about seven or eight miles west of Winston-Salem. And sometimes on Friday nights I play over at what they call the White Rock. And if the good Lord's willing, and if nothing don't happen, I'm just going to keep on fiddling till I die."

After several more cups of coffee, Ralph McGee and I walked back to Felts Park, where, despite a light drizzle, he soon joined another jam session, and where I spent a couple of hours listening to some vigorous bluegrass. As Harry Bolick had pointed out to me earlier, there were as many adherents of bluegrass at Galax as of old-time music, if not more. Bluegrass—a style that evolved from old-time string-band music—came into existence around 1946 in the live performances and recordings of Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys, a well-known group, which at one time included the guitarist Lester Flatt and the banjoist Earl Scruggs. (Some twenty years later, Flatt and Scruggs' version of "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" brought bluegrass to a wide national audience when it was used in the soundtrack of the film "Bonnie and Clyde.") Bill Monroe is a native of Kentucky who began his career in the early nineteen-thirties and soon became known for playing mandolin, singing in a high tenor voice, and having fallings-out with his band members, Flatt and Scruggs among them. The sound of the Blue Grass Boys—and of their many followers and imitators—eventually led to a distinct style, though apparently Monroe and his musicians had never intended to create one; from their point of view, they were merely playing old-time music in their own way.

As bluegrass has developed, however, it has become a much more popular and commercial style than the old-time music from which it sprang. While old-time music is still considered chiefly an at-home thing, bluegrass has become stage or concert music. Some bluegrass artists are doing extremely well, and many radio stations give their music generous airplay—something that old-time music rarely gets. Bluegrass differs significantly from old-time music in instrumental technique, especially on fiddle and banjo. It also features instrumental solos, which have led some critics



"Let's just drop it, Andrew, and leave it to future historians to decide which of us was right."

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to call it "the jazz of country music," whereas old-time music is usually played in a strict ensemble style. And in bluegrass there may be frequent choruses sung in close harmony, whereas the singing in old-time music is apt to be sporadic, often solo, and much less important than the playing. A latter-day permutation of bluegrass, called progressive bluegrass—an overlapping term is "newgrass"—updates the music even further and can involve today's Top Forty tunes and just about any kind of instrumentation. At Galax, it did not take me long to learn that there was a clear philosophical gulf, not necessarily entailing animosity, between the bluegrass crowd and the old-time crowd. The two groups tended to socialize separately and to occupy different areas of Felts Park; in general, the bluegrass players set up housekeeping in their parked campers or trailers, while the old-timey musicians camped in or near the stables.

Both these major species of music, along with several subspecies, were getting a wide range of treatments in the parking lot, often simultaneously, and produced by a variety of standard or hybrid instruments. Many people were playing mandolins—invariably of the flat-backed type associated with country music, as opposed to the lute-backed classical type. There were also a fair number of Dobros. (A Dobro is a steel guitar with a large, circular metal resonator attached under the bridge.) Here and there I would hear a harmonica, and occasionally there would be an accordion jamming with some stringed instruments in the warm and accessible Cajun style, but since only stringed instruments were allowed in competition there was not a great deal of this Cajun music, and I never encountered anyone playing a brass instrument or a woodwind—or, for that matter, anything electronic. Spectators were apt to break into spontaneous singing and dancing, and it was not surprising to hear, in the midst of a hard-driving jam session, a high-pitched, half-yodelled "Hoo-*ee!*" or "Ah-*hah!*" from the mouth of an enraptured fan.

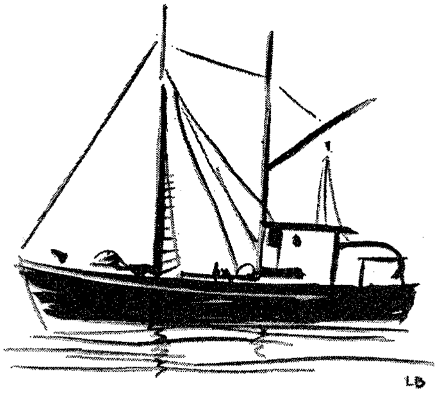
BY Friday evening, the skies had cleared, and the crowd had reached the crest of what for three days had already been a very mellow mood. Back around the stables, a number of jam sessions were going full throttle, fuelled partly by a local substance called peach moonshine. Though most of the parking-lot pickers seemed not to care, the governor of Virginia, Gerald Baliles, stepped onstage at around seven o'clock, and spoke some favorable words about both the convention and the region. Later, as I wandered among clusters of parked vehicles, taking in more sessions, I encountered a group of five musicians who were practicing for the old-time-band contest to take place that evening. Their band was called Skyland Strings and was registered from Piney Creek, North Carolina. The leader was a white-haired guitarist called Uncle Dave Sturgill. His son Johnny, a robust, bearded young man in a fur-trimmed cowboy hat, was the group's bass player. But Johnny Sturgill's bass was a curious object. Patterned after a typical tub bass—essentially an upside-down washtub with a pole attached and with a piece of clothesline running from the top of the pole to the tub—his instrument was made mostly of intricately carved wood.

"As far as I know, this is the first wooden tub bass there ever was on the circuit," Johnny Sturgill told me with evident pride. "I've been playing it about fifteen years now. I didn't like the sound people were getting out of their metal washtubs, and I do a lot of fancy carving and inlay work—I'm a cabinetmaker—so I made this one myself. Back in 1975, I won first prize with this at the convention they used to have down at Union Grove, North Carolina—and that was competing against all the *real* bass players."

Also in Skyland Strings was a slim, bearded man called Marty Schuman, who told me that he was born in New York City but that as a boy he had moved with his parents to Florida, and had spent most of his life there. Schuman explained that he specialized in five-string Dobro (a typical Dobro has six strings) and Autoharp. The Autoharp is a stringed instrument that was invented in this country in the eighteen-eighties, and was designed mainly as a parlor instrument. For years, it was derided as a "push-button zither," since a set of buttons makes it easy for the player to create chords; but, beginning around the nineteen-twenties, in the playing of Ernest Stoneman and of the Carter Family, the instrument was brought to considerable levels of artistry, and now it is a standard part of old-time music. "I started playing guitar as a kid," Schuman said. "I wasn't too good, and then I met Woody Guthrie. It was just before his physical condition deteriorated so that he couldn't play anymore. That was around 1951, in Jacksonville, and I was about thirteen, and just hearing Woody play and sing was an inspiration. Another big influence was Pete Seeger, the folksinger. I met Pete at a party in the late nineteen-fifties, when I was temporarily back in New York. Like a lot of people at that time, including Seeger, I started going down to Washington Square on Sundays to be part of the folk-music scene that was just getting big then. Back in Florida, I became a vocational rehabilitation counsellor and evaluator and worked at that until a few months ago, when I decided to concentrate on music. In 1981, I went out to a music festival in Winfield, Kansas, and as part of it they organized something called the First International Autoharp Contest. I placed first, so—for whatever it's worth—I became the world's first international Autoharp champion."

As it happened, Mike Seeger, Pete Seeger's younger brother, was also at Galax, and I ran into him that same evening, behind the yellow tent, where musicians were lining up to await their turns in the old-time-band competition. Mike Seeger is a lean, fine-featured man of fifty-four who for the past thirty years has been an important influence in bringing people to traditional music. In 1958, he was a founding member, with John Cohen and Tom Paley, of a trio called the New Lost City Ramblers. By performing old-time and other folk-based music in an authentic way—throughout the nineteen-sixties and into the early seventies, when they disbanded—the Ramblers had a strong effect on what is generally called the urban folk revival, which was epitomized by the Sunday gatherings in Washington Square Park.

Seeger said, "Next month, I'm starting a festival of old-time music over in Buena Vista, Virginia, at the foot of the Blue Ridge. We're calling our festival the Rockbridge Mountain Music and Dance Convention, and we hope to make it an annual thing. What we want to do is build a festival that will present both the older, traditional musicians and the younger, urban musicians. I think that this partnership between generations and regions is very important. I would estimate that there are a few thousand people around the country now, roughly in their thirties, who are seriously into old-time music. Most of them live in cities or are part of some academic community. But recently I've noticed that some of the younger country people, in their teens or twenties, have become aware of the urban people playing, and now some of these country kids are beginning to look back to their own roots and learn how to play. I think that what draws people to old-time music is a pretty complex thing. It's definitely a kind of music that can be accessible on a number of levels. I mean, the music has a feeling of having been around awhile, so you have a tradition. Most of the younger people who are coming to old-time music were raised on rock and roll, and, like rock, old-time music is basic and direct and very rhythmic. One thing I never foresaw, though, is that there would be so many people taking up the fiddle. I mean, to my knowledge, I was the first city person to play old-time fiddle, back in the fifties. So that's one thing that's really astonished me—all these hundreds of young people who are working hard to become good fiddlers. But old-time music fulfills a natural desire for music that you can have available on a day-to-day basis. You get together with a few friends and you have a potluck and you play a few tunes, and maybe you do some square dancing. The music is not beyond the skills of a lot of ordinary people, and it's amenable to change. Old-time music really has never been static—it has always accepted new influences and growth. Take Rockbridge County, where I live. There are a half-dozen fiddlers there now, and each of us has a different fiddle style—it's just like talking. You develop a band sound that's unique, or a fiddle style that's your own, within the framework of the basic sound that all old-time music has. Old-time music is just good, usable, everyday music that can also be art."



The Old Fiddlers' Convention continued in its rip-roaring way through Saturday night, when prizes were announced. Skyland Strings, with

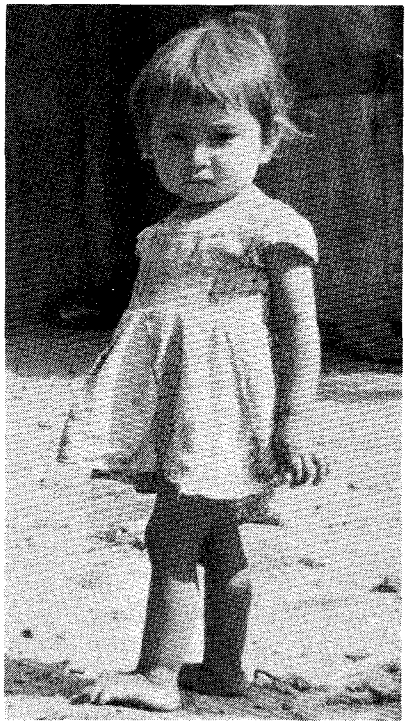
Johnny Sturgill on his tub bass, placed fourth in the old-time-band competition, a category with a hundred and seventy-four entrants. Ralph McGee placed third in the old-time-fiddle competition, which had a hundred and eighty-eight entrants, and he also received a special award as the convention's oldest participant. At around 2 A.M., some of the musicians began to pack up for the journey home. But the crowd of young men and women who had settled into the stables—including the New York contingent, several people from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and a group from Cambridge, Massachusetts—kept playing till the sun came up.

AFTER I returned to New York, I kept in touch with some of the old-time musicians in the metropolitan area. I knew that there had been an active, weekly session of old-time music at the Eagle Tavern, on West Fourteenth Street, in Manhattan, but last October those sessions came to an end, because of changes in and renewed enforcement of the city's cabaret-license law. In the spring of this year, Harry Bolick called to say that he and a friend were about to start a new series of informal weekly sessions in a small space above the Off-Center Theatre, on West Eighteenth Street. I dropped in one Tuesday evening and found about a dozen people and heard some by now familiar rousing music. As we talked after the session, the musicians alerted me to an upcoming event called the First Annual New York City Old Time Mini Festival, Band Contest, and Dance, which was being sponsored by the American Musical Roots Association of Long Island—a group devoted to traditional music and dance—together with Vicki Orenstein Gibson, who was formerly in charge of the old-time sessions at the Eagle Tavern. The festival, an all-day affair, was to be held at Public School 3, on Hudson Street, on a Saturday in April. I went down to Greenwich Village on Saturday morning and found that about a hundred people had already arrived, many of them carrying instruments in battered cases. Several faces looked familiar from the parking-lot sessions I had listened to in Virginia. Harry Bolick was there, preparing to perform a composition of his own with his three-piece band, which he calls Zombie Lust. Ray Alden was also there and had set up a booth where he hoped to sell records and musical instruments from his own collections. I also saw Ken and Kazumi Inoue, who told me that they would be playing in a band that day together with Sumio Inoue—he is a native of Kyoto and is not related to them—who had placed ninth in the old-time-fiddle competition at Galax.

Most of the day's activities took place in the school auditorium—square dancing was scheduled for the evening—and the program included performances by three young bands from the Northeast that have become well known in old-timey circles: the Heartbeats, an all-female group from Philadelphia; the Chicken Chokers, from Boston; and the Horseflies, from Ithaca, New York. Although each of these bands has its own style, they all seem to regard old-time music as a point of departure, bringing to it a variety of more modern influences, and I was reminded of what Mike Seeger had said about the music's continuing to grow. As I listened to the Horseflies—fiddle, banjo, guitar, and bass—it was easy to hear that they had broadened their style to include elements of jazz, rhythm and blues, and rock. I learned that the band had issued several records on small labels, and that many of the things they play are their own compositions, which can range from very slow, moody things to ingratiatingly sly up-tempo ones.

Judy Hyman, whose father is the jazz pianist Dick Hyman, is the Horseflies' fiddler, and her husband, Jeff Claus, is the band's guitarist. They are both in their mid-thirties. I spoke with them after the Flies had played a set, and they told me that their eclectic approach was very conscious and deliberate. Claus, who teaches at Mount Holyoke College, said, "I think the best way to say it is that we're based in old-time music but we've allowed ourselves to absorb other music that we like and to let that influence the way we play. For instance, Richie Stearns, our banjo player, will use reggae rhythms, or he'll throw in some Motown riffs here and there. John Hayward, our bass player, brings a strong jazz or rock feel to a lot of what he does. And yet we really like the root music. We've been playing it a long time now, and we love the old-time feel. We just like to take it further."

"I'll give you an example," said Judy Hyman, who studied classical violin as a child and holds a B.S. degree in music from Indiana University. "We get a lot of requests for a



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tune we call 'Who Throwed Lye on My Dog?' It's a tune that we came up with through an intentional searching for a kind of tonality that you get in New Wave music. We were fooling around one day, and we took an old fiddle tune called 'Yellow Cat' and played it in the key of C. Then I thought I'd see what would happen if I retuned my fiddle. What I did was leave the top string in E. The A string I change to a G. The D string goes down to a B-flat. And the G string goes down to a D. So now I finger the tune exactly as I did before, when it was in the key of C, but with very different results. My *fingers* are doing the same thing, but the *notes* are different, so that the tune comes out with kind of strange, modal intervals that are really very exciting. And somewhere in there you can still hear the rhythmic and structural patterns of 'Yellow Cat.' We trust our own likes and dislikes, and much of the music that interests us is contemporary minimalist composition of the so-called serious sort—along with the rock side of that—from Philip Glass to Terry Riley, Steve Reich, and Laurie Anderson."

"We've got a new record coming out on Rounder," Claus added. "And on this one we're using a synthesizer, some computerized rhythm tracks, and a fair amount of percussion, played both live and on a digital sampling device called an Emulator. There are purists who don't like the sort of thing we're doing, but we've never considered ourselves historians or folklorists. We got interested in old-time music because there was a lot of fun involved and because it felt good to hear and to play. There really are no limits to what you can do with it."

A COUPLE of evenings after the First Annual New York City Old Time Mini Festival, I stopped in to see Harry Bolick in the house that he shares with his Israeli-born wife, Hannah, in Cobble Hill, in Brooklyn. Bolick was in the midst of renovating the house, a three-story brick structure that is about a hundred years old and, over the years, has been enlarged from what was originally a stable. I remarked that he seemed condemned to dwell in stables, and he laughed, and said, "I like the simple life." On the top floor, he showed me his extensive record collection and played a few of his prized 78-r.p.m. records, including some made in the nineteen-twenties by the Skillet Lickers, a group he favors. He also played a couple of tunes by his putative relatives the Blue Sky Boys. Then he played some tracks from an album called "The Young Fogies," which Heritage Records (a Galax concern) issued in 1985, and which contains cuts by the New Lost City Ramblers, the Horseflies, the Chicken Chokers, and groups including Ray Alden, Alan Jabbour, and some of the older Blue Ridge performers, like Mac Snow and Doc Watson. Bolick also played a track from a cassette on which he fiddles and sings with a band called Screaming Lulu. The cassette, which has a cover design by Bolick—he specializes in this kind of artwork—is an example of the kind of quasi-commercial recordings that are being made in small studios or in home studios around the country these days and are being sold largely through mailing lists or word of mouth.

As we sat drinking tea, Bolick pulled out an old record by the great banjo player Uncle Dave Macon, who is one of his idols, and placed it carefully on a turntable. "I love these old seventy-eights," he said. "But I'm not completely hung up on them. I know people who insist on having seventy-eights to the exclusion of everything else. But most of my collection is on L.P.s, issued by companies like County, Rounder, and Heritage, which are about the only labels that put out old-time music nowadays." After playing another old record, featuring Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers, Bolick played several tracks from an L.P. that Tommy Jarrell made in the nineteen-sixties, when Northerners were just becoming aware of him. Among other songs that Jarrell played and sang was "The Drunken Hiccups" (often called "Jack of Diamonds"), and in performing it he took time to comment on the music and to explain how he tuned his fiddle. Jarrell's singing voice was typical of an old-time mountain singer's—high and nasal and evocative, with occasional falsetto breaks, and able to move flexibly from a chuckle to a plaintive tone. His fiddling was fast and dexterous and, at times, dazzling.

After turning the record over and starting the second side, Bolick poured some more tea, and said, "I played with Tommy Jarrell once, you know. It was at a festival down South, and there were a lot of other musicians around, so I never really got to know Tommy well. I never made the big pilgrimage, the way Ray Alden and some of my other friends did, and now

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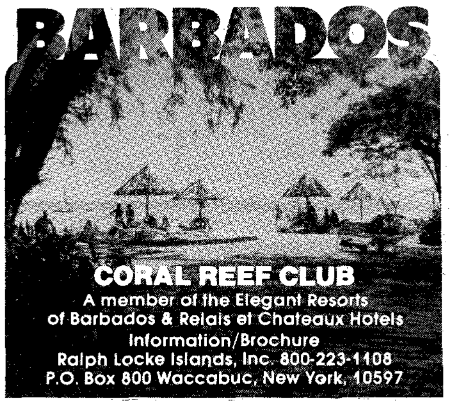

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I sort of wish I had. But I think those relationships—those young guys who went down to learn from the old-timers—I think those relationships worked both ways. My guess is that a man like Tommy Jarrell would have been lonely in his old age except that he had, you know, grandchildren, in a sense—musical grandchildren—all up and down the East Coast. These young people would come to visit. And they would stay for weeks at a time, camping out with their tents in his front yard. They would cook for him —he lived almost exclusively on biscuits and gravy—and they'd clean his house for him. They'd help out in all sorts of ways. Some of my friends described it as kind of adopting a grandfather.

"Once, when my own grandfather was still alive, I went back to the family farm, in Mississippi, and one evening I was playing the fiddle, and all of a sudden Grandpa looked up and smiled and said, 'That's "Carroll County Blues."' Carroll County is where he lived—he never ventured outside the county, as far as I know. Well, that really meant something to me, because I had always thought Grandpa was tone-deaf, and it was about the only time he ever commented on my fiddling. Sometimes I think about things like that when I take the music farther and do my own composing. I mean, I compose within the old-time style, but there are differences. In that sense, I would ally myself with people like the Horseflies, because we have the old music as our foundation, and we'll study it assiduously, and we'll painstakingly try to get it perfect, and for years we'll try to play it exactly the way the old-timers used to play it, but then, eventually, we're bound to keep on walking. I think what it comes down to is that we're devoted to the old music, but still we unabashedly admit that we prefer to let it be part of our lives right now, here in the nineteen-eighties. Because when we're playing what we want to play, and living who we are today, we're not really trying to *imitate* some kind of music. We *are* the music. That's what keeps it alive."

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BOOKS

Hearts and Minds

SAUL BELLOW's new novel, "More Die of Heartbreak" (Morrow; $17.95), about the affectionate bond between an unworldly Midwestern botanist and his equally abstracted nephew, might have been conceived as a test of our family feeling for the author himself. It's like an impossibly long letter from a relative to whom not very much has happened in the years since we last heard from him. Both the familiarity and the uneventfulness are a relief—no change, no catastrophes—and we're pleased enough to accept the trade-off of being a little bored. The first third of "More Die of Heartbreak" is restless, eccentric, and discursive in Bellow's usual way, and really phenomenally dull. The book picks up speed when, after a hundred pages of chatty exposition, the plot kicks in at last, but to get us even that far Bellow needs to call on every bit of the good will he has built up over the last forty years. We listen for echoes of the voice we know intimately, and hear them everywhere, in a lighter tone, like whispered, jokey asides overheard at a party. The dawdling, anecdotal style tells us that nothing new or especially serious (by Bellow standards) is going on here. This is "Herzog" without real despair; a tiny moon of "Mr. Sammler's Planet;" "Humboldt's Gift" in a Cracker Jack box. In one of Bellow's recent stories, an elderly intellectual gives a talk on Marx's "Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," the great essay that begins with the thesis that all the major events and characters of history occur twice, first as tragedy and then as farce; "More Die of Heartbreak" demonstrates, probably consciously, that novelists' themes can obey the same law.

The action—such as it is—of "More Die of Heartbreak" takes place in a nameless Midwestern city that is explicitly *not* Chicago, though it shares at least a couple of key features with Bellow's home city: a major university and rampant civic corruption. This is Bellow's ironic version of the never-never lands of Shakespeare's late philosophical comedies—an island of professors and crooks dead center in the vast American nowhere, a windy city of the mind. His narrator, a young Russian-literature scholar named Kenneth Trachtenberg, blows punishing gusts of theory, history (global and personal), and physical detail at us, pausing only occasionally to catch his breath and apologize for his inability to edit himself. Even his apologies turn into mini-dissertations: "If you venture to think in America, you also feel an obligation to provide a historical sketch to go with it, to authenticate or legitimize your thoughts. So it's one moment of flashing insight and then a quarter of an hour of pedantry and tiresome elaboration—academic gabble. . . . One has to feel sorry for people in such an explanatory bind. Or else (a better alternative) one can develop an eye for the comical side of this." One of Bellow's previous narrators put it more bluntly: "As usual, I gave more information than my questioner had any use for, using every occasion to transmit my sense of life. My father before me also did this. Such a habit can be irritating." The chummy self-consciousness of these passages shouldn't deceive us: in Bellow's recent work, such sheepish digressions are often the clearest statements of his themes. By far the best way to read "More Die of Heartbreak" is as a comedy of overelaboration: America imagined as an exhausting freewheeling seminar, "A Night at the University" with a pedantic Groucho presiding.

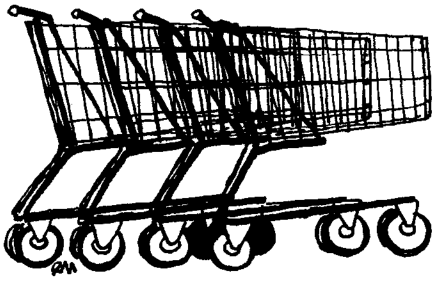
That's the idea, anyway—not an entirely fresh one for Bellow. He has always been interested in how American artists and intellectuals tie themselves up, has always marvelled at the

"Every time he's right, he does that."

ingenuity with which they put the mind-forged cuffs on themselves. The unfortunate professor Moses Herzog, deranged by his betrayal at the hands of his wife and his best friend, deals with his pain by cranking his highly developed mental machinery into overdrive: he spends his days in a fury of pointless intellection, composing (in his head) elaborate self-justifying letters, which function less as a means of problem-solving than as a kind of mild anesthesia. (Ideas are his endorphins.) The poet Von Humboldt Fleisher wastes his life in scheming for recognition and security, cajoling American society for the stature he feels is due him, and dies paranoid and destitute. His chronicler, Charles Citrine, a lesser writer who has lucked into some comfort and success, winds up taking refuge from small-time hoodlums, savage divorce courts, and guilt about Humboldt's end by holing up in a crummy Spanish *pensión* and immersing himself in the cracker-barrel mysticism of Rudolf Steiner. (Citrine, pointedly, is from Appleton, Wisconsin, the home town of the great escape artist Houdini.) In Bellow's America, artists and intellectuals just can't win; in a sense, they don't even belong in the game. The comedy, for Bellow, is how his characters' high-powered cerebral equipment, designed to transcend the imposing machine of American business and law, gets tangled up in the works anyway—how brains developed for lofty philosophical detachment struggle to reverse their hard-won evolution, to recover the simple animal cunning needed to disengage themselves from the culture's traps. The pure products of America may, as William Carlos Williams wrote, go crazy, but in Bellow's fiction the impure products—those who, by virtue of their immigrant ancestry or their education in the exalted traditions of European culture (or both), try to live in the New World with Old World values—go crazier.

"More Die of Heartbreak" takes this notion about as far as it can go. Both Kenneth, an American who was born and brought up in Paris but came to the United States because it's "where the action is," and his uncle, Benn Crader, who zips around the globe attending botanical conferences, are helpless American innocents in the guise of citizens of the world. They're most comfortable up where the air is thin: their lengthy talks have the unreal, immobilized quality of conversations between passengers in an airplane cruising high above the clouds. And their verbosity is inexhaustible. As if to emphasize that these are men of reflection, not action, Bellow has constructed his novel so that almost nothing is presented to us directly: most of the book's crucial events take place off-page, and are reported in the course of conversations between Kenneth and his uncle or in the form of Kenneth's philosophical recaps. It's as anti-dramatic as characters reciting their lines from garbage cans in a Beckett play (Benn and Ken would make fine names for a Beckett couple), and Bellow's characters, clever and voluble as they are, never manage to move from their appointed spots—perhaps because, as Kenneth remarks with his usual self-importance, "the quality people are always knee-deep in the garbage of 'personal life.' " Since his picaresques of the fifties—the lumbering "Adventures of Augie March" and the nimbler, more exuberant "Henderson the Rain King"—Bellow has turned his attention to characters who seem more sedentary with every book. His fiction in the last three decades traces the decline of the brash assurance that informed Augie March's opening statement: "I am an American, Chicago born—Chicago, that somber city—and go at things as I have taught myself, free-style, and will make the record in my own way." Kenneth and Benn, a pair of jabbering, irresolute dreamers from a city that never existed, look like the end of the line.

Bellow has certainly developed his eye for the comical side of his characters' various binds—rather a cold eye, it appears at first. The garbage of Benn's personal life—his disastrous late marriage to young, ambitious Matilda Layamon, whose *haut bourgeois* family manipulates him like a puppet—buries him completely. He's a helpless schlemiel, no match for the forces determined to make him act against his gentle nature. (The Layamons want him to threaten a lawsuit against his own uncle, Harold Vilitzer—a crooked old machine boss, now dying and politically embattled, who gypped Benn's family out of their fair share of the city's most valuable piece of real estate.) Benn has the kinds of problems that Bellow's heroes often have, but his spirit seems smaller, his resources more limited; he's the purest victim Bellow has created since "Seize the Day" 's Tommy Wilhelm, thirty years ago, and Wilhelm had the advantage of a noble, eloquent third-person narration to give weight and dignity to his trials. Here the story is told by ridiculous Kenneth, a man in his mid-thirties who lives in a college-dorm room and imagines himself and his mild uncle as great world-historical minds, agents of a "desperately needed human turning point." It's impossible to take anything he says very seriously—at least until near the end, when, after unloading a particularly grandiose set of *pensées* about Eros in America, he admits, "Of course, we all have these thoughts today instead of prayers. And we think these thoughts are serious and we take pride in our ability to think, to elaborate ideas, so we go round and round in consciousness like this. However, they don't get us anywhere; our speculations are like a stationary bicycle. . . . These proliferating thoughts have more affinity to insomnia than to mental progress. Oscillations of the mental substance is what they are, ever-increasing jitters." The amazing thing about "More Die of Heartbreak" is that Bellow is willing to put before us this twitching mind, in full spasm, purely for its own sake. (Though Kenneth's ruminations often serve as formidable weapons against the reader's insomnia, that's probably not what they're meant to do.)



Bellow tries our patience with these heads-in-the-clouds characters, dares us to find them mere buffoons—and then dares us to transcend our irritation and honor the good in them, too. Kenneth, that intellectual wind machine, blows more smoke than a music-video director, but, when it clears, something solid remains in view: the strong natural kinship of the uncle and the nephew. The depth of their attachment catches us off guard; this isn't the sort of relationship that's often celebrated in literature, so we read most of the novel expecting a bitter falling-out or, at least, a revelation of dark ulterior motives. Early on, Kenneth warns, "I grant you the difficulty of making a case for enduring human bonds. Everybody fears being suckered through the affections, although cynical people still adopt a lip-service attitude towards them." Instead of using this statement in the usual cunning literary way, as a setup for Kenneth's disillusionment, Bellow fools us by playing it straight: he tries, amid all the farce complications and philosophical bluster, to make the difficult case for the simpler feelings.

The emergence of these basic (in Bellow's terms, European) values of familial love from such a dense, compulsively detailed (i.e., American) verbal texture is the novel's most striking effect. And there's a nice irony in the way Benn and Kenneth finally make their escape from the predatory Layamons: it's their emotional, not their intellectual, capital that earns their passage out. But does Bellow have to put *all* their academic baggage on display, just for the comic effect of watching them jettison it when they're forced to run for their lives? It's like those little ironic flourishes that thrillers and adventure movies favor: the gold dust scatters in the wind, the suitcase full of stolen money pops open at the airport, and speech gives way to the laughter of nature or fate. The schemers in these movies never do wind up with the loot; the scholars in "More Die of Heartbreak" leave all their painstakingly assembled intellectual possessions piled high on the runway when they take flight, in their different ways, from their unmanageable lives; and Bellow, for all his intelligence and audacity, doesn't quite get away with the job he's planned here, either. He outsmarts himself. He's put so much energy and ingenuity into the diversionary action that when he finally gets his hands on the prize it's anticlimactic: it looks tiny, a little unreal, maybe not worth the feverish intricacy of the effort.

"More Die of Heartbreak" dies, at last, from overkill. Its quirky characters and its family themes belong with the short stories and novellas of Bellow's 1984 collection, "Him with His Foot in His Mouth," where the small, intimate emotional truths that Bellow is searching for these days don't have to struggle so hard to assert themselves. For what he's after, a quick strike like the thirty-two-page classic "A Silver Dish" is more effective. That story, about a middle-aged Chicago businessman remembering his father's theft of an ornate dish from the living room of a very rich and proper Swedish woman, says as much about Europe and America as anything Bellow has written, and as much about the nature of "enduring human bonds." Its hero eulogizes his father like this: "You could never pin down that self-willed man. When he was ready to make his move, he made it—always on his own terms. And always, always, something up his sleeve. That was how he was." It's a eulogy, in a way, for Augie March's free-style, for the impure, lawless energy of this country's finest confidence men and artists. It expresses, too, the qualities of Saul Bellow that have claimed our affection over the years: his deviousness and transparency, his powerful will and emotional delicacy, his Old World values and New World irreverence. He has always been a smart, likable trickster, even when, as in this new novel, he seems to take forever working his little surprises free of his sleeve. For better or worse, that's how he is.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BELLES LETTRES PAPERS, by Charles Simmons (Morrow; $12.95). If *Belles Lettres's* founder, in 1951, had been less cosmopolitan, he might have called his magazine *Bookworm;* but then (as Frank Page, the narrator, explains) a pseudo-intellectual rag called *Bookworm* might not have caught the acquisitive eye, in 1960, of the publisher of *Vin* ("the magazine devoted to that spherical miracle known as the grape"), *Moi* ("the magazine for the one person you care most about, You!"), and *Salle de Bain.* Frank Page's chronicle of his recent two-year stint at *Belles Lettres* depicts would-be bookmen scrambling for a place on the *Belles Lettres* Hit Parade, and the *Belles Lettres* staff scrambling for cover when they learn that the new editor's favorite pastime is clearing out deadwood, and that a would-be bookie is balancing, in a way, the books. A fine and timely farce—a sort of cross between Thurber's "Catbird Seat" and the Tower Commission report—by a former editor of the *Times Book Review.*

TEMPTING FATE, by Laurie Alberts (Houghton Mifflin; $17.95). A rich, deep novel set on an Alaskan island in the nineteen-seventies. The heroine, Allie, is pleased when she is mistaken for a Tlingit Indian, but she proves she is from the Lower Forty-eight by dressing like

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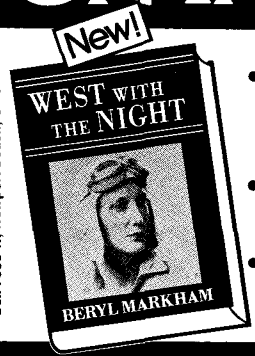

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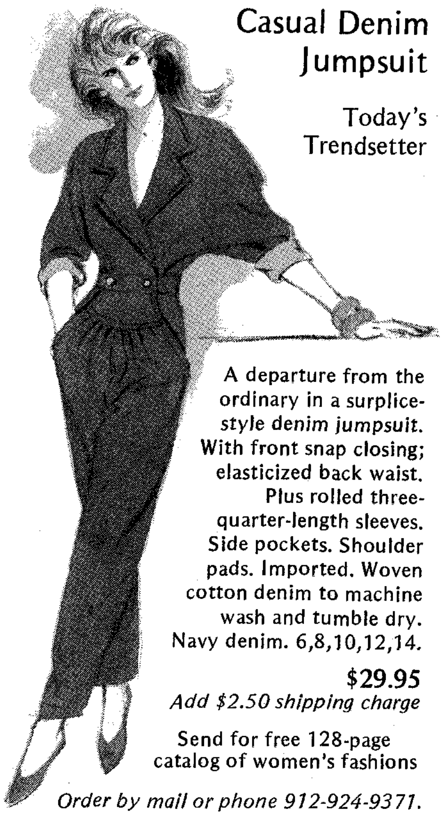

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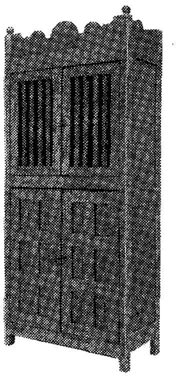

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a fisherman and shunning cannery work. Because of bitter and baffling childhood memories, Allie is attracted to edges and extremes; much of the story concerns a young Tlingit who seems at first too much like Allie to drown his doubts and his dreams in beer, as all his fellow-fishermen do. Near the end, a graying Russian, who, like Allie, has run about as far as possible from the past, likens Allie to Alice in Wonderland, but her full name, Allison Heller, suggests some darker wordplay. Laurie Alberts writes with an easy grace that clarifies strange sights, from a bird's-eye view of a mountain range to a closeup of a salmon's guts, without stripping away their mystery. For this novel, her first, she has earned a Michener Award.

GENERAL

NANCY MITFORD: A TALENT TO ANNOY, edited by Charlotte Mosley (Beaufort; $16.95). Pieces written over the years 1929-68 for various British, French, and American journals—book reviews, essays, articles, and a diary the author kept in Paris during the student uprising of 1968. The novelist and biographer Nancy Mitford was also a keen and witty journalist. She liked to puncture pomposity, and to tease, but she had no malice. The subjects she treated vary widely—Marie Antoinette (the French did the correct thing to their Queen), the Tour de France bicycle race, English trains (filthy), country houses in France and England, Frederick the Great (a favorite of hers), her dear friend Evelyn Waugh, her family ("My parents were ultra-conservative and Church of England, with the emphasis on England").

A HISTORY OF SICILY, by M. I. Finley, Denis Mack Smith, and Christopher Duggan (Viking; $24.95). A deft abridgment of the three-volume edition—by Sir Moses Finley, of Cambridge (who died in 1986), and Mr. Smith, of Oxford—published in 1968. Mr. Duggan, of Oxford, has added a chapter covering the period following the Second World War. The history of Sicily is a long one—the island was settled more than twenty thousand years ago—and a sorry one. Sicily has never been a nation, it has never had a single language, and its multiplicity of conquerors include Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Normans, Arabs, Angevins, the Aragonese, the Spanish, the Piedmontese, Austrians, the British, and, finally, the Italians. The economy has always consisted of an almost intolerable poverty for the many and an abundance for an arrogant few. Political and criminal corruption has always flourished. The condition of the people has been marked by apathy, by an individualism that resists any kind of coöperation or concerted action, and (even among many of its nobles) by illiteracy. It is a ghastly story, but an absorbing one. With many good illustrations, three valuable maps, a useful chronology, and an extensive bibliography.

GENERAL A. P. HILL: THE STORY OF A CONFEDERATE WARRIOR, by James I. Robertson, Jr. (Random House; $24.95). Ambrose Powell Hill, Jr., was one of Robert E. Lee's chief and most valued lieutenants. He fought, often brilliantly, in nearly every important battle in the eastern theatre of the Civil War, yet he has never been given anything like the postwar recognition accorded Stonewall Jackson, James Longstreet, or Jeb Stuart. Of a distinguished Culpeper County, Virginia, family, Hill was a classmate at West Point of the future federal commanders McClellan and Burnside, and he resigned from the United States Army shortly before his native state seceded, not to champion slavery or secession but to take his stand as a loyal son of the Old Dominion. The author, a noted Civil War historian, takes us with a sure touch through Hill's campaigns, from First Manassas to Antietam Creek, Gettysburg, and Petersburg, while presenting a portrait of a most attractive figure. Hill was the beau ideal of the Virginia gentleman, charming and of a gentle nature, yet a man of fire, imagination, and valor when need be. He was killed toward the end of the war in a freakish encounter with two federal soldiers whose surrender he had demanded. This is a bang-up job of biography. Photographs.

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[*Notice in the Wellesley alumnae magazine*]

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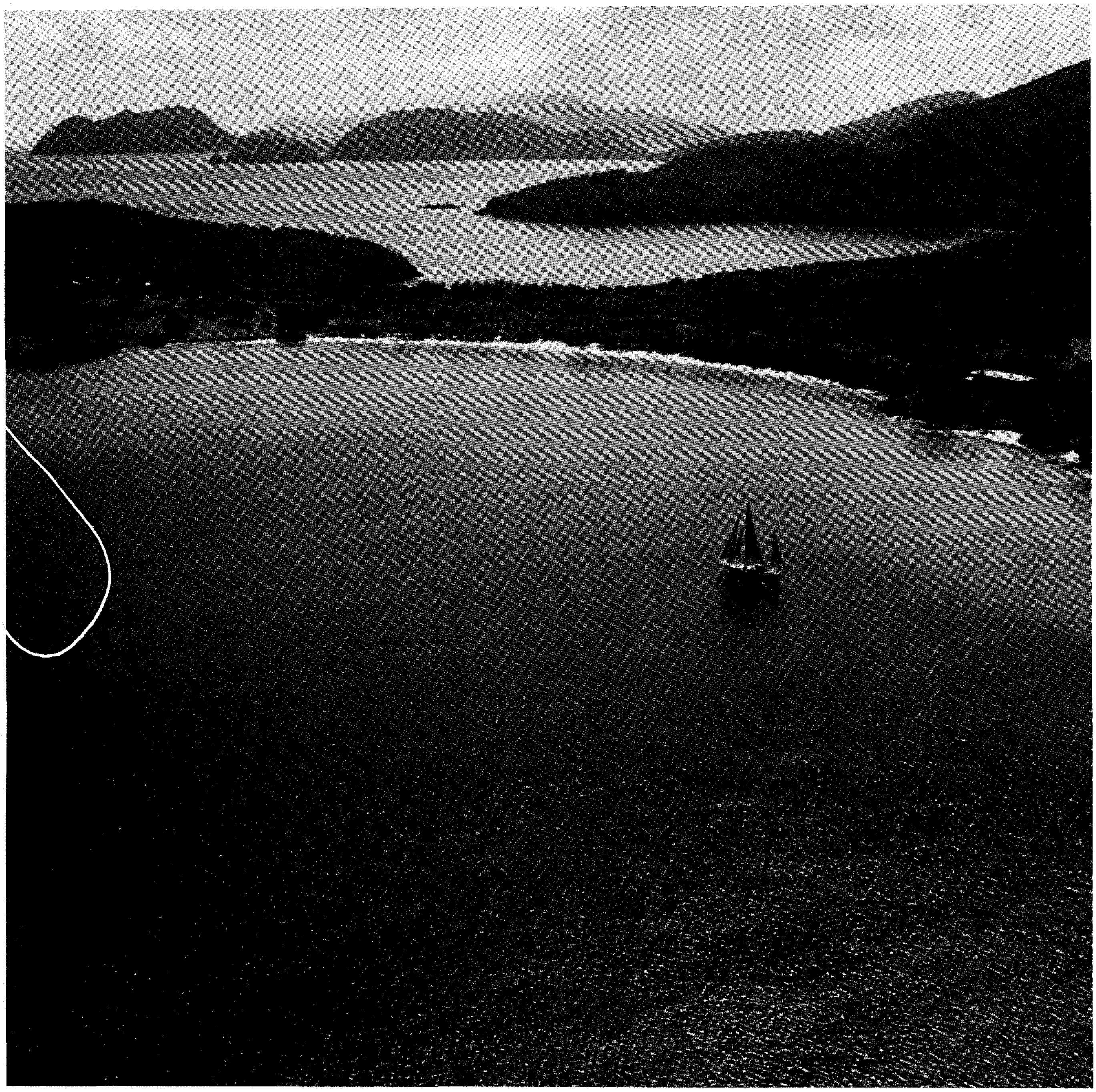

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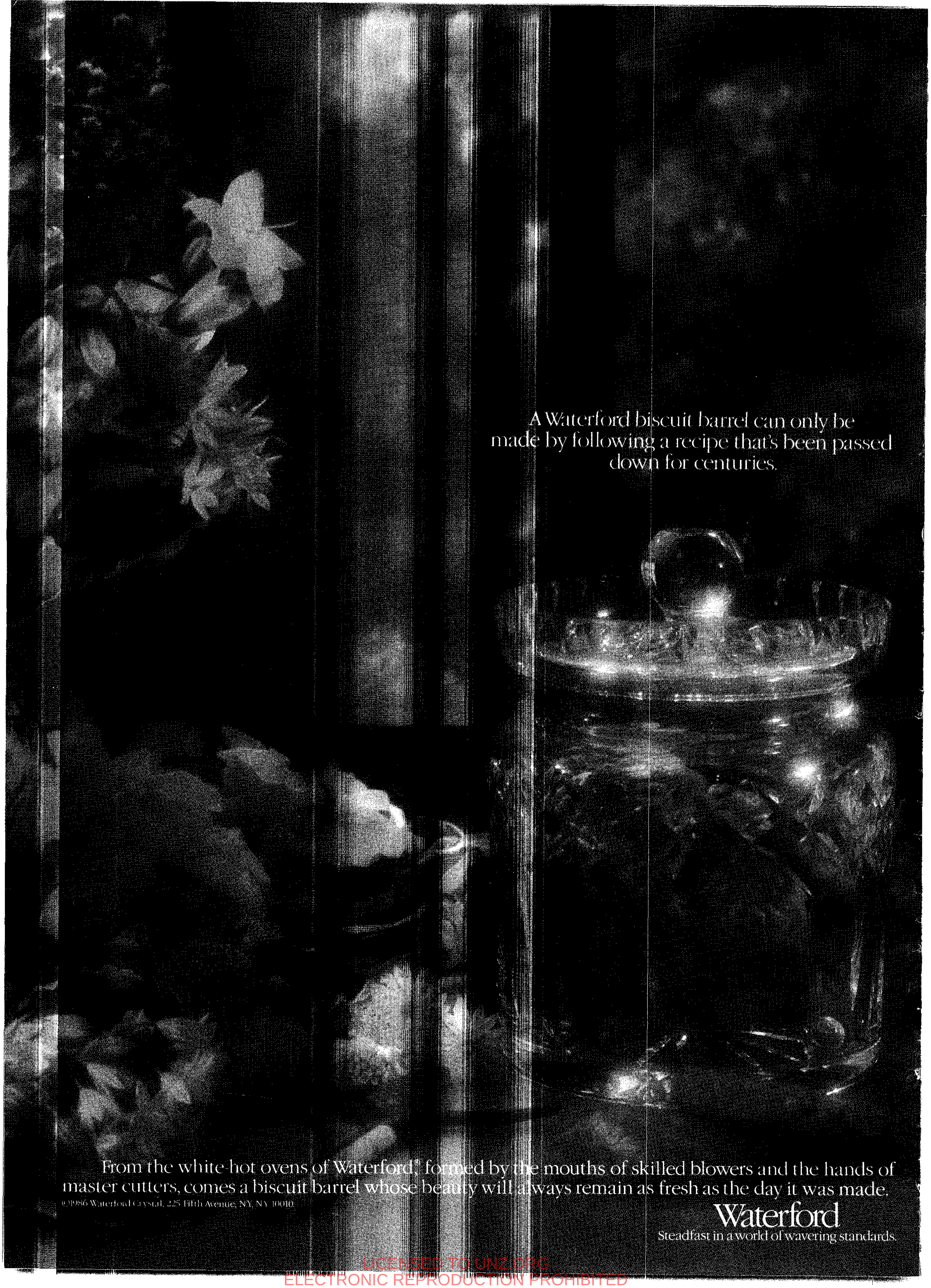

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